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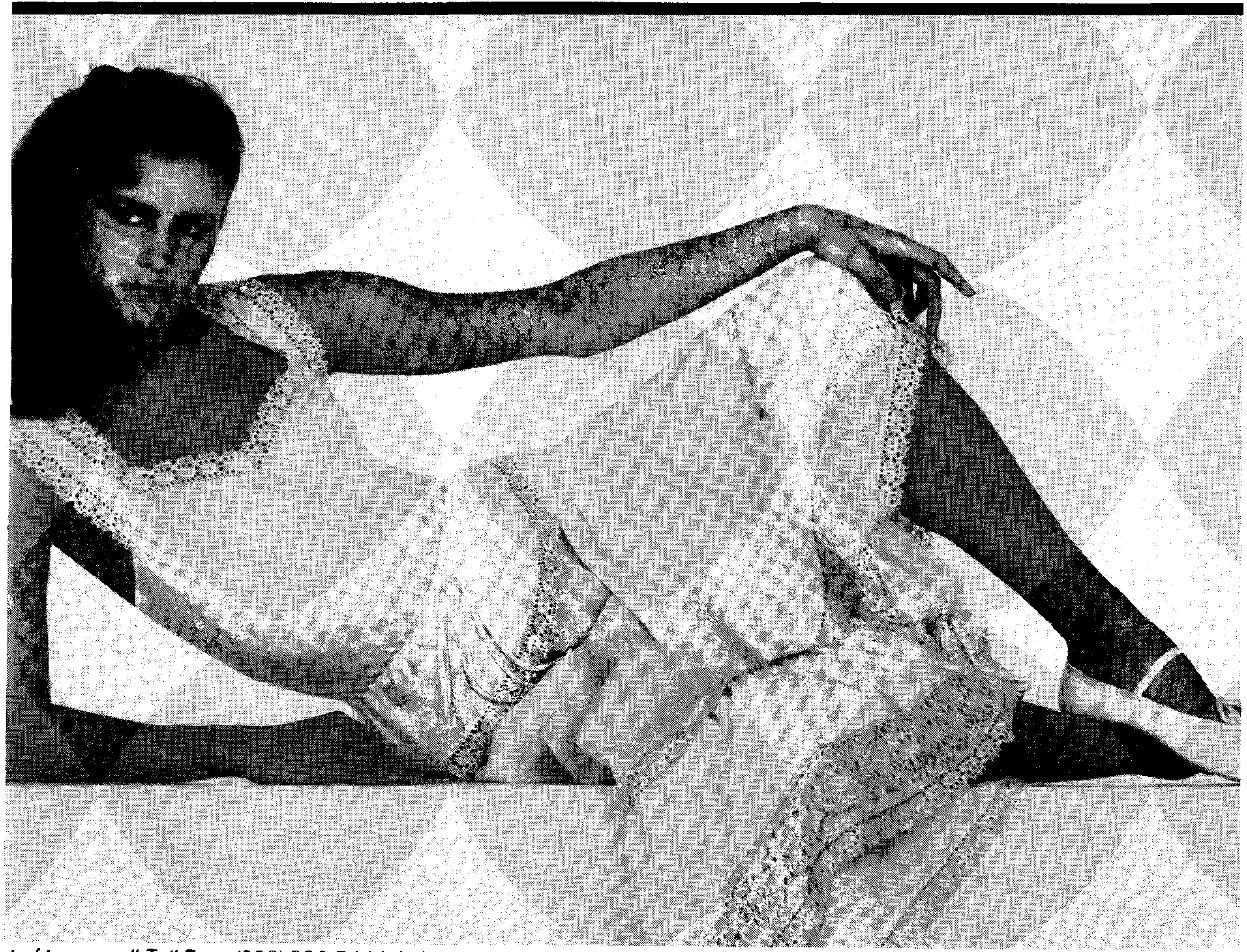

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer in a play by John Pielmeier. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/15/81.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

American Place Theatre—A play by Paula Cizmar, **the death of a miner**, with Mary McDonnell and Cotter Smith. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Catholic School Girls—A play by Casey Kurtti, with Lynne Born, Maggie Low, Shelley Rogers, and Christine von Dohln. Preview Wednesday, March 31. Opens officially on Thursday, April 1, at 6:30. (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Three productions in two theatres. At the Circle Repertory Company Theatre, through Sunday, April 11: **snow orchid**, a foolish melodrama by Joe Pintauro, about a seething Italian family in Brooklyn. It is well performed under the able direction of Tony Giordano; with Olympia Dukakis and Peter Boyle, among others. (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . ¶ At the Entermedia Theatre, through Sunday, April 4: Shakespeare's **richard ii**, with William Hurt, Lindsay Crouse, Richard Cox, and Jacqueline Brookes. Wednesday and Thursday, March 31-April 1, and Saturday, April 3, at 8, and Sunday, April 4, at 3 and 8. . . . **the great grandson of jedediah kohler**, by John Bishop, with Trish Hawkins, Michael Ayr, and Jimmie Ray Weeks. (Reviewed in this issue.) Friday, April 2, at 8, and Saturday, April 3, at 2. (189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191.)

Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean—Sandy Dennis, Karen Black, and Cher are the stars of this miserable play, miserably directed by Robert Altman. Cher emerges from the debris with honor, and is sure to be seen again on Broadway. (3/1/82) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dresser—An oddly Dickensian play, might well have formed a part of "Nic Nickleby." Tom Courtenay and Paul R take the leading roles, and what actors are! The author is Ronald Harv (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at

Eminent Domain—Philip Bosco and Betty in a play by Percy Granger. Paul Aus the director. (Circle in the Square, Broa at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays throug urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays anc urdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Cole Porter's 1933 don musical **nymph errant** is the sixth i season's series of eight productions. (E Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riversic Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturdays and days at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 4. F formation about tickets, for which cont tions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Evangelist—A new musical by Al Carn Opens Wednesday, March 31, at 7. (Wo horse Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. 533- Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Ma Sundays at 3.)

How I Got That Story—Don Scardino pla American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob ton plays everybody the reporter runs i

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DRAWINGS: *J. B. Handelsman, James Mulligan, Ed Fisher, Lee Lorenz, Ed Arno, Will Hamilton, Sam Gross, Robert Weber, W. B. Park, Charles Saxon, Stan H Saul Steinberg, Arnie Levin, James Stevenson, David Pascal, Charles Bars Al Ross, Eldon Dedini, Henry Martin*

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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Amlin Gray's bitter and shrewdly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 4: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, April 7-11: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Mass Appeal—A worldly, self-satisfied, middle-aged priest and an idealistic young seminarian seek to find common ground, not altogether in vain. Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe make up the small cast, and they suffice. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Maybe I'm Doing It Wrong—The songs of Randy Newman may or may not be worth an evening by themselves, but they are certainly sung with wit and charm by Deborah Rush, Mark Linn-Baker, Larry Riley, and Patti Perkins. (3/29/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Middle Ages—A play by A. R. Gurney, Jr., with Jack Gilpin, Carolyn Mignini, Steven Gilborn, and Pat Lavelle. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ark Theatre Company, 131 Spring St. 431-6285. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 4.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

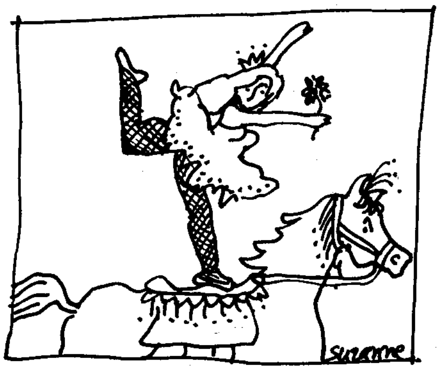
Othello—A well-acted and unusually handsome production of Shakespeare's sure-fire thriller, starring James Earl Jones and Christopher Plummer. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Paper Angels—A play by Genny Lim. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 4.)

Pastorale—A play by Deborah Eisenberg, with Elizabeth Austin, Christine Estabrook, Jeffrey Fahey, Judith Ivey, Taylor Miller, and Thomas Waites. (Second Stage, 16th floor, 23 W. 73rd St. 787-8302. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

Poor Little Lambs—A musical romp about the Whiffenpoofs of Yale. Many songs in the wonderful score are by distinguished alumni (among them Cole Porter, '13), and they are very well sung by the company. There is also a great deal of funny, dirty talk. A silly plot almost sinks the show but doesn't. With Miles Chapin as a memorable Whiff. (3/29/82) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Solomon's Child—Anthony Zerbe, John McMartin, Joanna Merlin, and Evan Handler in a play by Tom Dulack. Staged by John Tillinger. Previews through Wednesday, April 7. Opens officially on Thursday, April 8, at 6:30. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

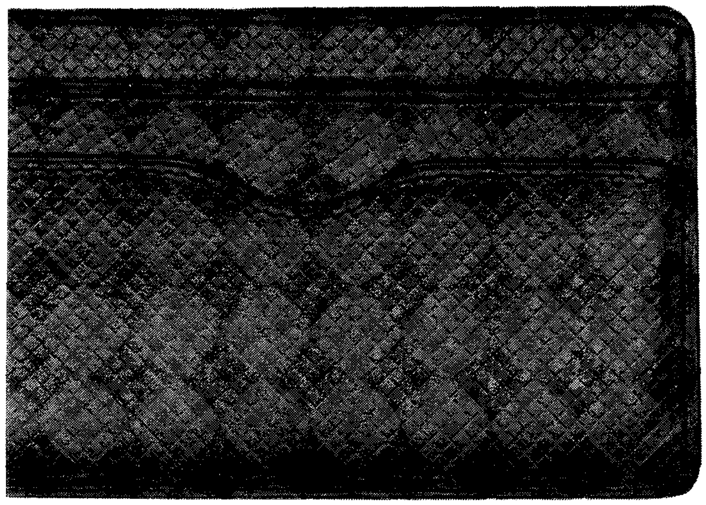
The Unseen Hand—A revival of Sam Shepard's *astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Province*town, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork—A so-called "comedy with music," written, directed, and acted by Melvin Van Peebles, whose talent, energy, and attractiveness are everywhere apparent but who has plainly undertaken more than any one man should. (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

What People Do When They're All Alone and **Scenes Dedicated to My Brother**—A double bill by Joel Homer. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays and Thursd
through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays a
Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at

The World of Ben Caldwell—Five short plays
Ben Caldwell. (Henry Street Settlement's N
Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-04
Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. M
inées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent P
Shaffer thriller having to do, on one le
with the possibility that Mozart's early de
was a result of his having been poisoned b
rival and, on another level, with that riv
indignant repudiation of God. John W
plays the villainous putative murderer,
tonio Salieri; John Pankow plays the hap
Mozart; and Michele Farr plays his pre
perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th
247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays a
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at
and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long mus
derived from the celebrated comic-strip ch
acters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy W
bucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoh
scold. On Wednesday evening, March
there will be two sign-language interpre
for deaf patrons. (Uris, 51st St. west
Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays thro
Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matin
Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays
2.) . . . **BARNUM:** David Mitchell's circus set
knockout, but this little musical has noth
to do with Barnum. Some other time, p
haps, the great man will be allowed his
Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresa
(St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tu
days through Saturdays at 8. Matin
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and S
days at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An
cellent play about a totally deaf yo
woman and a hearing young man who
tempts to teach her the art of speech. W
Phyllis Frelich and James N. Stephens. M
Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 4
St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturday
8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a
and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A gr
of young dancers audition for a handfu
chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehear
and by the time the evening is over we kn
everything about all of them. (Shubert,
W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through S
urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and S
urdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOU**
Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "con
sion" of sexuality—first in a British outp
in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in L
don in 1980—is a witty and original w
that adds a measure of confusion all its o
(Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher
924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at
Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at
Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Sup
young dancers (who can also sing) carry
the witty and sexy notions of the great sh
biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassa
215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays thro
Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays
Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)
DEATHTRAP: A thriller almost as clever
"Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and
star is Farley Granger. (Biltmore, 261
47th St. 582-5340. Mondays and Wedn
days through Saturdays at 8. Matin
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and S
days at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental mus
about the life and death of Eva Perón. An
cellent cast and a stylish production, but E
remains a very peculiar choice for a heroi
(Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd
247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)
THE FANTASTICKS: 9,120 performances so
(Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan
at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays thro
Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and S
days at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . 4
STREET: Once upon a time there was a si
wonderful Warner Brothers musical abou
young hoofer who goes on in place of a disab
star and herself becomes a star overnig
The legitimate musical that has be
fashioned from the movie musical is just
silly but by no means as wonderful. W
Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and War
Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-07
Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matin
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . .
EXCHANGE: A charming first play by Ke



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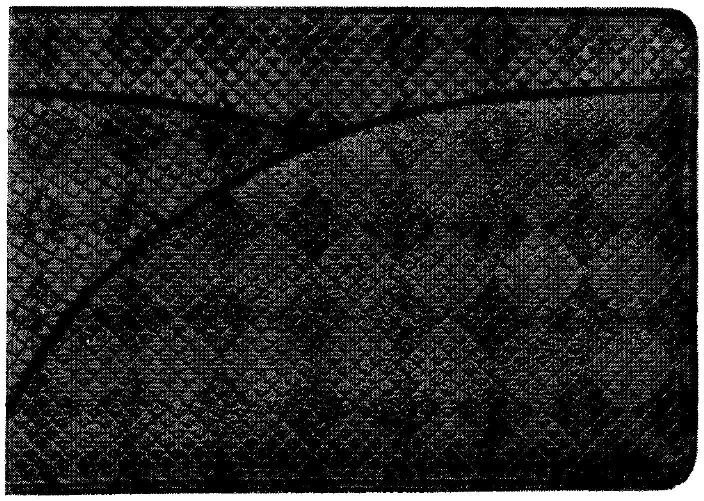

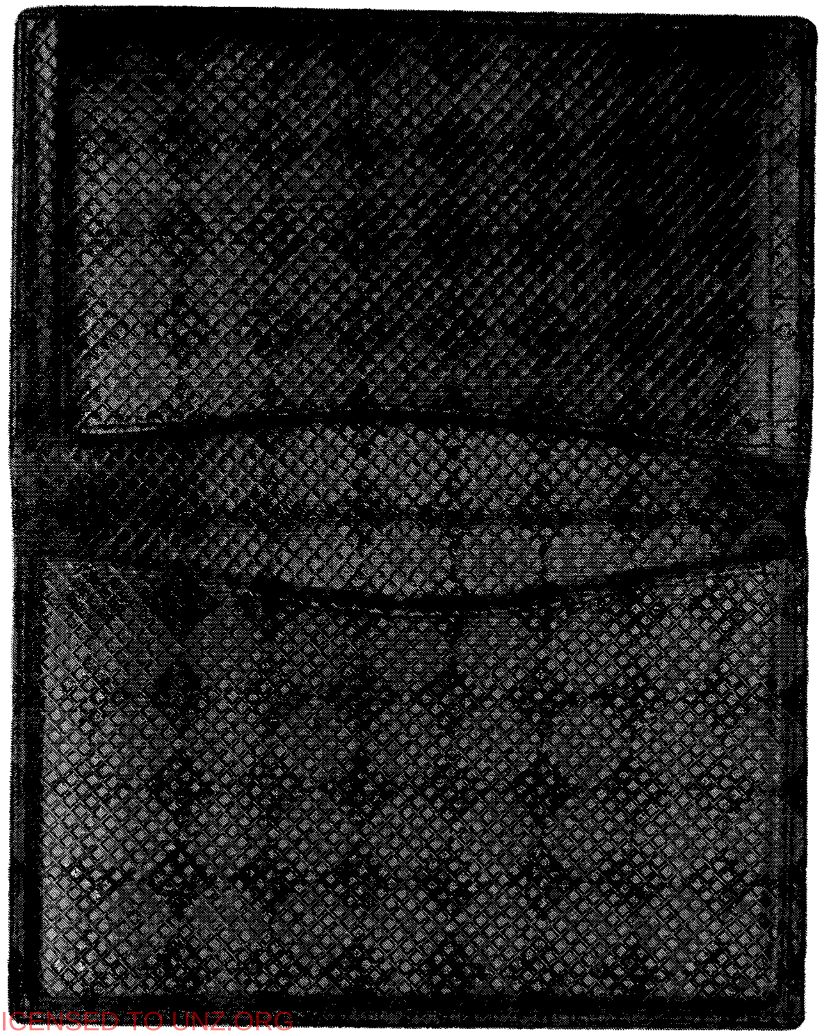

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performances Tuesday through Thursday, April 6-8.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gary Sandy, Patrick Cassidy, Kaye Ballard, George Rose, Tony Azito, and Maureen McGovern in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, back in town with their hundred-and-twelfth edition. Opens Wednesday, March 31, and will run through Monday, May 31. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday, April 9, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; and Tuesday, April 6, at 10:30 and 2:30.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Hall's fiftieth birthday. The Rockettes aren't going to miss a second of this. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Mondays and Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—A return engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, April 10, at 2:15 and 8:15, and Sunday, April 11, at 3:15.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays through Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, April 6, at 8; Friday, April 9, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 10, at 8. For tickets, call 410-0405, Mondays through Fridays between 10 and 1 and between 5:30 and 7:30.)

DANCE

LES GRANDS BALLETS CANADIENS—Wednesday, April 7, at 7, and Saturday, April 10, at 2 and 8: "Serenade," "Double Quartet," "Othello," and "Tam Ti Delam." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 8, and Sunday, April 11, at 2: "Scherzo Capriccioso," "Etapes," "Jeu de Cartes," and "Tellurian." . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 8, and Sunday, April 11, at 7:30: "The Four Temperaments," "Soaring," "There Is a Time," and "Les Valses." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

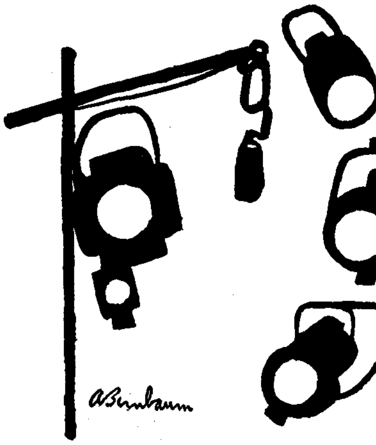
PENNSYLVANIA BALLET—Tuesday, April 6, at 7; Saturday, April 10, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 11, at 2: "Shakers," "The Blue Danube," "Two Etudes," and two New York premières—"Resettings," and "Galaxies." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, April 7-9, at 8: "Square Dance," "Under the Sun," and "The Moor's Pavane." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances of mostly modern dance. **DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS:** Wednesday, March 31, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, April 3-4, at 2. . . . **RIRIE-WOODBURY DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, April 1, and Saturday and Sunday, April 3-4, at 8. . . . **BILL EVANS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, April 7, and Friday, April 9, at 8. . . . **BILL EVANS:** A program of solo works. Thursday, April 8, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NINA WIENER AND DANCERS—"Lullabies for Elisabeth," "Hug and Kisses, Nina," excerpts from "The Condor Material," and "Irish Jumping Songs." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 1-3, at 8; Sunday, April 4, at 3; and Monday, April 5, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

BENEFIT DANCE CONCERT—Pearl Lang, Daniel Nagrin, the Masters and Matthews Dance Company, Ellen Kogan, the Greenhouse Dance Company, and Robert Small in a benefit for New York University's Dance Education Program. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Friday, April 2, at 8. For tickets, call 598-3459.)

DANCE INTERVIEWS—Martine van Hamel being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Mus
Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Mor
April 5, at 8.)



NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold
type is used to pick out a few of the more
ble performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians
night-club proprietors live complicated
that are subject to last-minute change;
therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23r
(242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar
restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub.
four-foot-high bandstand is more likely
duce acrophobia than seasickness. Pi
BARRY HARRIS will be here with a bassis
Friday and Saturday, April 2-3; on F
and Saturday, April 9-10, bassist **BOB**
NINGHAM will head up a trio. Sets at
eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (
8592)—The School of New York Night-
Décor, which favors industrial carpe
stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, n
tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this
room. The back wall is graced with a
color neon sign depicting a bridge (pe
the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyli
blue, two stars in white, and a crescent
in yellow. **JOHNNY HARTMAN,** the jazz music
balladeer, sings with a quartet through
day, April 4; on Tuesday, April 6, gui
EMILY REMLER'S trio will begin trading sets
a quintet co-piloted by saxophonists **AL**
and **ZOOT SIMS.** Mondays are reserved for
tarist Daniel Licht's group. There are us
three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (
6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, effi
seating (there are tables and chairs for
hundred) and its liberal musical tastes,
what's more, the shows usually begin on
Wednesday, March 31, guitarist **JOHN**
and the **RED CLAY RAMBLERS;** Thursday, Ap
comedians Charlie Barnett, Rick Ove
Mark Schiff, and Marc Weiner; Friday
Saturday, April 2-3, comic Jackie Mason
folkies Buskin & Batteau; Sunday, Ap
the dB's and Rich Deans; Monday, Ap
Doug & the Slugs and Ronnie Spector;
day, April 6, Doug & the Slugs and the
lie Midnight Band; and Friday and Satu
April 9-10, the **BUDDY RICH** big band. S
Sundays through Thursdays at eight-t
and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and
urdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

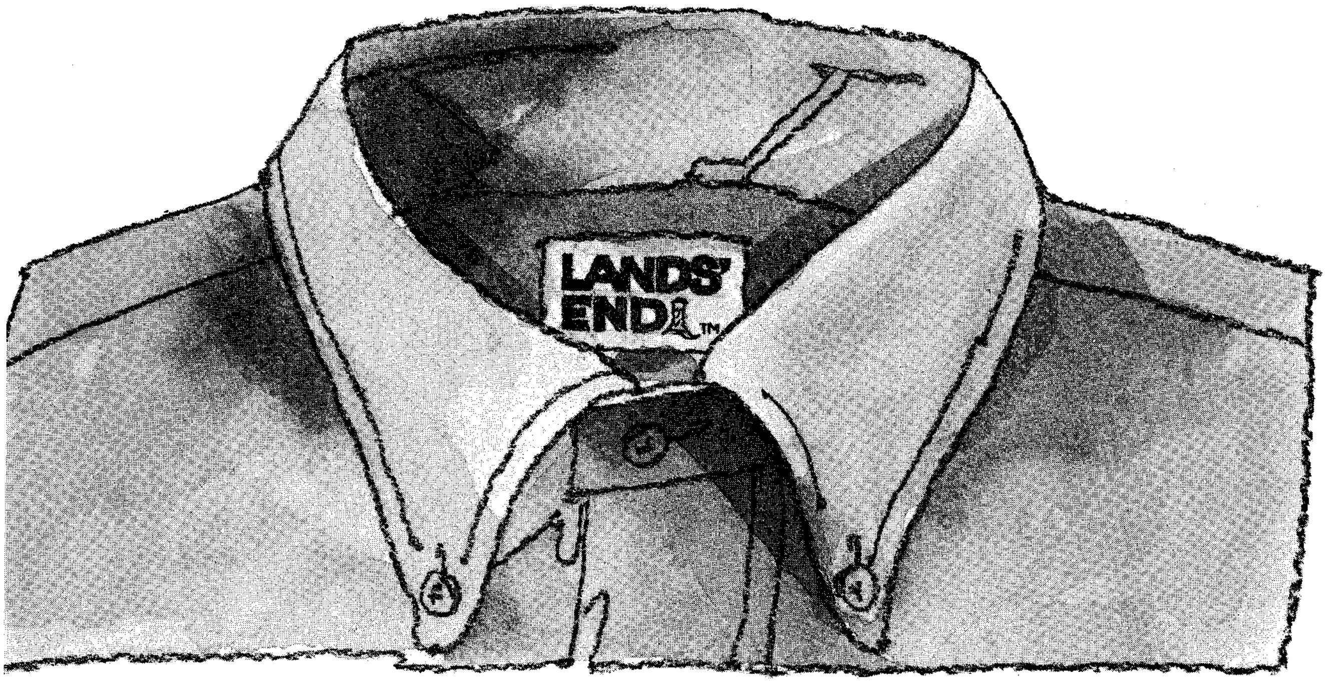
BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (
6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained
highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits,
inhabited by professional conversationa
who often take a break and listen to
worthwhile live music. Pianist **RICHIE BE**
and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** are the musi
through Sunday, April 4. Music from
forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Ei
Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swin
JIMMY LYON plays piano here from ten-t
to two Wednesdays through Saturdays.
ing.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—T
sands of miles from Corcovado, Suga
Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema
Copacabana beaches, and the more than
million resident Cariocas is this second-
Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist
form the bossa nova and other sambas
eleven. Before and between sets, the
recorded American and Brazilian disco n
and *carnaval* music. The club is open nig
except Mondays, from eight to four. Di
and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Av
61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** wh
casionally lets loose on hot-chord solos o
resonant seven-string (the seventh string
bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tues
through Saturdays from nine to one. Di
and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (
1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the cu
(through Wednesday, March 31) reside
SYLVIA SYMS, whose self-conscious onstage
ter about herself, about Frank Sinatr



If anyone offers more buttondowns, in a wider variety, better quality, or at better prices, we don't know of it.

ossible, of course. It's a big country. -ands' End has become a major :e of buttondown shirts in almost / conceivable fabric and color.

The real thing: $17.

is the shirt that started it all. The , comfortable 100% cotton Oxford ı shirt, with the neat, soft button- ı collar you wore and remembered the Big Band days. We were among irst to bring it back, originally at Even now we sell it at just $17, or $33. Same generous cut, precise ring and all. It does need ironing, hat's a small concession to comfort.

The no-iron blend: $17.

ılso offer our Oxford shirt in a care- :otton blend. Almost as soft ıbsorbent as our pure cottons, and it .s no ironing. At the same agreeable :: $17, or 2 for $33.

And there's much more to our ›rd Collection. Our new Hyde Park Oxford, tailored with special detail from imported 100% cotton. A classic striped Oxford. And our Pinpoint Oxford, for those of you who want to experience Oxford cloth at its finest. For men and women at a very competitive $32.50.

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about anything else at all can be forgiven, because when she sings, her voice virtually floats. On Thursday, April 1, **BOBBY SHORT** will begin spring training with his seamless infield, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** a singer and pianist who sometimes gets a look of wild delight on her face while she's at her nimble work, can be heard from nine-thirty every night but Sunday in the Bemelmans Bar.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, March 31, Mode I.Q., Moot, Vietnam, and Wrinkle Music; Thursday, April 1, the Youth, Ultra Violence, Autistic Behavior, and New Standard; Friday, April 2, Racer X, Teenage Furniture, and the Cyclones; and Saturday, April 3, La Guapa Papa. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, **ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo with her trio. Sundays through Tuesdays belong to composer, singer, and pianist **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** who presents show tunes, mostly in medleys, and introduces them with thorough, witty dossiers on their history. His performing style isn't self-indulgent or overbearing, and his arrangements are simple, unadorned, and straightforward—in short, perfect. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Thursday, April 1, Bluegrass Run; Saturday, April 3, the Rural Valley Revellers String Band; Sunday, April 4, guitarist Frank Christian; and Saturday, April 10, the Neon Valley Boys. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays—except April 8—and Saturdays at eight-fifteen, and Sundays at nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, April 4, after nine-thirty, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will lead a quartet that will feature guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, often very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, mostly mainstream-jazz room. Tania Maria, a Brazilian singer and pianist, performs through Sunday, April 4; on Tuesday, April 6, saxophonist **ART PEPPER** will arrive with his quartet. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, March 31, Susan Savell; Friday, April 2, **MICHAEL HURLEY;** Saturday, April 3, **ERIC ANDERSEN** and Andy Breckman; Wednesday, April 7, Frank Maya; Thursday, April 8, Magenta Rose and Deidre McCalla; Friday, April 9, the Song Project; and Saturday, April 10, **LAUGHING HANDS,** a quartet made up of **ANDY STATMAN, MICHAEL GOLD, MATT GLASER,** and **RUSS BARENBERG.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins at eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday, March 31, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** band, **TOP SHELF;** Thursday

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

through Saturday, April 1-3, soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON;** Monday, April 5, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and singer Carmen Lundy; Wednesday, April 7, singer Jo Grinage; Thursday, April 8, singer Kim Shaw; and Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, Carmen Lundy. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven, twelve-thirty, and two. Dining. Closed Tuesday, April 6.

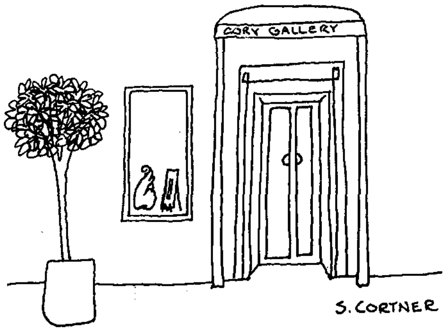
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except Sundays, when **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern and warmer. **ARTHUR RHAMES** and **BOB CUNNINGHAM** play piano-bass duets through Saturday, April 3; on Tuesday, April 6, **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming, buzzing bassist, will begin a five-night stint here. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. Pianist **SAMMY PRICE** lets loose blues and boogie-woogie on the dining-room grand through Saturday, April 3. On Tuesday, April 6, **DAVE MC KENNA,** a pumping, swirling time-warp of a pianist—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right—will move in for five nights. Vinson Hill is the pianist on Sundays and Mondays. The music runs Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Chuck Folds is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. A quintet named Jersey Bounce works on Wednesdays. Thursdays are the property of a young octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—tenor saxophonist **ION MUNIZ,** bassist **SERGIO BRANDÃO,** guitarist **DATCHA,** percussionists **CYRO BAPTISTA, DUDUCA FONSECA, TONI NOGUEIRA,** and **JORGE SILVA,** and trombonist **DAVID SACKS** (can you guess which band member isn't Brazilian?)—which plays satisfyingly wild sambas. On Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, **SUN RA** will be present with a program of Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson dance music; and Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, will belong to Vishnu and Safari East. Music from about eight-thirty; on Fridays



and Saturdays, following the regular
—which ought to be about one in the m
ing—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Mor
stern jams with a bunch of musical
leagues.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-970
This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tid
dywink's hop east, demarcate a little slic
what West 52nd Street—now labelled S
Street for tourists but known in earlier ti
to the initiated as simply The Street—
like thirty, forty, and more years ago, wh
was swing and bebop world headquarters
rows of town houses housed jazz clubs.
two present-day 54th Street establishm
cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ry
house band, led by trumpeter Spanky D
lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays.
Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. M
weeknights from nine-thirty to three.
Sundays, Kaminsky directs another grou
musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at
St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner res
rant and bar that is crowded with good
teners, and for good musical reasons.
good reasons: pianist **KENNY BARRON** and su
bassist **RON CARTER** through Saturday, Apr
pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CALVIN**
beginning Tuesday, April 6. On Sundays
Mondays, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,**
more good reasons, play some bounc
bluesy jazz duets. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (
1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for
patriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and
French tourists. The music is usually g
solid blues, rock, folk, or country, an
starts after eight-thirty. Part of the sched
Thursday, April 1, Evelyn (Champa
King; Thursday, April 8, George Strait. I
ing.

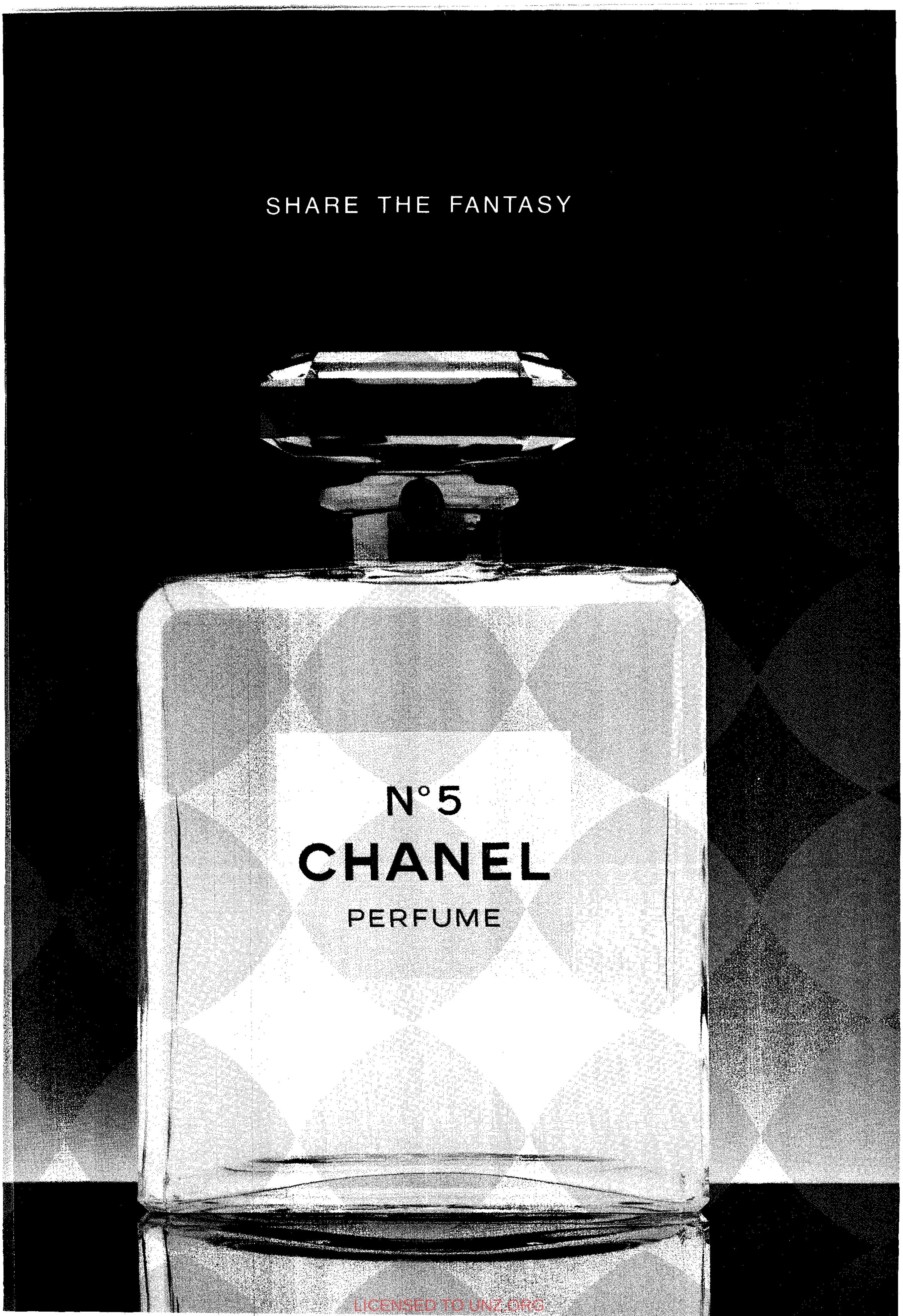
Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker
(228-3788)—Singer **JON HENDRICKS** will be p
ent with his singing family through Satur
April 3; on Monday and Tuesday, April
pianist **ANTHONY DAVIS** and flutist **JAMES NEW**
will lead their quintet; and on Wednes
April 7, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will brin
an octet—trumpeter **JOHNNY COLE,** tenor s
phonist **CHARLES DAVIS,** trombonist **BRITT W**
MAN, pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** baritone s
phonist **CECIL PAYNE,** bassist **LARRY RIDLEY,**
flutist **FRANK WESS**—called **DAMERONIA,** w
performs the compositions and arrangem
of Tadd Dameron. Sets begin at nine-thi
eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Sundays
nine-thirty and midnight, strenuous long-
tance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** performs with
"extended" unit, a.k.a. a big band. Dinin

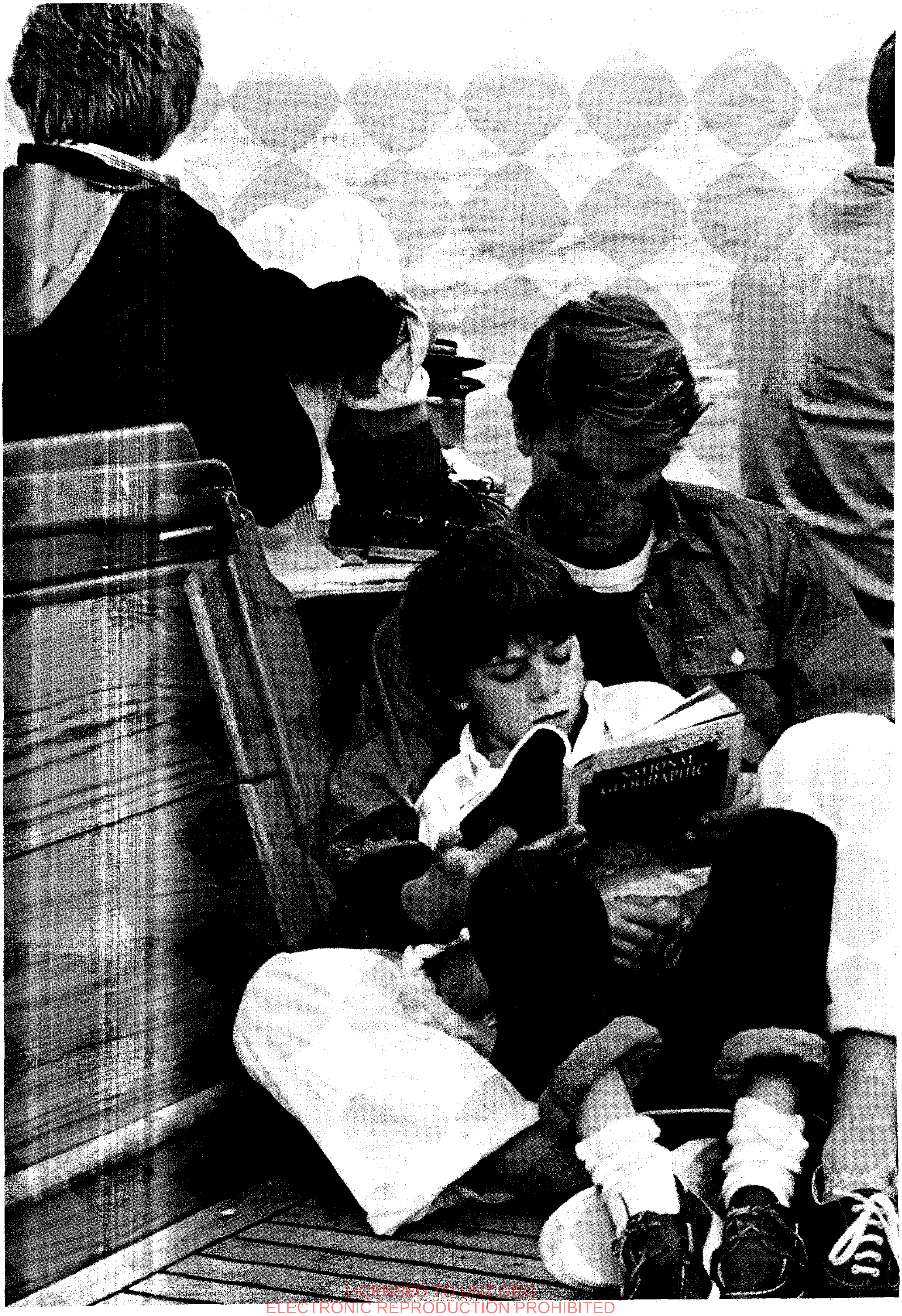
Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (2
4100)—The singer's room in this restaur
of many rooms (take a right, then a lef
get to it) is presenting **ASTRUD GILBERTO,**
sings Brazilian-jazz standards and an o
sional funky number in her unmistaka
soft, low, non-emotional voice. Shows
Mondays through Thursdays at nine
eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten
midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272
BILL HENDERSON, a former Basie vocalist,
forms Ellington and Gershwin tunes with
trio through Saturday, April 3; on Tuesd
April 6, singer **CHRIS CONNOR** will claim
stage. Shows Tuesdays through Saturd
from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights f
nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orle
Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies
bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (8
8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus A
nue, contrary to popular belief, is not un
construction; it is this R. & B. and jazz cl
The lineup: Wednesday, March 31, Th
Rotella; Thursday, April 1, trumpeter **SHU**
ONO; Friday and Saturday, April 2-3,
former Ray Charles blues saxophonists, **H.**
CRAWFORD and **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN;** Sund
April 4, String Fever; Monday, April
French Toast; Tuesday, April 6, Robert R
Wednesday, April 7, drummer **JIMMY MADIS**
and Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, R. &
guitarist **DOC POWELL.** Music from about
until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—F


SHARE THE FANTASY
N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME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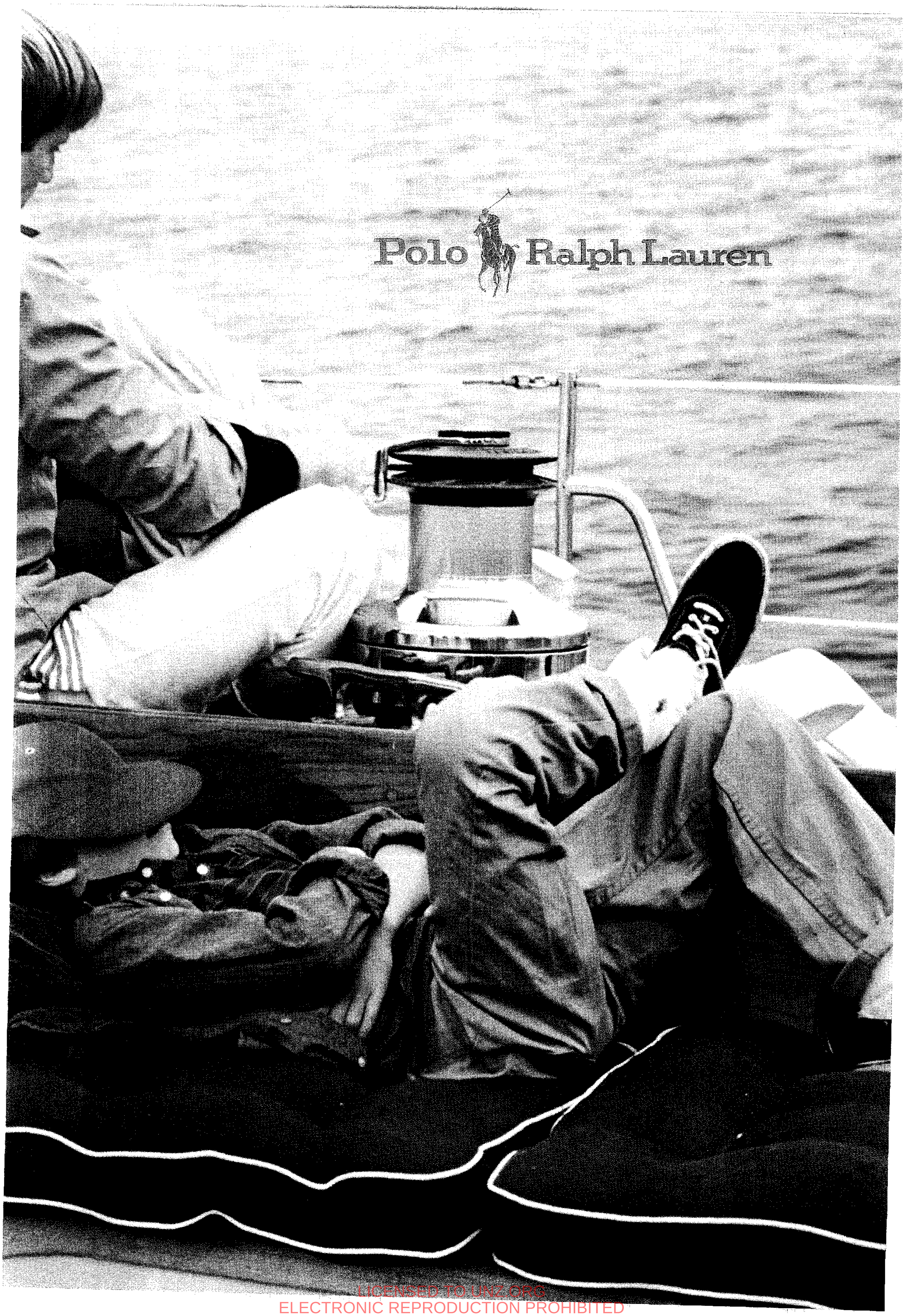
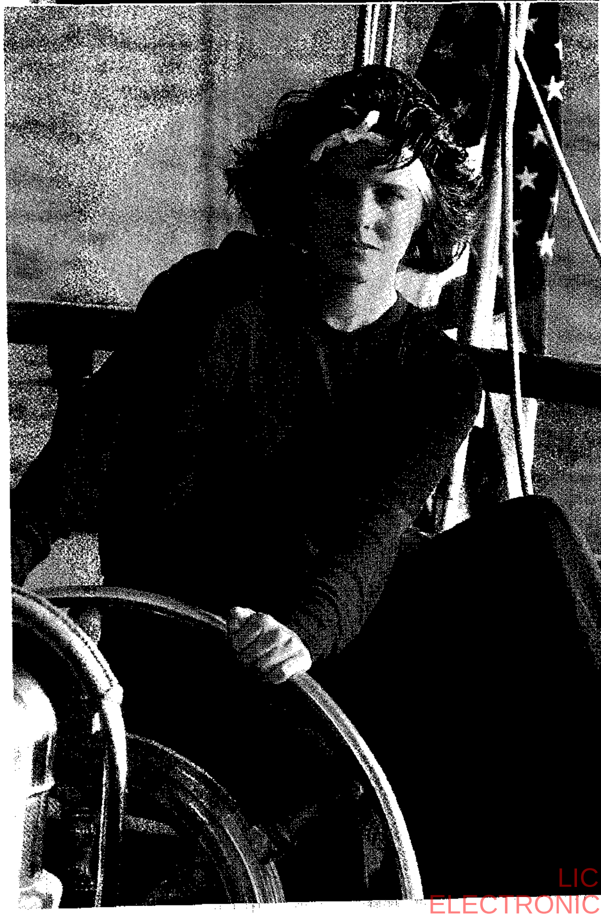
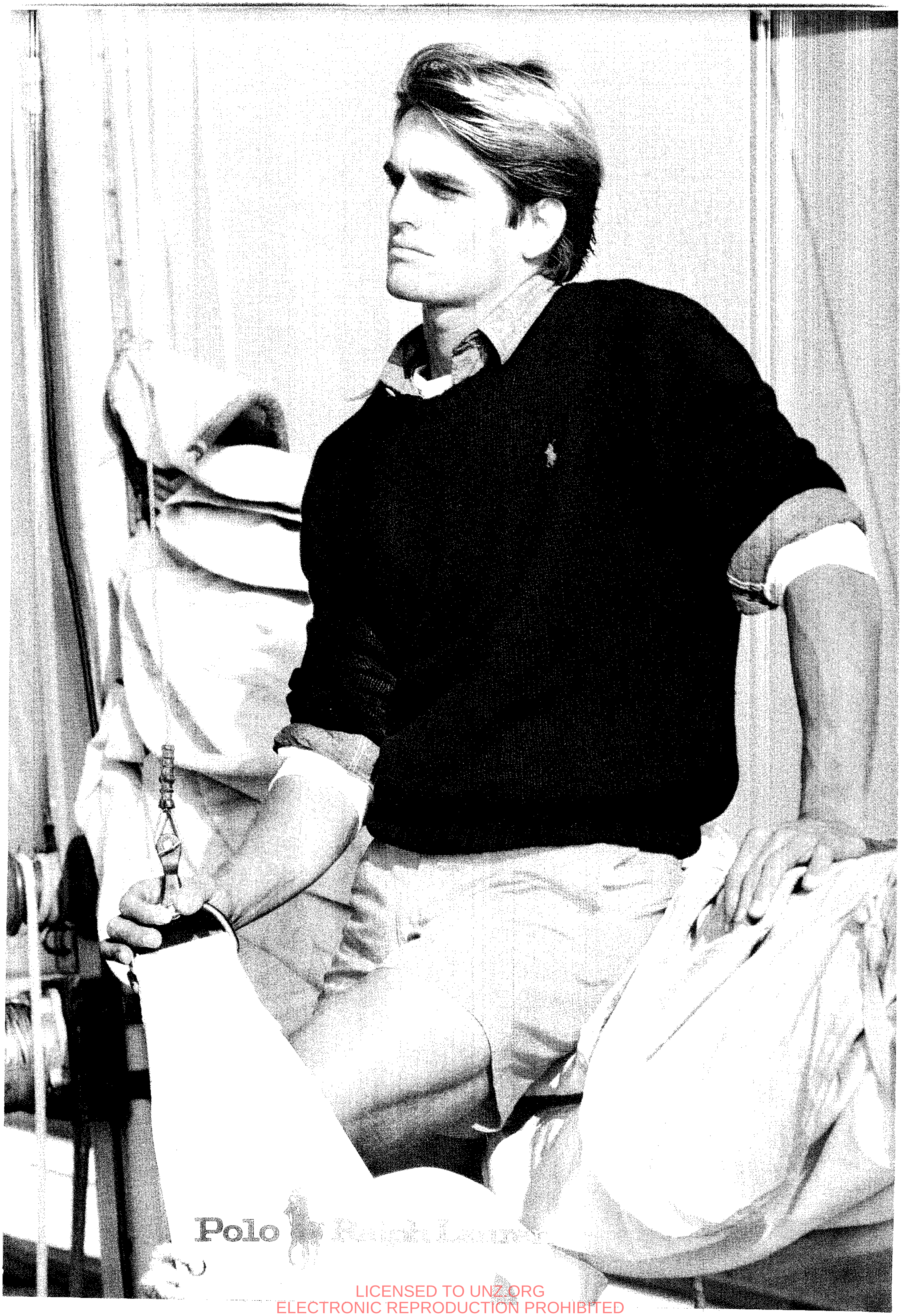

Polo Ralph Lauren




Polo Ralph Lauren

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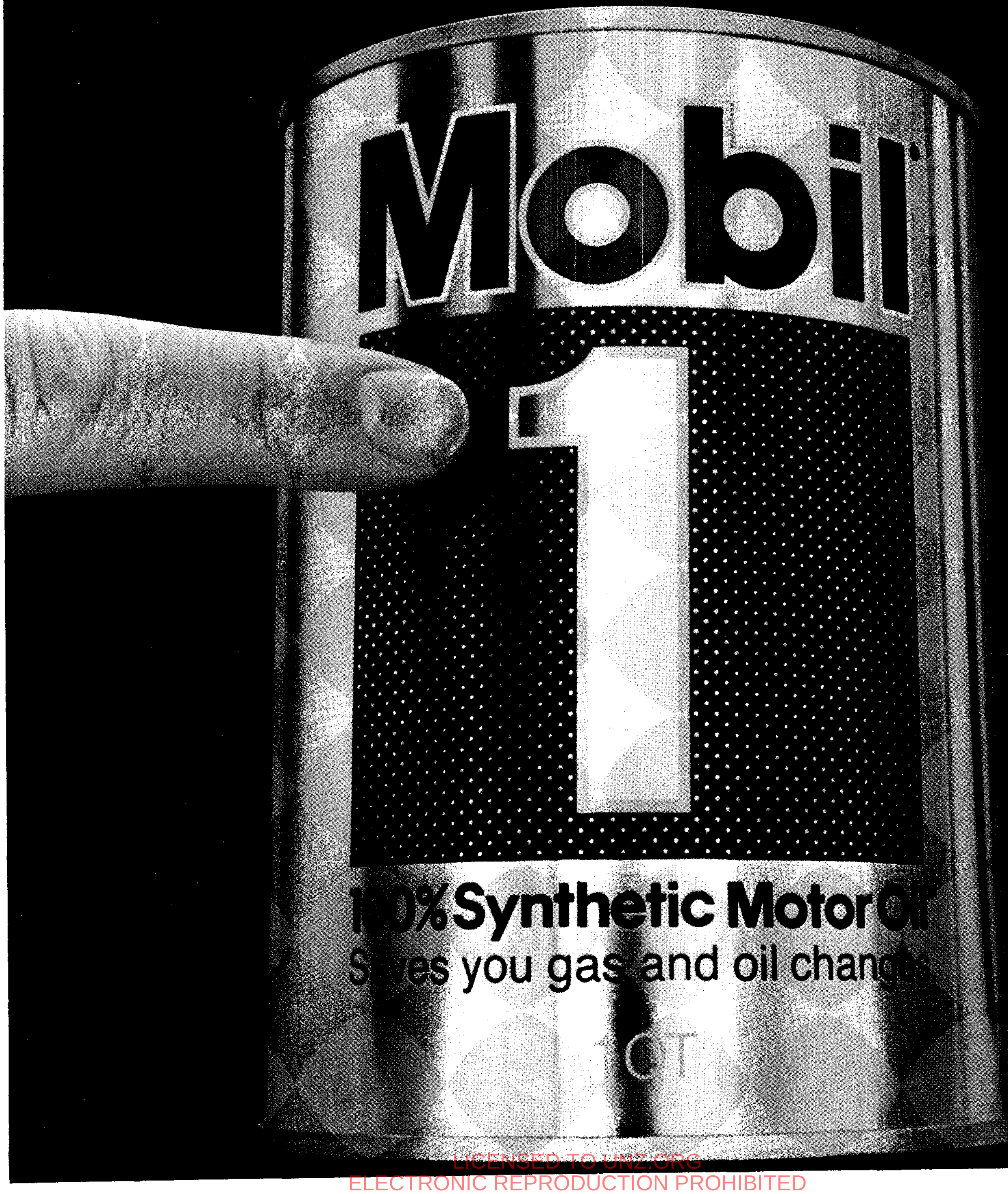

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blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The lineup: Wednesday, March 31, Floyd Domino and Design; Friday, April 2, Billy Mernit & Friends; Saturday, April 3, the Strangers; Sunday, April 4, trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO**; and Friday through Sunday, April 9-11, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON.** On Thursdays, the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL** performs sublime rhythm-and-blues music. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

PPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176) —A big rock-and-rollers' space that could be even bigger, since it's usually very crowded, with a balcony to survey it all from. Wednesday, March 31, the Kingpins; Thursday, April 1, the Babylon Dance Band and the Egyptians; Friday, April 2, **DEFUNKT;** and Saturday, April 3, Dirty Looks. The music *might* begin before midnight.

AINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090) —Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a bouncy dance septet under the direction of the sagacious trumpeter **SY OLIVER,** who was a singer and the chief arranger for the Jimmy Lunceford band in the thirties. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

D BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

TZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, March 31, RPM, Thursday, April 1, **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, Mink de Ville and Eve Moon; Monday, April 5, Big Twist & the Mellow Fellows; Tuesday, April 6, the Sound; Wednesday, April 7, Bow Wow Wow; Friday, April 9, Donny Iris; and Saturday, April 10, **JOE (KING) CARRASCO.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

T. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute, which comes to an end on Saturday, April 3, honors Jerome Kern and features a cast of four: Judy Kaye, Ira Hawkins, Terry Burrell, and Patrick Quinn. Beginning Monday, April 5, Frank Loesser will be the tributee. Robert Morse, Leigh Berry, Lynne Thigpen, and Liz Callaway will perform his songs. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

EVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The players: Wednesday and Thursday, March 31-April 1, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD'S** band; Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, swamp-rocker **DR. JOHN;** Sunday, April 4, Roland Vazquez, Monday, April 5, Ed Palermo and his big band, Tuesday, April 6, David Earle Johnson, Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, drummer **BOB MOSES** and his tentet, and Friday through Sunday, April 9-11, Alive!, a Berkeley-based quintet.

TAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave (242-3166). An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good musicians. The good musicians: Drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** and his quartet on Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, and singer **DAKOTA STATON** on Friday and Saturday, April 9-10. Music from about ten.

WEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. **PHINEAS NEWBORN** plays piano through Saturday, April 3; on Sunday and Monday, April 4-5, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** will lead his band, **TOP SHELF;** and on Tuesday, April 6, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will begin working with trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS,** tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

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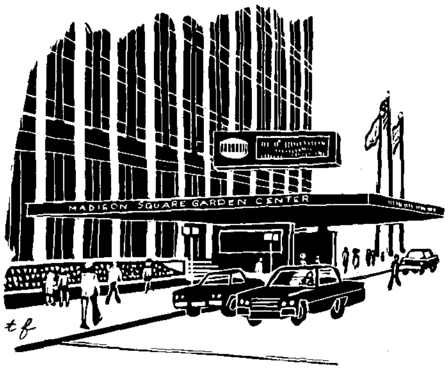
TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and occasional reggae music—what else would anyone want? Wednesdays through Saturdays, **CHARLES BROWN,** an R. & B. singer from Texas City, Texas, who was prominent in the late forties and early fifties—his big hit was "Driftin' Blues"—is appearing here. Tuesday nights, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue soul nonet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. The musicians: Wednesday, March 31, Mindy Farrell and Debby McHale; Friday, April 2, Patti Scialfa and True Romance; Saturday, April 3, Velveteen and Eat Right with Stu Daye; Thursday, April 8, Waves and Diamond DuPree; Friday, April 9, Sound and Fernando Saunders; and Saturday, April 10, **NONA HENDRYX** and the Messengers. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine for exuberant audiences; on Monday, April 5, there will be two bands, **CONJUNTO CLASSICO** and **TIPICA '73,** and one guest soloist, tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK.** On Friday, April 2, at ten-thirty, the room becomes a jazz-concert site, with alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** and his septet backing up vocalists **GRACE TESTANI** and **CATHY ROSE SALIT.** Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN** team up to lead a quartet through Sunday, April 4; on Tuesday, April 6, **ELVIN JONES,** the athletic drummer, will descend the stairs with his quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass light fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson is the pianist; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist **SADIK HAKIM** has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.



WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. On Wednesday, March 31, saxophonist Victor Lesser's quintet occupies the bandstand; Thursday, April 1, will be claimed by trumpeter Franc Williams; and on Friday, April 2, **BENNY WATERS,** who was a member of the reed section in the bands of Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, and Jimmie Lunceford several decades back—he's just turned eighty—will begin leading a quartet. Waters' tone sounds full and confident, and sometimes he plays three solos—one on alto sax, one on tenor, and one on clarinet—in the course of a single tune. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

RICHIE HAVENS—With the Long Island Chamber Ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, March 31, at 8.)

DOO-WOPP VOL. IV—The Skyliners, Arlene Smith & the Chantels, Fourteen Karat Soul, the Penguins, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, at 8.)

JACQUES DOUAI—French Institute/Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Friday, April 2, at 6, and Sunday, April 4, at 3 and 6. For information about tickets, call 355-6100.

CHRIS WILLIAMSON—With Jackie Robbins. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

SUDAN BARONIAN'S TAKSIM—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, April 3, at 8.

CHIC, "D" TRAIN, and **T-CONNECTION**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 3, at 9. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The last in a series of concerts, this one featuring Ruby Braff and Dick Hyman. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 4, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The third in a series of five programs in which film songwriters discuss their work, with the assistance of their professional performing friends. In this case, the composers are Richard and Robert Sherman and their assistants are Marni Nixon and Paul Trueblood. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, April 4-5, at 8.)

MIREILLE MATHIEU—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 8.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 10 and midnight: Brian Hurley quartet. . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, at 10, 11:30, and 1:15: Raymond Reid. . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 10 and midnight. Peter Warren quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 10, 11:30, and 1:15. Cedar Walton quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SAVOY—Wednesday, March 31, at 8. Rickie Lee Jones. ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 9: Bryan Adams and 4 Out of 5 Doctors. ¶ Monday, April 5, at 8 and 11 Stanley Clarke, Chick Corea, Joe Henderson, Freddie Hubbard, and Lenny White. ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, April 6-8, at 9: Al DiMeola quartet. ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8.30 and 11.30: Chick Corea quintet. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, April 2-3 David Murray quartet. ¶ Friday, April 9 Kalaparusha ¶ Saturday, April 10: Bob Moses & Drum Song, with Abbey Lincoln. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows start at 9.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Bob James, Michael Brecker, Mike Mainieri, Peter Erskine, Don Grolnick, and Eddie Gomez. For the benefit of the legal

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fund of Citizens for Jazz on WRVR. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Varujan Boghosian—Antique game boards, bronze castings of wooden mannequins, doll heads, and other old curiosity-shop items are incorporated in this artist's wall constructions. Through April 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Helene Brandt—Sculptures: welded-steel frameworks, the largest eight feet tall, housing chairs or ladders. Through Tuesday, April 6. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Large oils from the past year, done with a somewhat thinner paint and a lighter, sunnier palette. Through May 1. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Marius de Zayas (1880-1961)—Paintings and works on paper by a Mexican artist who was associated with Alfred Stieglitz. Caricatures of Stieglitz and other members of his avant-garde circle, among them Max Weber and John Marin, are included. Through Sunday, April 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Twelve portrait heads in oil, spanning the years 1906 to 1930. Through May 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

David Levine—Watercolors, including street scenes of Cairo and caricatures. Through Saturday, April 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Bronze sculptures with Biblical themes. Through May 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Juan Martinez—Victims of some nameless oppression are the subjects of these paintings in mixed mediums on canvas and paper overlaid with gauze. Through April 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—Ninety linoleum cuts designed by Matisse in the early forties and printed for the first time last year. Through Saturday, April 3. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

Rory McEwen—Paintings and collages on the themes of leaves and flowers. Through Saturday, April 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Joan Miró—The first public showing of thirteen gouaches the artist painted (in 1954 and 1965) for a French publisher's limited edition of the satirical play "Ubu Roi." Through April 24. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Philip Mullen—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 3. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

James Rosenquist—A mural-size painting depicting (l. to r.) an upside-down sack of groceries, a ladle of molten steel coming through a window, and a battery of lipsticks. Through April 17. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dorothy Ruddick / Hermann Dudley Murphy (1867-1945)—Abstract compositions, some of them combining needle and thread with pen and ink. / Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes by a Boston painter who was a quite successful and influential academician. Through April 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Kendall Shaw—Large, layered abstract paintings combining a grid motif, spatterwork, and tiny mirrors. Through April 17. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Nearly two dozen works from the past four decades, the earliest a collage dated 1941. Through April 12. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

William Tucker—A two-gallery show of sculptures: Two big pieces and related drawings at Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (through Thursday, April 8); and three big works, including the macabre "House of the Hanged Man," which is eleven feet high, at

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112 Greene Street (through Saturday, April 3).

Group Shows—At **a.m. adler,** 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by American Impressionists who worked in Old Lyme, Connecticut, during the first half of this century: Lucien Abrams, George Burr, Charles Ebert, Mary Roberts Ebert, and Will Howe Foote. Through Saturday, April 10. . . . **la boetie,** 9 E. 82nd St.: A hundred items produced at the Bauhaus studios, including graphics, publications, and watercolors and drawings by Oskar Schlemmer, Anni Albers, Paul Klee, and others. Also, *a lamp designed by Gyula Pap. Through June* 30. . . . **gibson,** 205 E. 78th St.: Ten American artists (Vito Acconci, Roger Welch, and Janet Rifkin among them) showing installation sculptures. Through April 30. . . . **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: Prints by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans—Whistler, Cassatt, Bellows, Marsh, Grant Wood, and others. Through Saturday, April 10. . . . **mazoh,** 13 E. 76th St.: Works by a dozen or so artists—Rothko, Dubuffet, Jasper Johns, Kandinsky, Hockney—not to mention an unbaked terra-cotta head by Picasso. Through April 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **paul rosenberg,** 20 E. 79th St.: A sampling of French art (1600-1900) not well known here, consisting of forty-nine paintings and sculptures by thirty-eight artists, organized by the gallery in concert with four Paris galleries. Through May 1. . . . **schlesinger-boisanté,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Modernist paintings of the thirties and forties by twenty-two American artists, among them Arthur B. Carles, Mercedes Matter, and Ilya Bolotowsky. Through May 1. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964) / **Katherine Schmidt** (1898-1978)—Fifteen or so metal and stone sculptures, primarily female figures in the round, plus paintings and drawings. / Figure and landscape drawings. Through April 17. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

March Avery—New paintings, including landscapes and seascapes of the coast of Turkey. Through Saturday, April 3. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Marilyn Baum / Claire Moore—Collages of printed matter—money and medicine-bottle labels (one for a ringworm ointment)—the artist *picked up on a recent trip* to China, *arranged* together on a rich, glittery background. / Scraps of tinsel and bits of paint-soaked paper are glued into a random pattern in these collages, on which the artist also letters enigmatic remarks. Through Saturday, April 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Larry Bell—This artist-alchemist makes radiant-looking abstract drawings by vaporizing mineral elements and transferring them to sheets of paper. Through Saturday, April 10. (Goodman, in new quarters on the eighth floor at 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jake Berthot—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, April 3. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Harrison Burns—Acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, April 3. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Martin Chirino—Forged-steel sculptures, several of them suggestive of birds in flight—bir *with a wingspan of twelve* to fifteen fee Through Saturday, April 10. (Borgenich 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Dorothy Dehner—Abstract sculptures: three a Corten steel, the remaining are bronzes. Al pen-and-pencil drawings. Through April 2 (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Edward Giobbi—Bronze sculptures that have strong kinship with African masks, plus rela ed paintings and drawings. Through Saturda April 10. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Haas—A four-room installation in t Art Deco style of the thirties (some of adapted from the old S.S. Bremen), comple with an offstage garden and mood musi Through Wednesday, April 7. (Alexander, 2 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ In the front gallery, pain ings by Stephen Buckley, Sylvia Plimac Mangold, and Alan Turner.

Al Held—A show devoted solely to the artist thickly painted Abstract Expressionist wor of the fifties. Through Saturday, April (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jene Highstein—Recent pastels on paper by sculptor. Through April 24. (Oscarsson Hoo 41 W. 57th St.)

Jess—Rather romantic figures in oil, from t early sixties to the present. Through April 3 (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Howard Kanovitz—Paintings, pastels, and dra ings in crayon by a Photo-Realist who tak his subjects from everyday life. Throug April 24. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th S Open Mondays.)

Henry Koerner—Outsize surrealist compositio in oils and watercolors. Through Saturda April 3. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Joyce Kozloff / Robert Younger—Drawings an models for four public projects, one of the for a wall mural at the subway stop in Ha vard Square. / An installation of disparate o jects, including a plywood airplane extendin the length and width of the ceiling fro which it is suspended. Through April 2 (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Markman—Still-lifes made out of pain ed wood. Through April 22. (Dintenfass, 5 W. 57th St.)

Elizabeth Osborne—Large, severely stylize watercolors (still-lifes and glimpses of coast Massachusetts) by an artist who has unusu control over this tricky medium. Also oils an pastels. Through Wednesday, April 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Figurative paintings—studi nudes, chiefly—on a heroic scale. Throug April 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens a noon on Saturdays.)

Oi Sawa—Architectural motifs in oils on ti and in metallic inks on paper. Through Saturday, April 3. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.)

Jan Sawka—Paintings. Through April 24 (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Coastal scenes in Maine and th Caribbean, plus bright-colored still-lifes, b an artist who works in various mediums—oil, gouache, pastel. Through Saturday, Apri 3. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Saul Steinberg—Recent work: still-lifes an architecture. Starts Friday, April 2. (Pace 32 E. 57th St.)

Tim—About sixty drawings by a political cartoonist for *L'Express;* about a third of th works are pastiches—Gloria Steinem sittin in for the Mona Lisa, for example. Throug April 30. (French Institute-Alliance Français Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays throug Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

George Woodman—Paintings of abstract flora motifs, some of them done on freestandin screens. Through April 24. (Haber Theodore 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artist** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Prints by Britis artists (roughly 1800 to the nineteen-forties) William Blake, William Holman Hunt, Walter Sickert, Laura Knight, and others Through April 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: Pop Art by Warhol Oldenburg, and Lichtenstein. Through Saturday, April 10. . . . **del re,** 41 E. 57th St.

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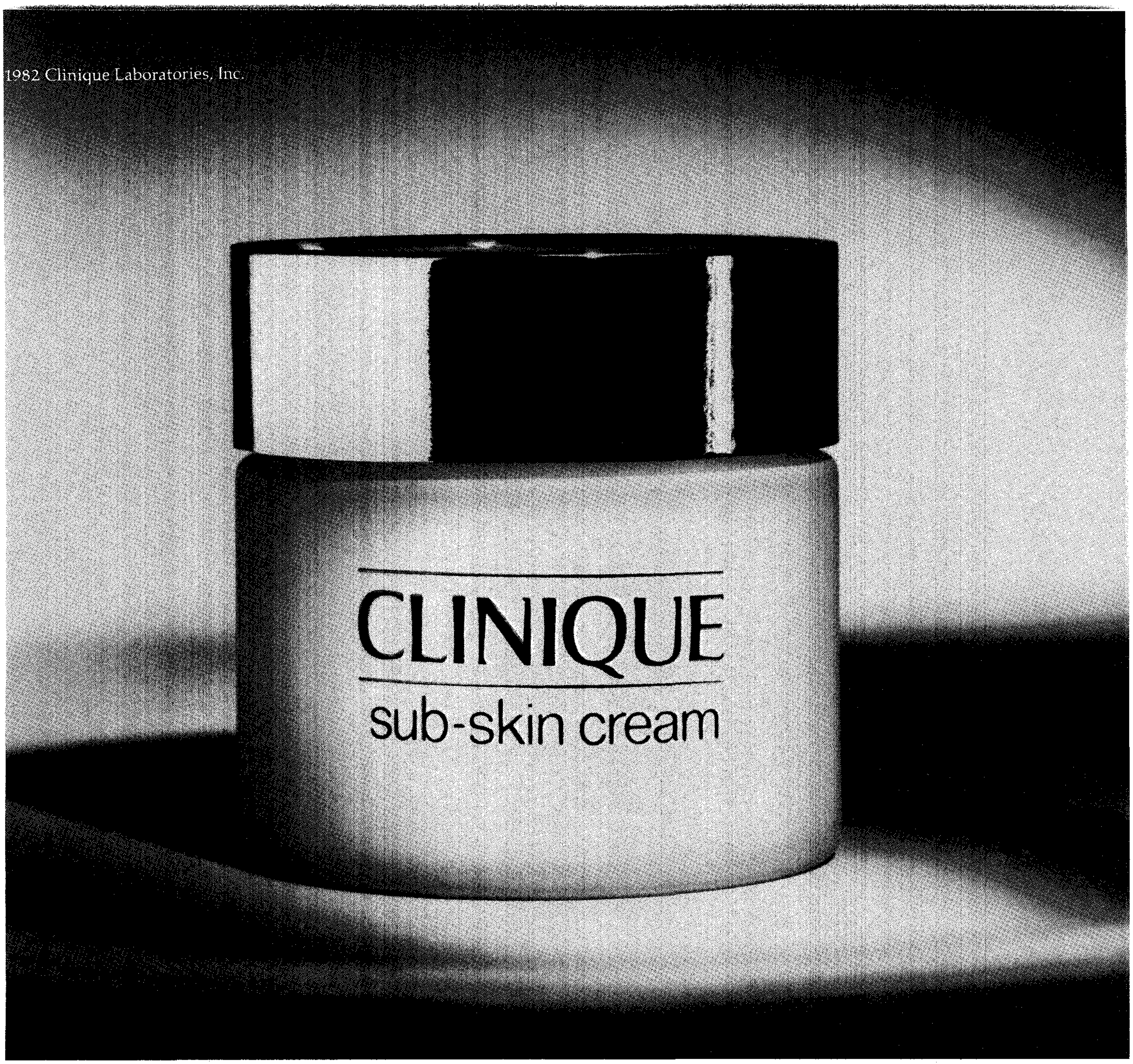

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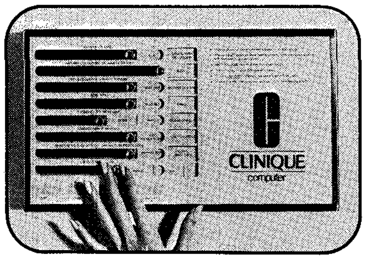

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Works on paper by Rothko, Diebenkorn, Frankenthaler, Guston, and other twentieth-century Americans. Through Saturday, April 3. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by such Europeans as Klimt, Kollwitz, Schiele, Mihaesco, and others. Through May 15. . . . **GETLER-PALL,** 50 W. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by gallery artists (David Shapiro, James Torlakson) and others (Marianne Stikas, Brenda Goodman). Through Saturday, April 3. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: A fiftieth-anniversary exhibition with representative paintings by Isabel Bishop, William Palmer, Maurice Freedman, Philip Evergood, Paul Cadmus, and others. Through April 24. . . . **WASHBURN,** 42 E. 57 St., and in SoHo at 113 Greene St.: A roundup of paintings by American artists who underwent the Paris experience in the first half of this century, ranging from Henri and Stuart Davis to Olitski and Youngerman. Through April 24.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bill Beckley / Gordon Moore—*Fragments of* Latin poetry (Catullus) painted on what appear to be fragments of ancient walls set off by fragments of gold-leaf frames, plus other new works. / Shaped canvases that form tall, narrow triangles on the wall. Through Saturday, April 10. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St.)

Tom Clancy / Nicolas Collins—A single sculpture composed of newsprint and two folded-steel plates. / Water-powered moving sculptures. Through Saturday, April 3. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Lucien Day—A thirteen-foot-long watercolor of the Parthenon frieze, and smaller works in the same medium. Through April 14. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Sundays.)

Eric Fischl—"A Private Beach," the title given to a series of paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, April 3. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Miyoko Ito—Abstract oils. Through April 24. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Ed Paschke—Paintings of figures, most of them traversed by series of horizontal lines. Through Saturday, April 10. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Milo Reice—Large paintings on this artist's usual mythological and classical themes. This time he has dealt with the likes of Santa Claus and Cupid and Psyche. Through April 24. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

David Loeffler Smith—Figures from mythology and from contemporary life. Through April 14. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Opens at 1.)

Jack Tworkov—Works on paper, 1933-82, by the abstract painter. Through April 28. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: The second half of the gallery's fifth-anniversary show, reviewing the works of artists who have exhibited here. Through May 1. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **SEMAPHORE,** 462 West Broadway: Tom Wesselmann and Mimi Gross are among the ten artists represented in a show called "Another Look at Landscape." Through Saturday, April 10.

OTHER GALLERIES

Terry Rosenberg / Katharine T. Carter—Ominous-looking heavy cowhide robes topped with empty cowls and hung on the wall. / Black-and-white paintings in which basic architectural forms are rendered in gridlike squares. Through Saturday, April 10. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Paul Rotterdam / Alex McFarlane—New drawings. / Architectural fancies carved from graphite. Through April 24. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Group Show—"Lower Manhattan from Street to Sky," mounted by the Whitney Museum, has thirty-eight paintings, drawings, and prints (by, among others, Yvonne Jacquette, George Bellows, Robert Indiana, Reginald Marsh, and Max Weber) of the Brooklyn Bridge, the Woolworth Building, and other downtown landmarks. Through April 30. (Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Emmet Gowin / Frank Gohlke—Photographs of Mt. St. Helens; also portraits of the artist's wife. / Post-tornado photographs of a Texas town. Through Saturday, April 10. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Hans Haacke—Two photographic installations giving the artist's views on absentee landlords and on the Reagan Administration's social and economic policies. Through April 23. (Gallery 1199, at 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8.)

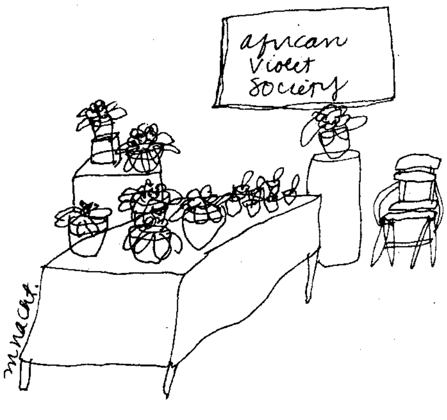
David A. Hanson—Fifty photographs (printed *using nineteenth-century processes) from* thirteen handmade books by this artist. The prints are mounted on the walls. Through April 16. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Kusakabe Kimbei—Hand-colored albumen prints by a nineteenth-century Japanese commercial photographer. Through April 22. (80 Papers, 80 Thompson St. Opens weekdays at noon.)

Gustave Le Gray (1820-82)—Albumen photographs from an album dated 1857 which record life as it was for Napoleon III's Imperial Guards (living quarters, maneuvers, Sunday Mass) in their training camp. Through Saturday, April 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Ralph Weiss—Botanical wildlife (mushrooms, seedpods, vines) photographed close up. Through April 24. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Photographs of Paris from the archives of the Magnum coöperative. Only half of the hundred black-and-whites have been exhibited before. Robert Capa, David Seymour (Chim), Henri Cartier-Bresson, and Inge Morath are among the artists. . . . ¶ A second show contains photographs of Alaskan Eskimo villages between 1973-78, by Alex Harris. Both exhibits through May 9. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Photographs by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, arranged topically and in pairs to illustrate different approaches to similar subjects; for example, Doris Ulmann's portrait of two lovers entitled "South Carolina" is displayed alongside Brassaï's "Couple d'Amoureux dans un Petit Café, Quartier Italie." Other twinned contributors: Kertész and Namuth, Model and Frank. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.) . . . **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY,** 344 E. 14th St.: Three photographers—Martin Benjamin, Eric Lindbloom, and Neil Trager. Through April 25. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, except April 8, noon to 8; Fridays, except April 9, noon to 4.) . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs (plus some paintings, drawings, and graphics) on the common topic of flowers—zinnias by Naomi Savage, roses by Edward Steichen, crocuses by Paul Caponigro, and mor Through April 24. (Opens at noon on Satu days.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.- A show of fifth- to tenth-century artifac that were buried in the deserts of Centr Asia for a thousand years and unearthed t German archeologists in the late nineteent century—primarily religious paintings, cla and wood figures, and manuscripts, but al some frescoes retrieved from temples at Kiz showing scenes from the life of Buddha. C loan from the West Berlin State Museum Starts Saturday, April 3. . . . ¶ The Costum Institute's tenth annual fashion show, f cussing primarily on the eighteenth-centur French woman but also encompassing h European and American counterparts. . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nineteenth- and twentieth-ce tury prints from the permanent collectio Through May 9. (Open daily except Mo days. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wedne days through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sunday 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An e hibition of about a hundred early paintin and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico will ope in the west wing of the museum's new buil ing on Saturday, April 3; thereafter, dail except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursda evenings until 9.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.- A show of diverse works by seven contemp rary Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Enz Cucchi, Nino Longobardi, Luigi Ontani, Gi seppe Penone, Vettor Pisani, and Gilber Zorio. Starts Friday, April 2. (Open daily e cept Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to with no admission charge from 5 to Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Av at 75th St.—An exhibit of small sculptur and project drawings by Robert Smithso (1938-73), who is best known for monument earth-art sculptures, two of which ("Cayug Salt Mine Project" and "Gravel Mirror wit Cracks and Dust") are also reconstructe here. Through April 18. . . . ¶ A show paintings, drawings, and prints, selected fro a bequest by Katherine Schmidt Shuber which includes works by such artists as Yasu Kuniyoshi, Peggy Bacon, John Sloan, and th donor herself. Through Sunday, April 4. . . ¶ The exhibit of scores and graphics by Joh Cage in the lobby gallery will be complemen ed by three concerts of the composer's musi performed by the S.E.M. Ensemble under th direction of Petr Kotik. Wednesday, Marc 31: The first complete performance of "Son Books I, II." . . . Thursday, April 1: "Conce for Piano and Orchestra," "Atlas Eclipticalis, and "Aria." . . . Friday, April 2: "Etud Australes," "Chorales," and "Cheap Imita tion." All performances at 7:30. For informa tion about tickets, call 570-3600. (Open dail except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to with no admission charge after 5; Wedne days through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sunday noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Brookly Before the Bridge: American Paintings fro the Long Island Historical Society," sixty oil and watercolors chronicling Brooklyn's hal cyon days as an independent city—ship wrecks on Coney Island, rapid transit (coach and ten horses, East River ferries), an fireworks displays at the opening of th bridge in 1883. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Ne Testament paintings by James Tissot in show that coincides with his exhibit of Ol Testament paintings at the Jewish Museum Through April 30. (Open Wednesdays throug Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Centra Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of Ameri can Sport," a show in which a hundred sport heroes from the eighteen-thirties to toda (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gon zales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are see in paintings, photographs, and sculptures b such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norma Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning and others. In addition, sports memorabilia the 1938 Maserati Wilbur Shaw drove at In dianapolis in 1939 and 1940, and Johnn Weissmuller's five Olympic gold medals Organized by the Smithsonian's Nationa

Portrait Gallery. Through June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

MERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of paintings and sculptures by twenty-nine contemporary American artists who are candidates for six Academy-Institute awards. Through Sunday, April 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

MERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—Nineteen winners of crafts competitions showing their current works in metal, glass, fibre, and so forth. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

HINA INSTITUTE, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of seventy-five bronzes, jades, ceramics, sculptures, and paintings from the Yale University Art Gallery. The earliest piece, from the Shang dynasty, is a bronze pole top with two addorsed heads, one animal, one human. Through May 30. (Open daily except Good Friday. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, 2 to 5.)

E CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures (from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain), selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

OOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A loan show of Hawaiian artifacts (and paintings and drawings) of historical interest from the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, Honolulu. The largest single item is a feather cloak worn by a member of the royalty of the pristine Hawaii of two hundred years ago. Through May 9. . . . ¶ More than a hundred original drawings (plus furniture, silver, and ceramics) by the Scottish architect Robert Adam (1728-92), as well as some by those who were influenced by his neoclassical style. Through April 11. . . . ¶ About seventy award-winning drawings by eighteenth-century architectural students who entered annual competitions held by the National Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

ROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A tribute to James Joyce on his centennial. First editions of the author's major works are displayed alongside working manuscripts and related correspondence. Also, copies of the serial installments of "Ulysses" which appeared in the *Little Review*, including the four that were banned by the United States Post Office in 1920; and Joyce's cable of congratulations to Bennett Cerf after the successful trial that brought about the novel's first American publication in 1934. Through April 17. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

EWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A display of paintings of Old Testament scenes by James Tissot, the late-nineteenth-century French painter and etcher who devoted his later years to illustrating the Bible. (His New Testament paintings are on view at the Brooklyn Museum.) Through May 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed for Passover on Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty-five recently acquired drawings, ranging from Hieronymus Lang (1520-82) to Egon Schiele (1890-1918), and including a rare Rembrandt nude. . . . ¶ The many worlds of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (a.k.a. Lewis Carroll), the focal point of which is the original 1864 manuscript (with drawings) of the prototypical "Alice's Adventures Under Ground." Also, five illustrations by John Tenniel for "Wonderland" (which appeared the following year); holographic poems and riddles; photographs; and correspondence. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through April 18.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Thirty-three recent additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jane Lipman, among them furniture (an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary), nineteenth-century paintings (portraits; a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory), folk sculpture (a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane"), and miniature mourning pins. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of eighty cast-iron stoves manufactured in the Albany area in the mid-nineteenth century, when stovemaking was at its zenith. Starts Thursday, April 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's nod to the centennials of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. Excerpts from Woolf's four decades of diaries (where one learns that she regarded "Ulysses" as "an illiterate, underbred book") are here, as are her letters and essays (in working drafts and final copies) and the bulk of her novels (manuscripts, first editions). The Joyce material focusses on his years in Paris (1920-40) and includes the first English (1922) and French (1929) editions of "Ulysses," along with the many pages of work involved in the translation of the novel. Through June 30. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.) A hundred recently printed photographs of Dublin (from negatives surviving from the period when Joyce was in residence there) are being exhibited in the third-floor rotunda.

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A few works apiece (the mediums vary) by thirty-two young veterans of gallery group shows. Through Saturday, April 10.

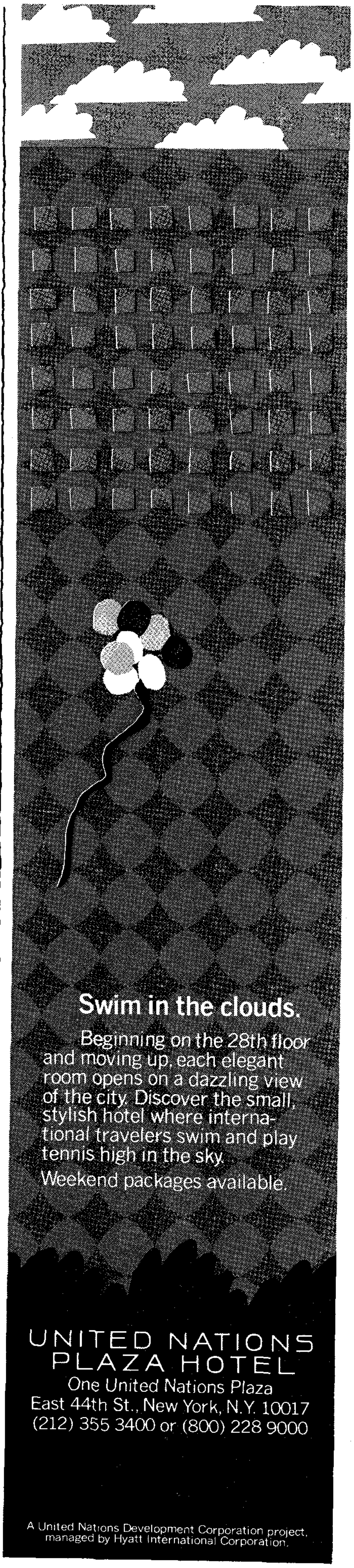
FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Ana Mendieta (performance). Thursday, April 8, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Russian Samizdat (underground press) publications from the past two decades. Through April 17. . . . ¶ Drawings and books by four artists from West Germany. Through Saturday, April 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, March 31, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Edda Moser, Kathleen Battle, Stuart Burrows, Philip Creech, and Martti Talvela; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 8: "Fidelio," with Shirley Verrett, Judith Blegen, Edward Sooter, Leif Roar, and John Macurdy; Bernard Haitink. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 2: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Edda Moser, Kathleen Battle, Stuart Burrows, Philip Creech, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Ruth Welting, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Viorica Cortez, and Placido Domingo; Riccardo Chailly. . . . ¶ Monday, April 5, at 7: "Parsifal," with Mignon Dunn, Peter Hofmann, Thomas Stewart, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 6, at 8: "Fidelio," with Shirley Verrett, Judith Blegen, Edward Sooter, Leif Roar, and John Macurdy; Bernard Haitink. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 7, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thurs-



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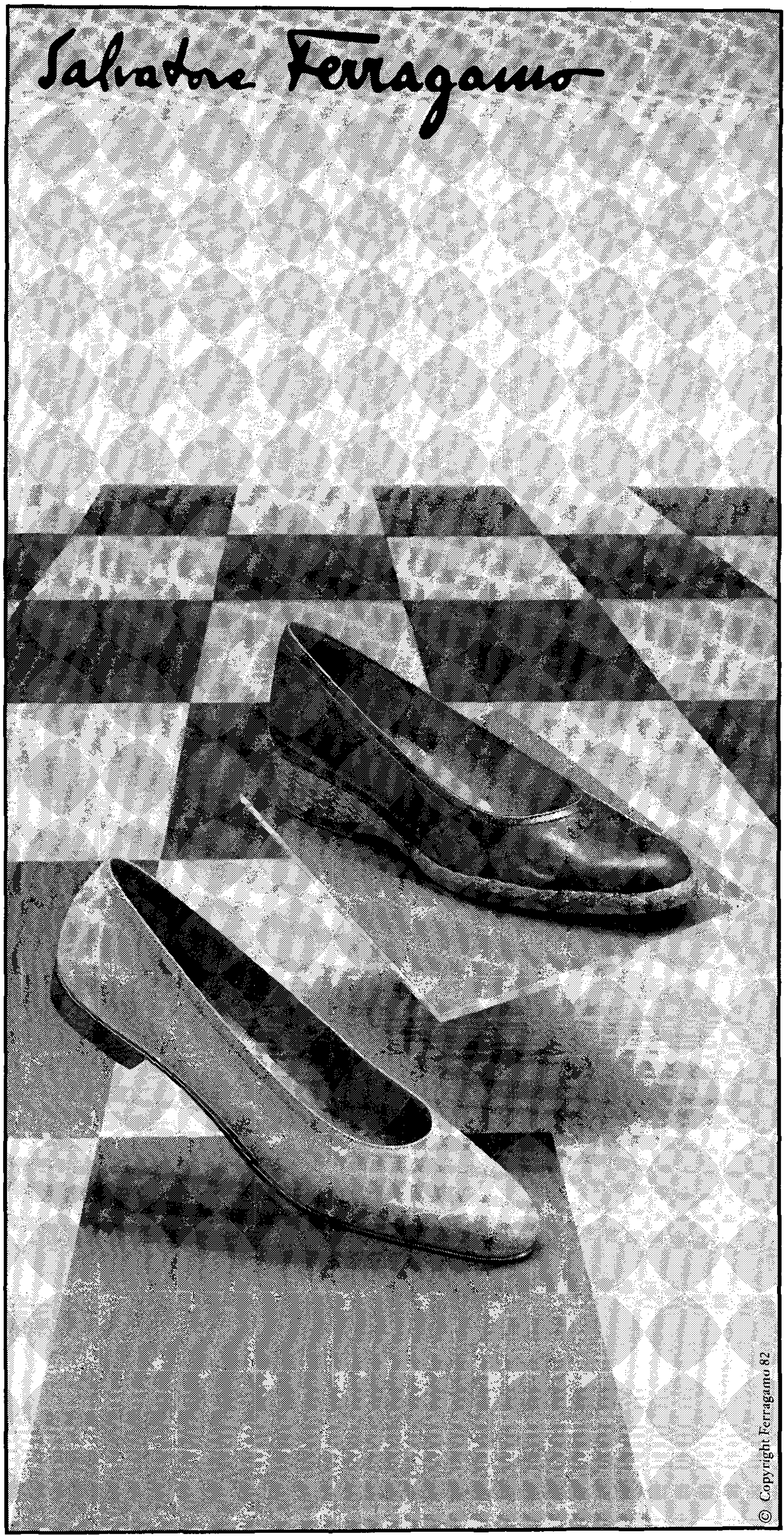

Shoes: Story, $78. Samby, $66.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, April 8, at 8 "Die Entführung aus de Serail," with Mariella Devia, Gwendoly Bradley, John Alexander, Philip Creech, ai Martti Talvela, James Levine ¶ Frida April 9, at 7 "Parsifal," with Mignon Dun Peter Hofmann, Thomas Stewart, and Jeron Hines, James Levine (A nonsubscripti performance.) ¶ Saturday, April 10, at "Fidelio," with Shirley Verrett, Judi Blegen, Edward Sooter, Leif Roar, and Jol Macurdy; Bernard Haitink. ¶ Saturda April 10, at 8. "I Vespri Siciliani," wi Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, Pab Elvira, and Furruccio Furlanetto; Thom Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday evenin March 31 "La Traviata," with June Ande son, Barry McCauley, and Brent Ellis; Bria Salesky ¶ Thursday evening, April "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Ell Shade, Faith Esham, David Borgeson, ar Richard Cross; Christopher Keene. ¶ Friday evening, April 2: A new producti of Verdi's "I Lombardi," with Ashley Pu nam, Riccardo Calleo, Garry Grice, and Ju tino Díaz; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturda matinée, April 3: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles *with Carol Vaness, Jerry Hadley,* Willia Stone, and Ralph Bassett; Scott Bergeso ¶ Saturday evening, April 3: "Carmen with Gail Gilmore, Judith Haddon, Har Theyard, and Justino Díaz; Imre Pallo. . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 4: "Lucia di Lan mermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Barry M Cauley, Brent Ellis, and Robert Hale; Judit Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 4: "Ma ame *Butterfly," with Maria Pellegrini,* J dith Christin, John Stewart, and Willia Stone; David Effron. . . . ¶ Tuesday evenin April 6: "I Lombardi," with Ashley Putnan Riccardo Calleo, Garry Grice, and Justir Díaz; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursda evening, April 8: "I Lombardi," with Rit Shane, Garry Grice, Riccardo Calleo, an Justino Díaz; Christopher Keene. . . ¶ Friday evening, April 9: "L'Amore dei T Re," with Noelle Rogers, Jacque Trusse Richard Fredricks, and Samuel Ramey; Joh Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 1 "La Bohème," with Suzanne Sonnenschei Sheryl Woods, Vinson Cole, and Stephe Dickson; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, eve ning, April 10: "Lucia di Lammermoor, with Gianna Rolandi, Barry McCaule Brent Ellis, and Robert Hale; Judith Somog (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Cente 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, May 2.

Music for a While—"The Living Flame Love," a musical and dramatic presentatio using the poetry of St. John of the Cross alon with music by Spanish Renaissance com posers. With LaNoue Davenport, recorder Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; Sheil Schonbrun, soprano; dancers Muna Tsen and Vic Stornant; and others. (Symphon Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. I English Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, at and in Spanish Sunday, April 4, at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Ha —Leonard Bernstein conducting a Brahms Stravinsky program Thursday, April 1, at Friday, April 2, at 2; and Saturday, April 3 at 8 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a Vivaldi-Britten-Mozart program Thursday through Saturday, April 8-10, at 8, an Tuesday, April 13, at 7:30 (all with Charle Rex, violin; Kathleen Battle, soprano; Jennifer Jones, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor John Cheek, bass; and the New York Chora Artists).

Warsaw Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra—Karol Teutsch conducting, with Zofia Kuberska, violin, and Jadwiga Kotnowska flute. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 6, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—James Dixo conducting a program of music of our time with Kurt Nikkanen, violin, and Paul Sperry tenor. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95t St. 864-5400. Wednesday, March 31, at 8.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—Bruce Ferden conducting a Beethoven-Prokofieff-Dvořák program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan Schoo of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series, this one entitled "Music + Film: Music for the Silent Cinema." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

olumbia University Orchestra—Noyes Bartholomew conducting a program of music by Dennis Miller, Henri Wieniawski, and Dvořák, with Maria Zimmermann, violin. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 3, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

usica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Charles Bressler, Malcolm Smith, and Barry McCauley, tenors; Pamela Coburn, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; and Bruce Fifer, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, April 5, at 7:30.)

ozartean Chamber Players—Ransom Wilson conducting a Mozart-Haydn program, with Steven Lubin, fortepiano, and Jane Bryden, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 6, at 8.)

ew Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Jon Humphrey, Phillip Sneed, and Daniel Pincus, tenors; Lucy Shelton, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, alto; Kurt O. Richards, bass; and a baroque orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8.)

regg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, April 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

anby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

enita Meshulam—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 31, at 8.)

imitri Toufexis—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 31, at 8.)

risti Bjarnason—Cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 31, at 8.)

lexander Schneider and Isidore Cohen, Walter Trampler, and Laurence Lesser—Violin, viola, and cello, in an all-Haydn program. With Schuyler Chapin, narrator. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Wednesday, March 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets call 741-5689.)

alichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 1, at 8.)

avi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 1, at 8.)

ebecca La Brecque—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 1, at 8.)

atthias Kriesberg—Piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

usic from Marlboro—Two performances of the same program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 1, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 5, at 8.)

ertz Trio—A chamber ensemble from Canada appearing here for the first time. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 1, at 8.)

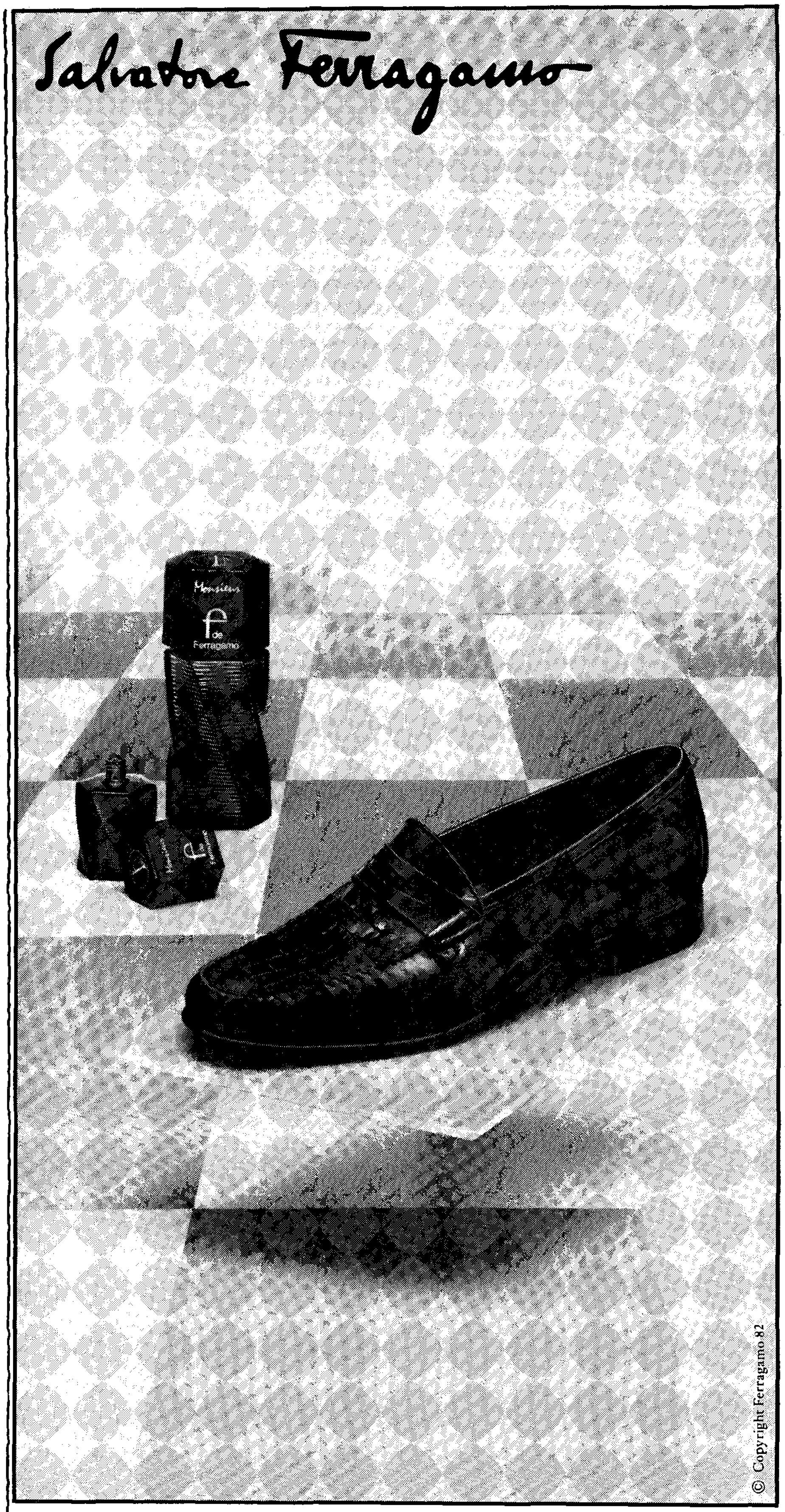
artók String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 2, at 8.)

hura Cherkassky—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

uarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

uilliard String Quartet—With Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

ew York Renaissance Band—A program enti-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tled "A Little Knight Music." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

Artur Balsam—Piano, with Edith Ann Hall and *Harriet Brent, also piano, and the Third* Street Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Jonathan Strasser. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Sunday, April 4, at 3.)

Shlomo Mintz—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 3.)

Suk Soon Kim—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 5:45.)

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano, in a recital postponed from March 14. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Sunday, April 4, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—With Robert Mann, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 8.)

Michael and Shoshana Rudiakov—*Cello and* piano. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, April 5, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Horacio Gutiérrez—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 5, at 8.)

Thouvenel String Quartet—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 5, at 8.)

Ralph Evans—Violin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, April 6, at 2.)

Detlef Kraus—Piano, in the last in a series of concerts; this one a Brahms-Schumann program, with So Ryang Joo, also piano, and the Alard Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 6, at 8.)

Endellion String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 6, at 8.)

Bowery Ensemble—A ten-hour program devoted to the music of John Cage. With Aki Takahashi and Yvar Mikashoff, piano; Jan Williams, percussion; the University of Buffalo Percussion Ensemble; Mr. Cage; and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, April 6, starting at noon. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Marisa Robles—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Josef Suk and Ida Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas and Warren Lash, cello; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 9, at 8, and Sunday, April 11, at 5.)

Parnassus—A Stravinsky-Carter program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 10, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Baseball—First league games at Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Texas, Tuesday, April 6, and Thursday, April 8, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, April 9, at 8, and Saturday, April 10, at 2.

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Cleveland, Thursday, April 1, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Thursday, April 8, at 8:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, March 31. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Friday, April 2. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, April 7. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Saturday, April 10. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, April 2, at 8:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, April 3, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **STANLEY CUP PRELIMINARY PLAYOFFS AT THE NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, at 8:05, and, if necessary, Tuesday, April 13, at 8:05.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 17. The Gotham, Saturday, April 3; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Friday, April 9; and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 10.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Peru, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, April 4, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

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Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, April 3. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, April 5, through Wednesday, June 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—C. K. Williams and Edward Field reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ Cleopatra Mathis reading from her own poetry. (Writers Community, Inc., 120 E. 89th St. Wednesday, April 7. For information about tickets, call 348-0160.)

Flower Show—The annual Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Starts Saturday, April 3. (1000 Washington Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4, and Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 1 to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Good Friday, 9:30 to 5.) Saturday, April 3, at 10:15 and 2: Americana. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 6, at 10:15 and 2: Books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 1. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 4:30.) Thursday, April 1, at 7: Colonial American historical documents. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 7, at 10 and 2: American paintings and drawings, including works by Rubens Peale, Eugene Berman, and Andrew Wyeth. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 1. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Friday, April 2, at 1: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, March 31, from 10 to 7; Thursday, April 1, from 10 to 1.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, April 11 (day). Detroit, April 22-23 (night) and April 24-25 (d). California, April 27-29 (n). Seattle, April 30-May 1 (n) and May 2 (d). Oakland, May 3-4 (n). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium (first National League games here): Vs. Philadelphia, April 13-15 (day). Montreal, April 16 (night) and April 17-18 (d). Chicago, April 20-21 (n). San Francisco, May 6-7 (n) and May 8-9 (d). San Diego, May 10-12 (n).

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** April 13 (Nets) and April 15 (Chicago). . . . ¶ The Nets at **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** April 14 (Washington) and April 16 (Boston).

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. April 17.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. April 24.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. April 24.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbi Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem Riv April 24.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Ha vard, *Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapol* May 1.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Corne Princeton, and Boston University. (Ithac May 1.)

Anne Burgess

Racing—At **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N. April 30-Sept. 4. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Loui ville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 1.

Running—Boston Marathon. (Starts at Hopki ton, Mass. April 19.)

Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Mea owlands: Vs. Tampa Bay, April 18. . ¶ Jacksonville, May 2.

Tennis—Tournament of Champions. (West Si Tennis Club, Forest Hills. May 2-9.)

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 2 24.)

Trotting—At Saratoga Raceway, Sarato Springs: April 29-Nov. 20.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): Th season continues through April 17. . . . **AVE FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Phi harmonic season continues through May 1 . . . ¶ Jessye Norman, soprano, and Garri Ohlsson, piano, April 11. . . . ¶ America Philharmonic Orchestra, April 12. . . . ¶ Bo ton Symphony, April 23. . . . ¶ Itzhak Per man, violin, May 2. . . . ¶ Philadelphia O chestra, May 5. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459 Opera Orchestra of New York, April 12. . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, April 1 16. . . . ¶ St. *Cecilia Chorus and Orchestr* April 17. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orche tra, April 18. . . . ¶ Emanuel Ax, piano, Apr 18. . . . ¶ Peter Schreier, tenor, April 20. . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 21-22. . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, April 24. . . ¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, April 28. . . ¶ Hague Philharmonic, April 29. . . . ¶ No wegian Chamber Orchestra, May 2. . . ¶ Montreal Symphony, May 9. . . . **ALICE TUL HALL** (362-1911): Kalichstein-Laredo-Robi son Trio, April 13. . . . ¶ Music from Ravini April 14. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, April 1 and 17. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Li coln Center, April 18-20 and April 30-Ma 2. . . . ¶ Yo-Yo Ma, cello, April 18 and Ma 9. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, April 21-22. . . ¶ Murray Perahia, piano, April 25. . . ¶ Columbia Glee Club, April 28. . . . ¶ Kath leen Battle, soprano, May 2. . . . ¶ America Composers Orchestra, May 5. . . . **KAUFMAN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Chamber Symphony, April 17-18. . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, April 20 21. . . . ¶ Grayson Hirst, tenor, April 25. . . ¶ Arkady Aronov, piano, April 29. . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, May 5 and 10. . . . **GRAC RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Mu seum (570-3949): Frans Brueggen, recorde and baroque flute; Anner Bylsma, baroqu cello; and John Gibbons, harpsichord, Apri 17. . . . ¶ Steve Reich and Musicians, Apri 19. . . . ¶ Aston Magna, April 22. . . . ¶ Jupi ter Symphony Chamber Players, April 23. . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, May 1-2.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to ope during the next several weeks: "Is There Lif After High School?," a musical based on th Ralph Keyes novel, with a book by Jeffre Kindley and music and lyrics by Craig Car nelia. . . . ¶ Raul Julia will star in "Nine," musical, with direction and choreography b Tommy Tune. Arthur Kopit wrote the boo and Maury Yeston did the music and lyrics . . . ¶ A revival of the Robinson Jeffers adaptation of Euripides' "Medea," with a cas headed by Zoe Caldwell, Judith Anderson and Mitchell Ryan.

Dance—Paul Taylor Dance Company, at th City Center, April 13-May 2. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Oper House, April 19-June 12. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre May 4-July 4. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at the City Center, May 4-23.

Other Dates—Easter Sunday is April 11 . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1981 and estimates for 1982 are due Thursday, April 15. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 25.

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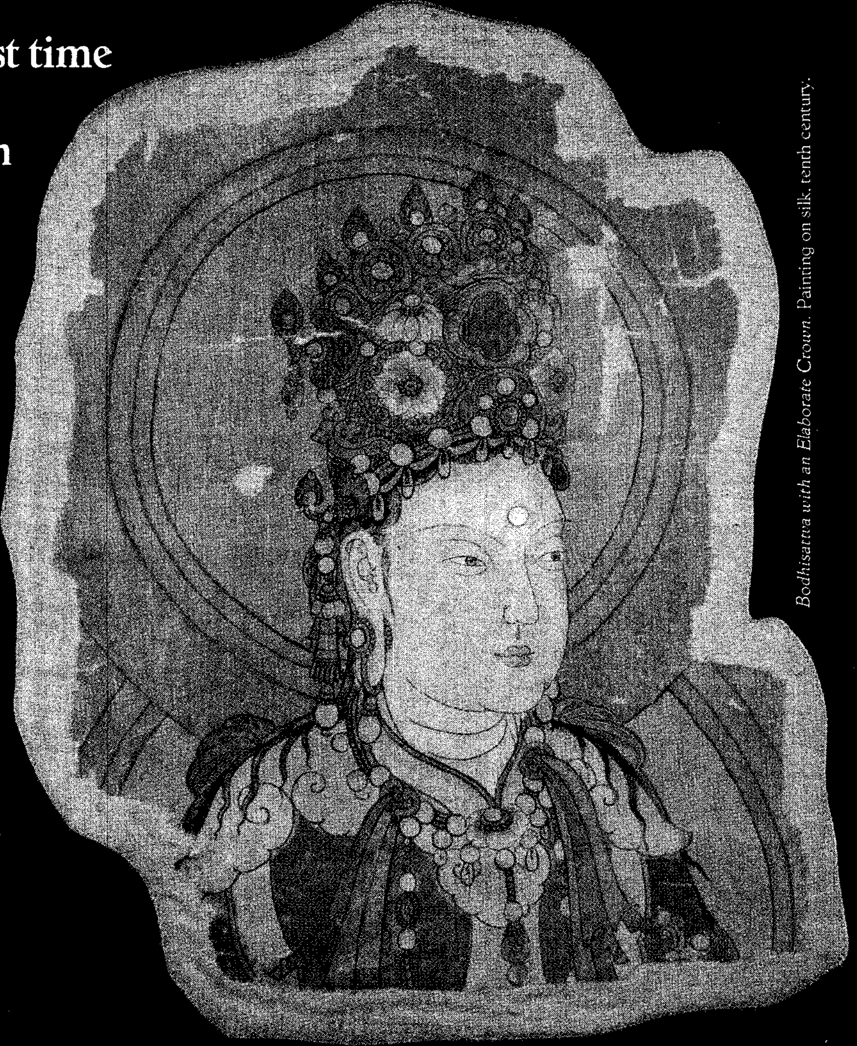

Bodhisattva with an Elaborate Crown. Painting on silk, tenth century.

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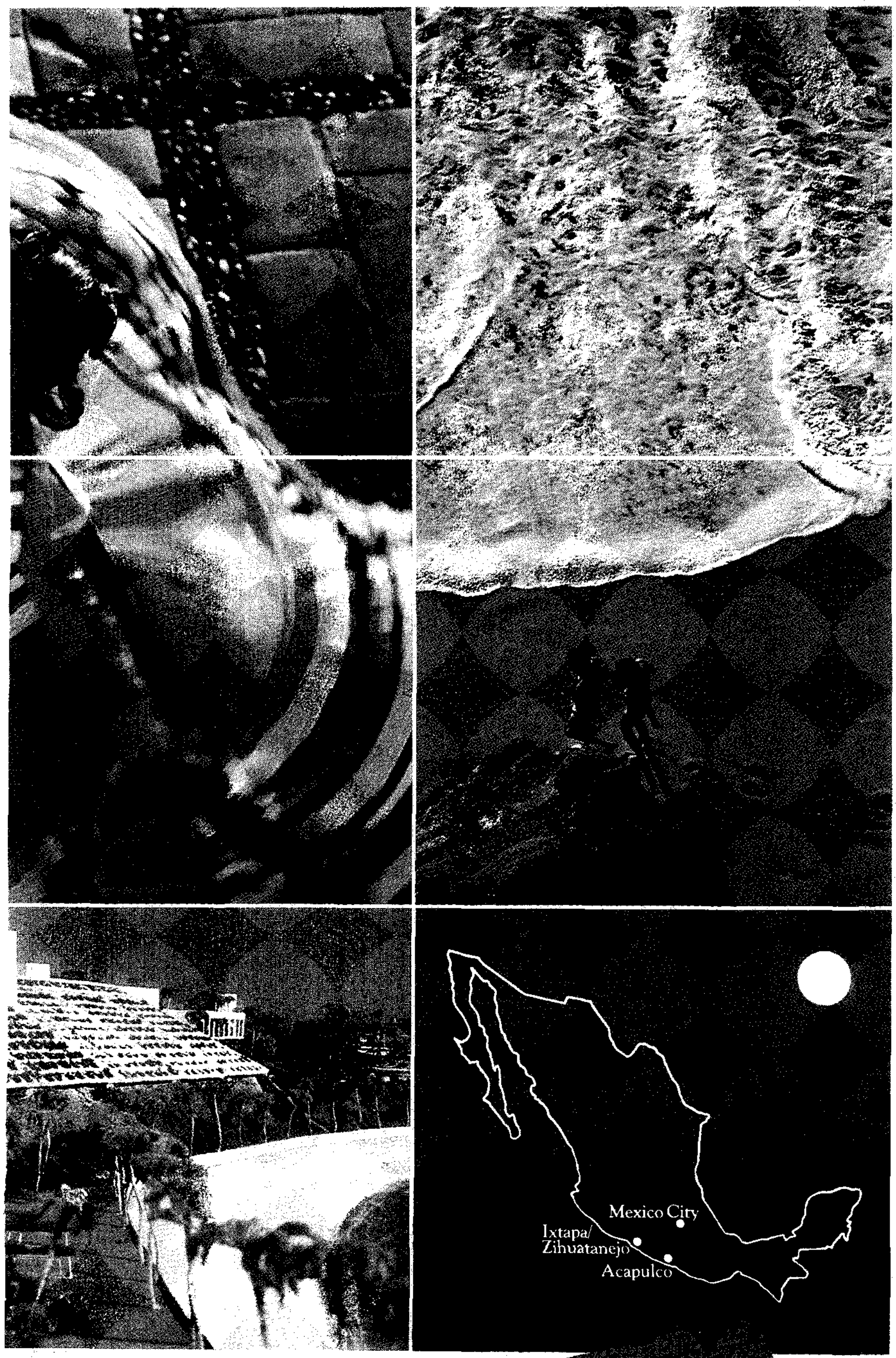

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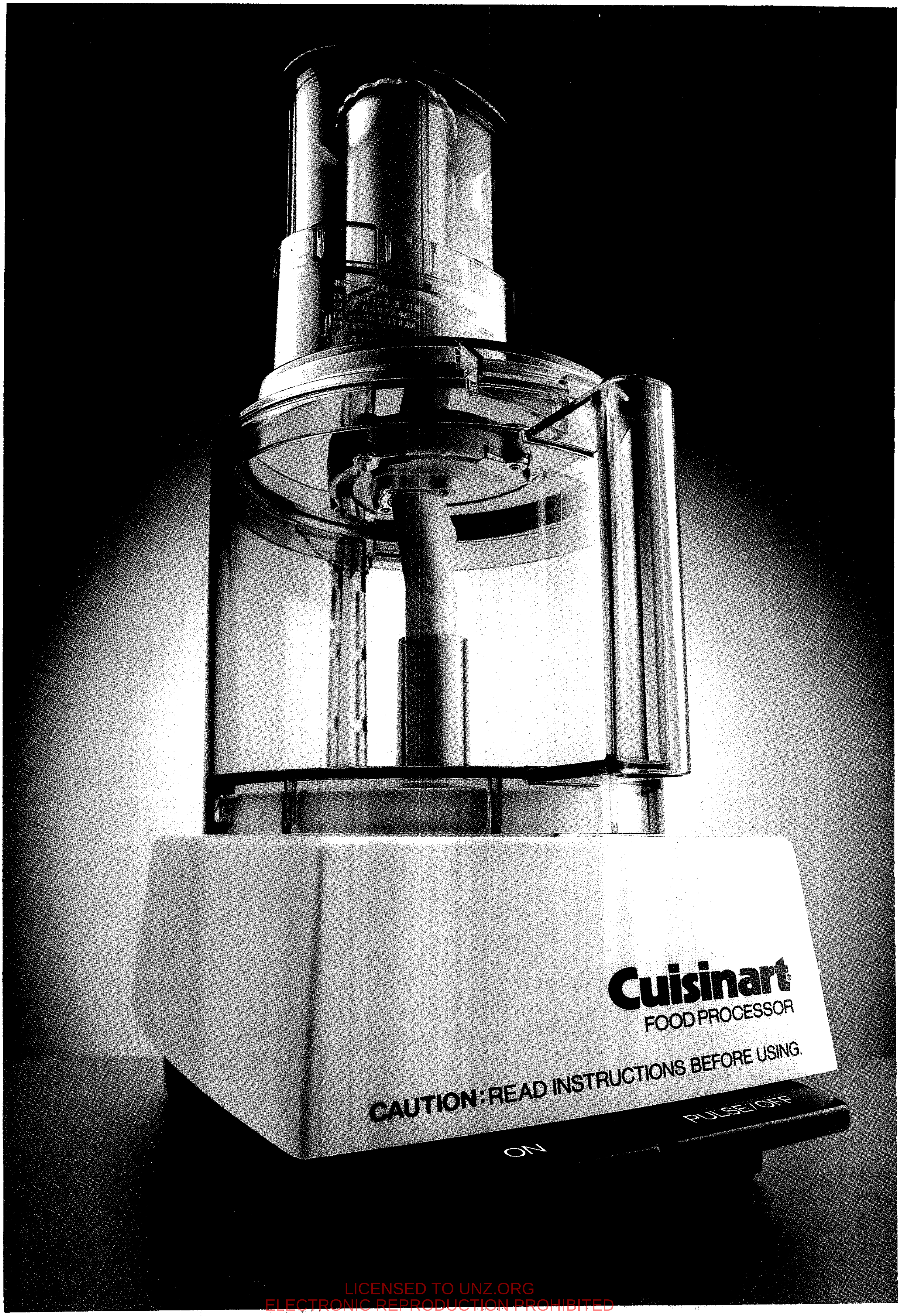
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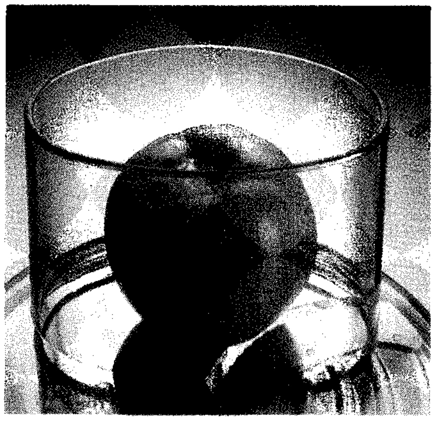

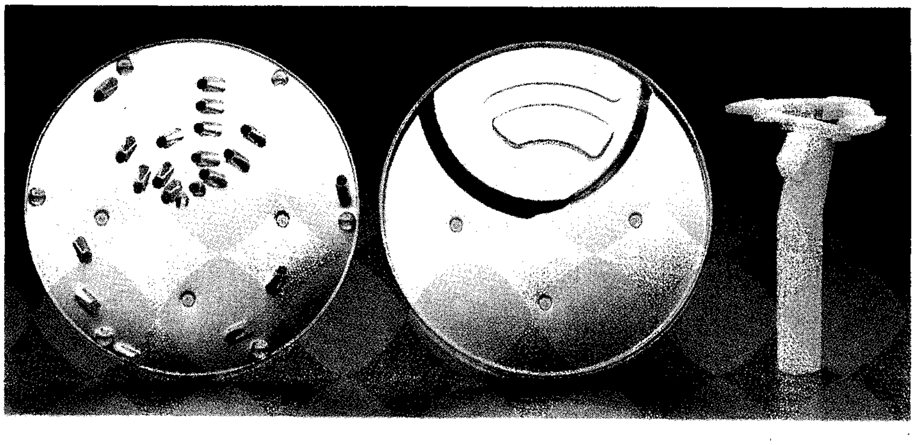

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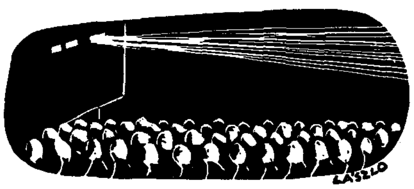

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 31.

EAST SIDE

TTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through April 8: "Alicia" (†) and "Giselle" (†).
From April 9: To be announced.

K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 1: "Cutter's Way" (†) and "Ticket to Heaven" (†).
April 2-8: "The Woman Next Door" (directed by François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant; and "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch and James Mason.
From April 9: To be announced.

RAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 1: "Amin, the Rise and Fall" (Sharad Patel).
From April 2: "Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios.

Y CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through April 1: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).
From April 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

URRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Deathtrap" (†).

EWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret.
Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 3: "Quest for Fire" (†).

TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 1: "Atlantic City" (†).
From April 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

STSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Three Brothers" (†).

ITTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Deathtrap" (†).

OTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"I Ought to Be in Pictures" (Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret.

AZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.

ANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

RONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through April 1: "Ragtime" (†). From April 2: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.
Theatre 2: "Reds" (†).

W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Personal Best" (†).

INEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mephisto" (István Szabó; a Hungarian film, in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

EMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through April 1: "Atlantic City" (†). From April 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 2: Through April 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov. From April 2: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.

EKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Missing" (†).

EWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through April 1: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†). From April 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.
Theatre 2: "Quest for Fire" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hofsiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 1: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
From April 2: To be announced.

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.
From April 2: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 1: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier. From April 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. CENTURY R.K.O. 86TH ST. 1 AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Deathtrap" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 1: "Missing" (†). From April 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through April 6: "Him and Me" (directed by James Benning). From April 7: "Health" (Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.
Theatre 2: March 31: "Poto and Cabengo" (†); and "Pull My Daisy" (1960; Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie). April 1: "La Drôlesse" (1978; Jacques Doillon; in French), with Madeleine Desdevises and Claude Hebert. April 2-4: "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" (†). April 5: "Black and White Like Day and Night" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Bruno Ganz. April 6: "Jun" (1980; Hiroto Yokoyama; in Japanese), with Jun Eto and Mayumi Asaka. From April 7: "The Stud Farm" (András Kovács; in Hungarian).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through April 1: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson. From April 2: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 1: "Shoot the Moon" (†). From April 2: To be announced.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.
Theatre 2: Through April 1: "Personal Best" (†). From April 2: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 3: "Missing" (†).
Theatre 4: "Missing" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 1: "One from the Heart" (†).
From April 2: "Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Victor/Victoria" (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and James Garner.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through April 1: "I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hofsiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.
From April 2: "Diner" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through April 4: "Atlantic City" (†).
From April 5: Theatre closed.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Week's Vacation" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Gérard Lanvin.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Quest for Fire" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
Theatre 2: "Three Brothers" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: Through April 1: "The Savage Hunt of King Stakh" (Valery Rubinchik; in Russian). From April 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through April 1: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson. From April 2: "Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios.
Theatre 2: Through April 8: "Personal Best" (†). From April 9: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through April 1: "Shoot the Moon" (†). From April 2: "Deathtrap" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 8: "Missing" (†). From April 9: To be announced.

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through April 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov. From April 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 1: "Shoot the Moon" (†). From April 2: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 1: "Absence of Malice" (†); and "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol. From April 2: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.
Theatre 3: "Atlantic City" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 1: "Z" (†) and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"State of Siege" (†). From April 2: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (directed by Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret.
Theatre 2: "Deathtrap" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 1: "Personal Best" (†). From April 2: "Missing" (†).
Theatre 4: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
Theatre 5: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Reds" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 3: "Parasite" (Charles Band), with Robert Glaudini. In 3-D.
Theatre 4: "Ragtime" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: March 31: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. April 1: Theatre closed. From April 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), *with Richard Pryor and Margot* Kidder.
Theatre 2: Through April 1: Theatre closed. From April 2: "Silent Rage" (Michael Miller), with Chuck Norris.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
March 31: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.
From April 1: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through April 1: "Missing" (†). From April 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 2: Through April 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov. From April 2: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.

R.K.O. Century R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Amin, the Rise and Fall" (Sharad Patel).
Theatre 2: Through April 1: "The Beast Within" (Philippe Mora), with Ronny Cox and Bibi Besch. From April 2: "Penitentiary II" (Jamaa Fanaka), with Leon Isaac Kennedy.

R.K.O. Century R.K.O. National Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; a German film, dubbed in English), with Natja Brunkhorst.
Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 6: "Alphaville" (1965; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "The Foreigner" (1977; Amos Poe).
From April 7: "My Life to Live" ("Vivre sa Vie;" 1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Une Simple Histoire" (1958; Marcel Hanoun; in French).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 31: "Blue Collar" (1978; Paul Schrader), with Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, Yaphet Kotto, and Cliff De Young; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson.
April 1: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre; and "Madame Bovary" (1934; Jean Renoir; in French), with Valentine Tessier and Pierre Renoir.
April 2-3: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "To Forget Venice" (1979; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Erland Josephson and Mariangela Melato.

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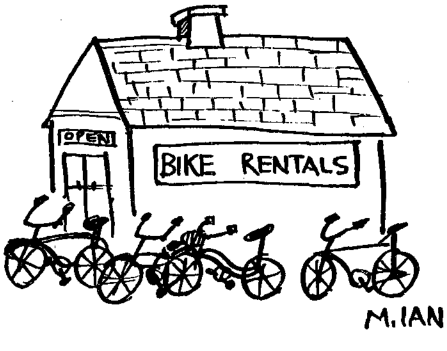
April 4-5: "The Night of the Iguana" (1964; John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.
April 6: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian); and "The Alaska Story" (1977; Hiromichi Horikawa; in Japanese).
April 7: "Girl Friends" (†) and "The Rain People" (†).
April 8: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (†) and "Accattone!" (†).
April 9-10: "Rosemary's Baby" (†); and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through April 1: "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Richard Crenna; and "Double Indemnity" (Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.
April 2-3: "Body Heat;" and "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, and Paul Stewart.
April 4-5: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
April 6-7: "The Mattei Affair" (†) and "The Confession" (†).
April 8-10: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 1: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (1961; José Quintero), with Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty, and Lotte Lenya; and "Shampoo" (1975; Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.
April 2-3: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971.
April 4-6: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.
April 7-8: "O Lucky Man!" (†).
April 9-10: "Greaser's Palace" (†) and "Chafed Elbows" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 1: "All Screwed Up" (1974; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Nino Bignamini, Lina Polito, and Isa Danieli; and "The Working Class Goes to Heaven" ("Lulù the Tool;" 1975; Elio Petri; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte.
April 2: "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash; "Reefer Madness" (1936); "Sex Madness;" and "The Cocaine Fiends."
April 3: "Multiple Maniacs" (1977) and "Mondo Trasho" (1970), both films dire ed by John Waters.
April 4-5: "Conversation Piece" (†) a "Wise Blood" (†).
April 6: "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; E Rohmer; in German), with Edith Cle and Bruno Ganz; and "Fata Morgar (1971; Werner Herzog; in German).
April 7: "Polyester" (1981; John Watei with Divine and Tab Hunter; and t other John Waters films.
April 8: "Polyester;" and "Pink Flaming (1974; John Waters), with Divine.
April 9: "Polyester;" and "Female Troub (1975; John Waters), with Divine.
April 10: "Polyester;" and "Desperate L ing" (1977; John Waters), with Edith M sey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearc



Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47 (246-0717)
Through April 3: "A Night at the Ope (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (193 both films directed by Sam Wood, with Marx Brothers.
April 4-6: "A Place in the Sun" (†) a "Father of the Bride" (†).
April 7-10: "The Tenant" (†) and "Rep sion" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47 (246-0717)
Through April 3: "Fellini Satyricon" (19 in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; English and Italian), both films directed Federico Fellini.
April 4-6: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), w Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and J Grey; and "All That Jazz" (1979; E Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lan and Ann Reinking.
April 7-10: "Gone with the Wind" (19 Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh a Clark Gable.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 31: "The Strong Man" (1926; Fra Capra; a silent film), with Harry Langd and "Dirigible" (1931; Frank Capra), w Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Fay Wray, a Hobart Bosworth.
April 1-3: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank (pra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, S Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; a "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (19 Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwy Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Wal Connolly.
April 4-5: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (19 Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Prisci Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Jo phine Hull, and Jean Adair; and "Pocket of Miracles" (1961; Frank Capra), w Glenn Ford, Bette Davis, and Hope Lan
April 6-7: "Ladies of Leisure" (†) a "American Madness" (†).
April 8-10: "Meet John Doe" (†); and Happened One Night" (1934; Frank (pra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gat Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Al Hale.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
March 31: "The Shining" (1980; Stanley K brick), with Jack Nicholson, Shell Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatm Crothers; and "Motel Hell" (1980; Ke Connor), with Rory Calhoun.
April 1: "I Wake Up Screaming" (1942; Bruce Humberstone), with Betty Gral and Victor Mature; "Hangover Squa (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cre and Linda Darnell; and "Port of N York" (1950; Laslo Benedek), with Sc Brady and K. T. Stevens.
April 2-3: "My Brilliant Career" (1980; G lian Armstrong; an Australian film), w Judy Davis and Sam Neill; and "Wa about" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australi film).
April 4: "Becket" (1964; Peter Glenvill with Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole.
April 5: "Holiday" (1938; George Cuk with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, L Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Do Nolan; and "Suddenly, Last Summe (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Eli beth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Ka arine Hepburn.
April 6: "Christ in Concrete" (1949; Edwa Dmytryk); and "The Rose Tattoo" (19 Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, B Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, and Ben Coop

April 7: "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow" (1981), a documentary on Nostradamus; and "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson

April 8: "Born to Kill" (1947; Robert Wise), with Claire Trevor, Walter Slezak, and Lawrence Tierney; "Mystery Street" (1950; John Sturges), with Ricardo Montalban and Sally Forrest; and "The Red House" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson.

April 9-10: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.

HEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 31: "A Kiss Before Dying" (1956; Gerd Oswald), with Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter, Virginia Leith, Joanne Woodward, and Mary Astor; and "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, and Paul Stewart.

April 1: "International House" (1933; Eddie Sutherland), with W. C. Fields; and "We're Not Dressing" (1934; Norman Taurog), with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Carole Lombard, and Burns and Allen.

April 2-3: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938; Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Jane Bryan; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.

April 4: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.

April 5: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

April 6: "The Miracle Woman" (†) and "Ladies of Leisure" (†).

April 7: "Lilith" (1964; Robert Rossen), with Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg, and Peter Fonda; and "Mickey One" (1965; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty.

April 8: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

April 9-10: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A two-part retrospective of the works of Robert Drew. Part I, through April 4: At noon, "Primary" (1960); at 1:30, "On the Pole" (1960); at 3, "The Children Were Watching" (1960) and "Kenya, Africa" (1961); at 4:45, "Petey and Johnny" (1961). . . . ¶ Part II, starting April 6: At noon, "Mooney vs. Fowle" (1961); at 1:30, "Jane" (1962); at 3, "The Chair" (1962); at 4:45 (and Tuesday at 6:15), "Crisis: Behind a Presidential Commitment" (1963) and "Faces of November" (1964). Mr. Drew will be present on Thursday, April 1, after the 1:30 showing. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—March 31 at 8: A program of films by Dwinell Grant, Jean Genet, and Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie. . . . ¶ April 1 at 8: Two films by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ April 2 at 8: "Rebuilding the Human Body" (1981; Andre Zdravic). . . . ¶ April 2 at 10: A program by Elaine Summers. . . . ¶ April 3 at 2: A video program by Kou Nakajima. . . . ¶ April 3 at 8: A program of five films by Peter Kubelka. . . . ¶ April 3 at 10: "Rebuilding the Human Body." . . . ¶ April 4 at 8: "Intolerance" (1916; D. W. Griffith; a silent film). . . . ¶ April 6 at 8: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (1969; Ken Jacobs). . . . ¶ April 7 at 8: "Film Portrait" (1971; Jerome Hill). . . . ¶ April 8 at 8: "No. 12 (Heaven and Earth Magic)" (1958-61; Harry Smith). . . . ¶ April 9 at 8: "Bells of Atlantis" (1952; Ian Hugo), "The End" (1953; MacLaine), and "The Old House, Passing" (1966; Larry Jordan). . . . ¶ April 10 at 2: A video program by T. Brooks Shepard and Deborah Von Moser. . . . ¶ April 10 at 8: "Diaries, Notes & Sketches" (1963/68; Jonas Mekas).

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovation until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

BSENCE OF MALICE—A well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a false story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force (Bob Balaban). The federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim who turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. The script is by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, the director is Sydney Pollack, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Olympia Quad; through April 1.)

CCATTONE! (1961)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's film about a Catholic boy at the bottom of the heap. The characters and the story are simple and anti-bourgeois by nature; Pasolini's coldly humorless theories and haut-bourgeois intellect sabotage practically everything that he hopes to do emotionally in the picture. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 8.)

LICIA (1977)—In this Cuban-made documentary, homage to Alicia Alonso gets lost in a jumble of excitable graphics, cheering audiences, and clips from ballets filmed, for the most part, during the declining phase of her career. In Spanish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through April 8.)

MERICAN MADNESS (1932)—A topical melodrama of the Depression. It's about a run on a bank—and with a twist that is purest Hollywood. The big banker (Walter Huston) is the hero, and it's his lower-echelon employees who are the villains. Frank Capra directed, and Robert Riskin wrote the script. Capra's dramatic use of the bank, where almost all the action is set, is ingenious, and the sequences of the mounting panic and the storming of the bank are effectively staged, but the resolution is the usual Capra-Riskin populist hokum: the small depositors, grateful to Huston for his help in the past, bring in their savings to preserve his bank from ruin. Even this early in his career, Capra often underestimated the audience. In some cities, the picture was *too* topical: in Baltimore, it opened the day after a bank panic and closed in forty-eight hours. With Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings, Kay Johnson, and Gavin Gordon. (Regency; April 6-7.)

ARTHUR—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Criterion Theatres.)

ATLANTIC CITY—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Gemini; through April 1. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through April 4.)

CHAFED ELBOWS (1967)—A cheerful assault on motherhood, analysis, venal surgeons, cops, Pop painters, et al. Directed by Robert Downey in a tone of cawing mockery, but not trying quite hard enough; knockabout high spirits can't quite carry the comedy. (Cinema Village; April 9-10.)

THE CHANT OF JIMMIE BLACKSMITH (1978)—This great Australian film was taken from Thomas Keneally's novel, which is like Nat Turner's story as a lusty ironist—an Irish Nabokov, perhaps—might have written it. The director, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century (scrabbling tightwads who got where they are by self-denial) to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society with an elaborate structure of claims: men are obliged to give a share of their earnings to their kin, even if their kin are drunken and diseased and want the money only to go on a binge. And men offer their wives to visiting kin as a form of hospitality. To the whites, giving money away is unfathomable laxity, and since the black women are so easily available, the white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels. Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty: a half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man; trying to improve himself, he's like a hair-raisingly foolish cross between Jude the Obscure and Gunga Din. When he rebels, it isn't out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's out of helplessness and frustration. It's as if he had let his unconscious take over. He says he has declared war, but he doesn't wage war directly against the men; he attacks the men's most prized possessions—their robust, well-fed women, their pink-and-white children. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half brother, a loyal easygoing bum in ragged tweeds who makes us understand what the Europeans have destroyed. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (9/15/80) (Film Forum; April 2-4.)

CHARIOTS OF FIRE—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres.)

The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the prisoners at the Stalinist show trials in Czechoslovakia in 1952 were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance; with Simone Signoret, Gabriele Ferzetti, Michel Vitold, and Jean Bouise. Screenplay by Jorge Semprun, based on an autobiographical story by Lise and Artur London; cinematography by Raoul Coutard. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 6-7.)

Conversation Piece (1975)—The theme is "Death in Venice" all over again, with Burt Lancaster playing Aschenbach to Helmut Berger's Konrad (a garish, grownup Tadzio). But the director, Luchino Visconti, is in a jovial mood, and the dignified older man—a retired American professor—isn't destroyed; on the contrary, he is recalled to life. Visconti pictures have often had an undercurrent of silliness, and in this one the silliness is very close to the surface; however, there's grandeur in the director's follies and in his allowing his sexual and political obsessions to be displayed so openly. As Konrad, who moves into an apartment in the professor's house, Berger flaunts the mannerisms that many other actors avoid. A petulant little nymph, Konrad is being kept by a venomous, tantrummy Countess (Silvana Mangaño), but he's also supposed to be a revolutionary. In Visconti's view, Konrad is a victim of those to whom he sells his favors, and at the end he stands revealed as a saint. It's an idiosyncratic film, it's cuckoo—an old man's film (partly directed from a wheelchair)—but it's very likable. Written by Suso Cecchi D'Amico, Enrico Medioli, and Visconti. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; April 4-5.)

Cutter's Way (1981)—Its original title, "Cutter and Bone," is also the name of Newton Thornburg's 1976 novel, on which it's based. This moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness is set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California; it has an odd, hallucinatory lyricism—the atmosphere is

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never less than absorbing. John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes; Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-Fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin, the film is an attempt to get at something that—if it were arrived at—might turn out to be less subtle than all the ambiguous reaching and groping suggests. Writers who aren't forcibly restrained love to go for "mordant" protagonists, and actors love to play them. Heard gives a stylized performance of a man full of self-lacerating energy; he isn't a character—he's a one-eyed, one-legged literary conceit. As Cutter's burned-out wife Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty—she's wound up tight, like an American Glenda Jackson, but without Jackson's shaping and style. The film is packed with symbolic gestures, though they're not quite as effective as the ghostly fiesta scene behind the opening titles, with señoritas dancing to music that's different from the music we hear, and castanets silently clicking. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music is by Jack Nitzsche. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 1.)

Deathtrap—With Michael Caine, Christopher Reeve, and Dyan Cannon; directed by Sidney Lumet. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Sutton, R.K.O. Century R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting April 2.)

Diner—With Daniel Stern and Steve Guttenberg, directed by Barry Levinson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Festival; starting April 2.)

Father of the Bride (1950)—A heavily conventional, plushly middle-class view of normal romance and marriage, seen from the standpoint of the banker-father (Spencer Tracy) of the bride (Elizabeth Taylor, still in her teens). Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich wrote this comedy with an eye to the father's misgivings about the groom and his Oedipal fixation on his daughter; it's an archetypal sit-com situation. Vincente Minnelli directed very simply and skillfully, keeping us at a discreet distance; we look on at the follies of sensible, prosperous people in their clean, comfortable, Waspy homes. Within its own terms, the picture is sensitive and very well done, but it's also tiresomely fraudulent: an idealization of a safe, shı tered existence, the good life according M-G-M—twenty-four-karat complacenc Tracy, at the center of things, gives his ba: sturdy-clod performance, somewhat bett modulated than usual. Elizabeth Taylor gentle and soft-toned, and Minnelli uses h sparingly, resisting the temptation to feast her in closeup; she and Joan Bennett, w plays her mother, match up together neat Don Taylor as the groom is a mistal though; he lacks solidity—he's so nice-b lightweight he's like an updated David Ma ners. With Leo G. Carroll, Melville Coop Billie Burke, Moroni Olsen, and Russ (th Rusty) Tamblyn. From the book by Edwa Streeter. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 6.)

Girl Friends (1978)—Directed by Claudia We from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About friendship between a Jewish photograph (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Ani Skinner) who gets married, precipitati jealousy. The subject is the interesting one the counterpull between the wish f sociability and the wish to be alone, but t way the picture is made is rather import nate. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 7.)

Giselle (1964)—Except to her fans, Alic Alonso's Giselle isn't greatly distinguished just remarkably enduring. It has survived two of the strongest legs and feet the old cla sic can ever have seen. In this black-an white film of her production for the Bal Nacional de Cuba, Alonso's Albrecht is Aza Plisetsky, Maya Plisetskaya's brother, a Hilarion is Fernando Alonso, Alicia's hu band; Myrtha is Mirta Plá. (Little Theat Public Theatre; through April 8.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966) Pier Paolo Pasolini's interpretation featu the rocky settings of southern Italy, an ecle tic score, and a rigid Jesus who deman obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of t film fascinating, others think it punishi (There's a funny description of the film in t opening pages of Iris Owens' novel "Aft Claude.") In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinem April 8.)

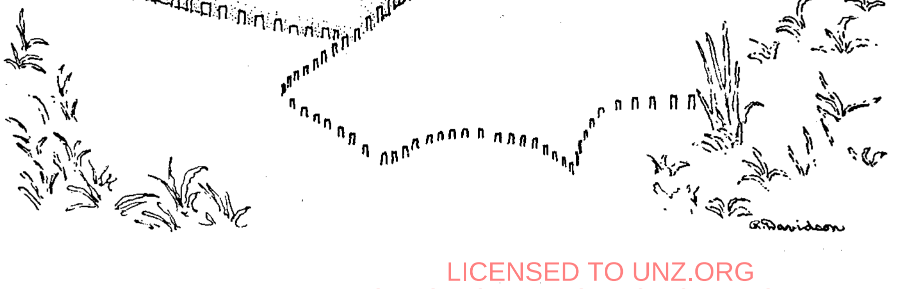
Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wr and directed this comic extravaganza, whi is very, very slow and more humorous th exactly funny, with none of Downey's earl cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (Cinema V lage; April 9-10.)

Ladies of Leisure (1930)—Though she ca from the theatre, Barbara Stanwyck seem to have an intuitive understanding of t fluid physical movements that work best camera; perhaps she had been an unusua "natural" actress even onstage. This was h first big hit in the movies. Under Fra Capra's direction, she plays a tough "part girl (euphemism for call girl) who poses fo wealthy young artist (Ralph Graves); he se in her the spirituality that she attempts deny. The story is a museum piece of earl talkies sentimentality, but, in a way, th only emphasizes Stanwyck's superb mode ism. With Marie Prevost, Lowell Sherma Juliette Compton, and Nance O'Neil. Bea tifully lighted by the cinematographer, J seph Walker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Ap 6. . . . ¶ Regency; April 6-7.)

The Mattei Affair (1973)—Francesco Rosi's fi about a hero who fights for control of the na ural-gas reserves in the Po Valley. The p ture, posing as Socialist, seems rather co fused about the nature of monopoly. Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 6-7.)

Meet John Doe (1941)—An odd, socially co scious picture, directed by Frank Capra a starring Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwy about a man who tries to commit suicide order to call attention to a right-wing pl For the sake of a happy ending that wou keep Gary Cooper alive, the meanings we so distorted that the original authors su The picture starts out in the confident Cap manner, but with a darker tone; by the e you feel puzzled and cheated. The script credited to Robert Riskin; with Edward A nold, Walter Brennan, James Gleason, Re Toomey, Spring Byington, Gene Lockha Ann Doran, Warren Hymer, Rod La Rocq and Andrew Tombes. (Regency; April 10.)

The Miracle Woman (1931)—Barbara Stanwy gives a peerless performance as a young eva gelist—a girl from a religious backgrou



vho is taken over by a carny promoter (Sam Iardy) and is developed into a big-time hear-the-sheep phenomenon, with her own hurch. Frank Capra directed this fictionilized version of the life of Aimee Semple McPherson. It was softened by a mawkish ove story: the heroine is redeemed through ier unselfish love for a blind aviator (David Manners). But it's still a beauty, well staged ind handsomely lighted (Joseph Walker was he cinematographer), and with some interittent good writing; the screenplay is by Jo Swerling, from the play "Bless You Sister," y John Meehan and Robert Riskin. With Beryl Mercer and Russell Hopton. (Theatre 0 St. Marks; April 6.)

SSING—Making his first American movie, Costa-Gavras uses the same approach that American directors have often used when hey wanted to teach us something: he has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, varm-and-human center. As the businessman Ed Horman, the father of a young American vho has disappeared in Chile during the days ifter the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is playing a variant of he role that Jane Fonda has been playing in ilms such as "Coming Home" and "The China Syndrome": he's the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, it least, reëducated) by what he learns. And Lemmon is so eager to have depth that he ooks on a serious role as a chance for edemption; Ed arrives in Santiago to look for iis son and we're stuck, observing each step n the calibrated process of his coming closer o the counterculture values of his son's wife Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to e so deep-seated that he can't create Amercan characters. The only real filmmaking is n the backgrounds: in the anxious, ominous itmosphere of a city under martial law—the irens, the tanks, the helicopters, the feeling of abnormal silences and of random terror. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in lashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on he book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. 3/8/82) (Beckman, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; through April 1. . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through April 8. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting April 2.)

DINNER WITH ANDRÉ—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the neaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we ire simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre lirector André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and he suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his ranscendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, ind even in Montauk, where he was buried ilive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What ie acts out for us is the questing that has orn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect oils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the earch beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

LUCKY MAN! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a hree-hour film about ambition, optimism, ind being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer; the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's. Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for he vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. Cinema Village; April 7-8.)

E FROM THE HEART—Francis Ford Coppola's ewelled version of an experimental pastiche, vith more neon than you have ever seen before. You get the feeling that Coppola piled o many visual ideas and comedy bits on top of the small story he started with that it disappeared from sight. The picture is set in a netaphorical Las Vegas on Independence Day, when Frannie (Teri Garr) walks out on Hank (Frederic Forrest), whom she has been iving with. The holiday is treated like Mardi Gras, with crowds dancing through the treets. All we're asked to care about is

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whether Hank, who's in love with Frannie, will win her back. Or, rather, this story being negligible, what we're asked to respond to is Coppola's confectionary artistry. The movie is very pretty and sometimes eerily charming, but a day later it's as blurry in the mind as the memory of a psychedelic light show. With Nastassia Kinski, Raul Julia, Harry Dean Stanton, and Lainie Kazan, and a song track with Tom Waits and Crystal Gayle. From a script by Armyan Bernstein and Coppola. (2/1/82) (Guild; through April 1.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres.)

Personal Best—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story non-verbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is physically charged. This is a very smart and super-subtle film in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse, and Criterion Theatres; through April 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through April 8.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—This George Stevens version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," updated to the fifties, features Elizabeth Taylor—in one of her most sensitive (yet steamy) performances—as the rich girl whom a poor, rather weak young man (Montgomery Clift) is drawn to. Perhaps because Stevens' methods here are studied, slow, and accumulative, the work was acclaimed as "realistic," though it's full of murky psychological overtones, darkening landscapes, the eerie sounds of a loon, and overlapping dissolves designed to affect you emotionally without your conscious awareness. Stevens and his scriptwriters (Michael Wilson and Harry Brown) pre-interpret everything, turning the basically simple story into something portentous and "deep." The film is mannered enough for a gothic murder mystery, while its sleek capitalists and oppressed workers seem to come out of a Depression cartoon; the industrial town is an arrangement of symbols of wealth, glamour, and power versus symbols of poor, drab helplessness. The hero's jilted working-class girlfriend (Shelley Winters) is not allowed even to be attractive; part of the impact of the 1931 von Sternberg version, in which Sylvia Sidney was the victim, was that despite the working girl's beauty, her poverty made her, finally, undesirable. If Elizabeth Taylor had played the girl in this production, then the poor could at least be shown to have some natural assets. But Shelley Winters makes the victim so horrifyingly, naggingly, pathetic that when Clift thinks of killing her he hardly seems to be contemplating a crime: it's more like euthanasia. (And Clift himself is perhaps a shade too soft and shrinking—an over-directed pawn.) The conclusion of the film, in which the hero (and presumably the audience) is supposed to be convinced that a man should pay with his life for a murder he didn't commit—but wanted to commit—is bizarre. "Who doesn't desire his father's death?" asked Ivan Karamazov; Stevens and company would send us all up for it. But whatever one's reservations about this famous film, it *is* impressive, and in the love scene between Taylor and Clift physical desire seems palpable. With Raymond Burr, Fred Clark, Keefe Brasselle, Shepperd Strudwick, and Ted de Corsia. Academy Awards for Best Director, Best Screenplay, Cinematography (William C. Mellor), Editing (William Hornbeck), Score (Franz Waxman), Costume Design (Edith Head). (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 4-6.)

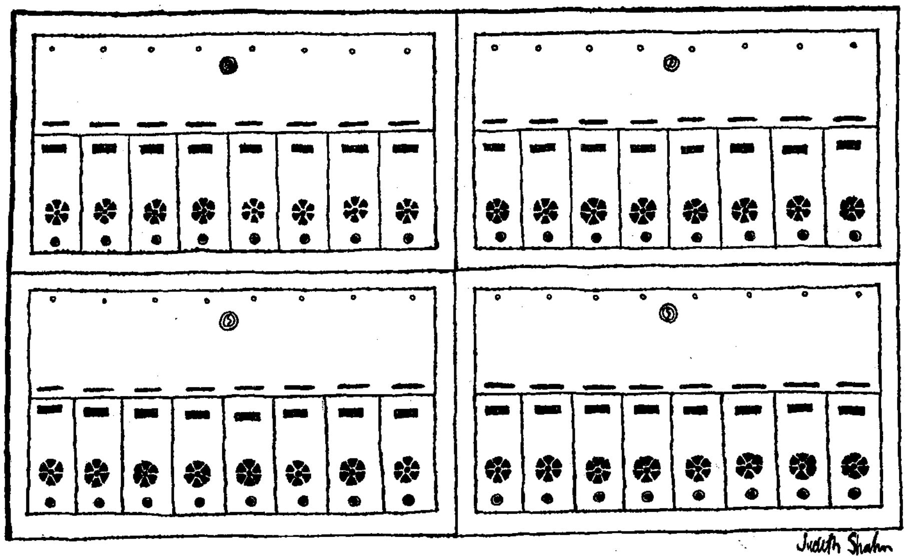
Poto and Cabengo (1979)—The subjects of this documentary are twin girls, six years old, who were at first believed to be retarded, in part because they seemed unable to speak anything but gibberish. When some impetuous speech therapists in San Diego hazarded a guess that the twins might have invented a brand-new language, the press took up the story and radically exaggerated it. The director, Jean-Pierre Gorin, patiently unravels the puzzle of the children's peculiar speech. He puts himself on camera, and the fact that he speaks with a heavy French accent adds an unexpected piquancy to the movie; we perceive from him and from the twins that anyone who speaks a language imperfectly is likely to be thought retarded. (3/31/80 (Film Forum; March 31.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago this science fantasy is a full-length version o the ape-man prologue to "2001;" it's a heav dose of Desmond (Naked Ape) Morris in 70 millimetre, with blaring Dawn of Consciousness music. Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carryin Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission o finding fire and bringing it back. As the fight off predatory animals and hideous, apie men, you begin to wish you could detec famous actors under all the makeup, the wa you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If i weren't for the grisly closeups of torn fles and of bloody confrontations, and the composer Philippe Sarde's letting himself go in th Stravinsky and Wagner department—a mixture of heavenly choir and electronic grunt and howls—the picture might be taken for put-on. (If it were double-billed with th comedian Carl Gottlieb's "Caveman," it overblown solemnity might backfire.) Th director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his ow primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in th movie is the makeup and the way that th faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. (The sixties have made the ape loo seem hip.) At times, Amoukar and Gaw ar like baggy-pants comics without the pants Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Daw Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, wh know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Nao a few other things—such as a basic, mutuall satisfying sex position. It's almost impossibl to guess what the tone of much of this Ston Age love story is meant to be. Anthon Burgess "created" the "special languages, and Desmond Morris "created" the "bod language and gestures." Script by Gérar Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Loews 34th Stree Showplace, Loews New York Twin, an Loews Paramount.)

Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impuden slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to b aiming about halfway toward the effects tha E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the directo Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go fo razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth" If so, he started from the wrong book. He ha made a seriously intended eccentric movi about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insul But the picture isn't even socially consciou the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu tha could account for him. With James Cagney a the New York Police Commissioner, and Pa O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Maile Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburger Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Mose Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and Jame Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81 (Embassy. . . . ¶ Baronet; through April 1.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger abou the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936 and Indy, working for the United State government, is trying to find the Ark of th Covenant (a chest holding the broken ston tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead o his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Bello (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with th Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film works, bu not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronal Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan from a story idea worked up by George Luca and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting April 2.)

The Rain People (1969)—There's a prodigiou amount of talent in Francis Ford Coppola unusual, little-seen film, but it's a ponderously self-conscious effort; the author-directo applies his film craftsmanship with undu solemnity to material that suggests a gifte college student's imitation of early Tennesse Williams. The result is academic, and neve believable. Shirley Knight is atrociousl mannered as a pregnant woman who leave home and picks up a brain-damaged hitch



iker (James Caan). With Robert Duvall as a motorcycle cop. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 7.)

DS—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, he director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American ournalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and wenty minutes, is conceived as a love story et against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does ome of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds o in him—the all-American combination of nnocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subect—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinemaography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) Coronet, and Embassy 1.)

PULSION (1965)—Roman Polanski's British-made, London-set horror film records the deerioration of a murderous, terrified Belgian girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. The script, by Polanski and Gérard Brach, seems completely shaped for the camera; the approach is so objective, so external, that the film doesn't raise questions about this foreign girl's estrangement and loneliness, doesn't offer explanations of her madness. It just stays on her—on her hallucinations and her antasies of being in danger, and on the acual reprisals she takes against anyone who comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol, and the camera fondles the horrors; the high pot is a man being slashed in the face with a straight razor—until he's cut to death. (If you're too scared to look, you still hear the slashing sounds.) Undeniably skillful and effective, all right—excruciatingly tense and frightening. But is it entertaining? You have o be a hard-core horror-movie lover to enjoy this one. With Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, Ian Hendry, Patrick Wymark, Renee Houston, James Villiers, and Polanski in a bit. Music by Chico Hamilton; cinematography by Gilbert Taylor. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 7-10.)

CHARD PRYOR LIVE ON THE SUNSET STRIP—A concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Paladium, in Hollywood. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Loews New York Twin; through April 1.)

SEMARY'S BABY (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowngness and thriller twinges. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9-10.)

OOT THE MOON—As Faith and George Dunlap, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books, either. Their emotions are raw, and rawness is what makes this film get to you. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And Finney seems possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. (1/18/82) 72nd Street East, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia Quad; through April 1.)

STATE OF SIEGE (1973)—Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the United States, worked for AID, and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. In French. (Olympia Quad; through April 1.)

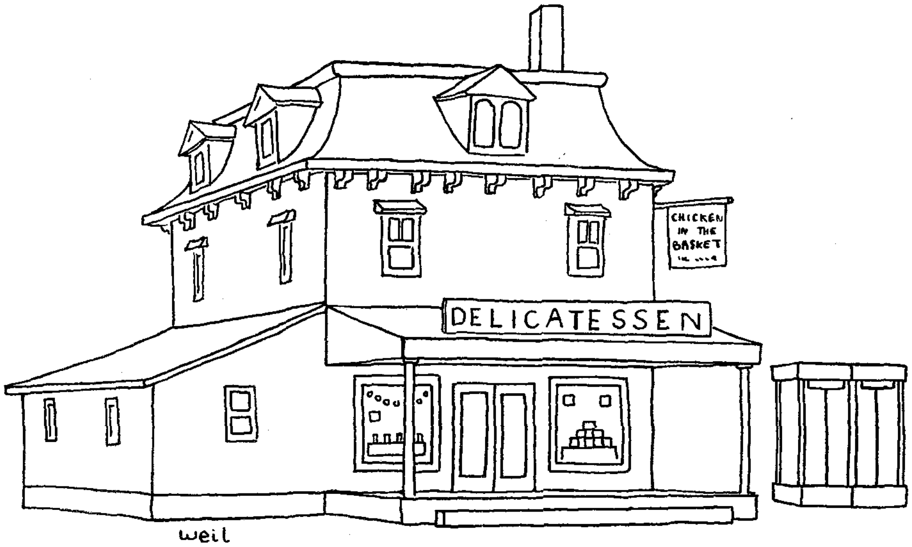
THE TENANT (1976)—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, and he's a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity: it seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This is no piece of whimsy and shock; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile. Photographed by Sven Nykvist. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 7-10.)

THREE BROTHERS—Three Italian brothers who have emigrated to the cities go back south to their father's farm in the Apulia region for their mother's funeral. The modern-folktale structure is somewhat schematic, but it's a wonderful film that moves on waves of feeling. Directed by Francesco Rosi, from a script he wrote with Tonino Guerra, it might be said to be an inquiry into the terrorist chaos of the country. That's the underlayer: it's about the violence in the cities, the split between the North and the South, the break between the generations. Yet it's set in the old father's world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. It's about ideas, yet it's saturated with emotion. The old man (Charles Vanel, at eighty-nine) has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos; the sons' thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties. The father has his place in the larger ritual; when the sons come back, they realize they've lost their place. Working with his long-time cinematographer, Pasqualino De Santis, Rosi, who has one of the greatest compositional senses in the history of movies, keeps you in a state of emotional exaltation. A simple image—such as that of the old man just walking—has the kind of resonance that most directors never achieve. Though the actors who play the brothers—Philippe Noiret, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Michele Placido—are less than exciting, while you're watching this film it envelops you. Grateful for its intelligence, you sink into it. You're led by the camera—something more is always going to be revealed. In Italian. (3/22/82) (Eastside Cinema, and Cinema Studio.)

TICKET TO HEAVEN—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler. As the hero's friend, Saul Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy; directed by Ralph L. Thomas from his and Anne Cameron's script. (11/23/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 1.)

WISE BLOOD (1980)—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. The picture works in the end, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. Brad Dourif is painfully convincing as the black-hatted, Jesus-haunted prophet Hazel Motes, and Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce are also funny and heartbreaking by turns as they pursue their lonely paths of scam and vision in the back alleys of our gothic South. (8th St. Playhouse; April 4-5.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller—one of the fastest, most exciting melodramas ever made—was based on contemporary events in Greece. The picture never loses emotional contact with the audience; it derives from the traditions of the American gangster movies and prison pictures and anti-Fascist melodramas of the forties. The young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras uses a searching, active camera style that's a little too self-consciously dynamic, and his staccato editing and the use of loud music to build up suspense for the violent sequences put a lot of pressure on you. He gets you in his grip and squeezes you to react the way he wants you to. The story is based on the Lambrakis affair, as it was presented in fictional form in the novel "Z," by the Greek exile Vassili Vassilikos. In 1965, Lambrakis, a professor of medicine, was struck down by a delivery truck as he left a peace meeting; the investigation of his death uncovered such a scandalous network of corruption and illegality in the police and in the government that the leader of the opposition party, George Papandreou, became Premier. But in 1967 a military coup d'état overturned the legal government. The movie reënacts the murder and the investigation in an attempt to show how the mechanics of Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. It was shot in Algeria, as a French-Algerian co-production, with a score by Mikis Theodorakis (who was under house arrest in Greece at the time), and a script by Jorge Semprun, an exile from Spain. When the picture is over and you've caught your breath, you know perfectly well that its techniques of excitation could as easily be used by a smart Fascist filmmaker, if there were one. Luckily, there isn't. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas, François Périer, Renato Salvatori, Charles Denner, Pierre Dux, Marcel Bozzufi, Magali Noel, and Georges Geret. The cinematography is by Raoul Coutard. In French. (Olympia Quad; through April 1.)



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otes and Comment

A YOUNG woman who lives in the Village writes:

Two months ago, my daugh- r was born. On a Wednesday shortly fore her birth, I was uptown shop- ng for some sensible shoes (I was oking forward to mornings in the rk when the weather was a little bet- r and she a little bigger), and the lesman in the store began to tell me out the birth of *his* first child. It had ppened during a full moon. His wife as in the bathroom taking a shower, d the baby just came out. "She alked out of the bathroom and hand- l me the child," he said. "I called the ctor and asked, 'Shall I cut the cord ith a knife or with some scissors?' " exclaimed over how coolly he had ted, and when I had bought a pair of oes (red boots, actually) and was mbering out of the store, the sales- an said firmly, "Your child will me this weekend. The moon will be ll. Babies are born when the moon is ll." Another acquaintance, a nurse, ad assured me that babies always, variably, arrive during snowstorms. week after my shopping trip, my usband and I were making our un- sy way to the hospital in a cab rough the city's worst snowstorm of e year, on top of which the moon, if ot quite full, was undoubtedly shin- g to beat the band, somewhere. plendid, predictable nature!

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THERE is something vulnerable, even homely, about the interior f the Observatory. The circular ce- ent platform supporting the twenty- ur-inch telescope of the Somers- ausch Observatory, near the Planetarium on the University of Colorado's Boulder campus, looks newly swept; the railing around the platform is glossy, and chill to the touch. There is a shy scent of disinfectant, painted metal, and after-shave. The history of observatories, it seems, is one of improvisation and patience: from 1576 to 1596 the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe lived inside his observatory on the island of Hven, using a large quadrant to determine the altitude of celestial bodies. In the shadowy, expectant silence, we seriously envied Tycho Brahe his curious house.

Near us, two young women were arguing in the darkness.

"You left the lights of the Fiat on," the first one whispered.

"No, I didn't," whispered the second. "I can tell, because I don't have that panic-stricken feeling in my stomach that comes whenever I've left the lights on."

"You left them on," the first whispered. "I can tell, because *I'm* getting the panic-stricken feeling in *my* stomach that comes when you leave the lights on."

Nearly everyone else was staring upward: the dome of the Observatory was silently revolving on a line of dark-silver cogs that resembled the track of a flattened-out roller coaster. Moments before, a young man in a dark corduroy cap had touched some keys on a computer console flickering with numbers in two shades of phosphorescence, yellow and green. The hemispheric dome had parted slowly to show a slender rectangle of night sky. Seen this way—through an opening between silver halves—the night was astonishing. A light wind blew through the rectangle and around the smooth concave wall, where perhaps thirty people leaned, in a sort of alley encircling the platform, staring at the telescope in the center and at the young man in the cap, who had paused with one hand on the telescope. "Well," he said, "if the world was going to end, it would have ended three minutes ago." Above his shoulder, a clock, as plain as a schoolroom's and pale in the darkness, said four-thirty-two. He moved quietly, the sound of his sneakers almost reverential, to a small stepladder, and positioned it below the telescope. The telescope was tipping slowly, in a thoughtful, self-possessed way, toward the opening in the dome, moving with the precarious grace of a giraffe feeding among leaves. "We're going to look at Saturn first," the young man said. "Does everyone want Saturn?"

"All *right*," someone said. "Saturn."

Other people softly agreed.

"I know," the young man said. "No one can get enough of Saturn. I think it's because of the rings. Does everyone understand what is happening here?"

In the darkness, people were nodding, rather knowingly. We, too, nodded.

The young man rubbed the brim of his cap and sighed. "This isn't an alignment of the planets, no matter what you've been told," he said. "It's a configuration, and it will look like a ragged crescent from one end of the sky to the other. All the planets are now within a ninety-eight-degree arc on this side of the sun. This happens only once every hundred and seventy-nine years. When you go outside to the observation deck, there will be some smaller telescopes directed toward the other planets. All right? Now, each of you in line climbs this ladder"—he patted one of the ladder's uprights—"and looks through the eyepiece, and then it's the next person's turn."

The first observer—one of the two young women who had been arguing earlier—climbed the ladder apprehensively. The heels of her cowboy boots looked unusually high; wobbling slightly, she looked through the eyepiece. "Ah," she said covetously.

When she had descended the ladder, someone far back in the line—there were more people now, crowding through the narrow doorway of the Observatory and lining up in double file along the wall—asked, "What did it look like?"

"Like a little painted picture of a planet," she said. She made a gesture of cupping something small in her hands. "Floating out there, not too far in front of your eyes."

When it was our turn, we climbed the ladder—it seemed suddenly unsteady—and bent to the eyepiece. With a flare like that of a match awkwardly struck, Saturn appeared in the darkness. It was luminous, like a star, but its outlines were sharply defined and unwavering. The rings were tipped toward us. They seemed matte, like ink that has sunk into paper. We stared until someone behind us in t dark coughed quietly.

Outside, as the young man in t cap had promised, there were smal telescopes, on tripods; each had be focussed on a different planet. T observation deck was narrow and co The silhouette of the Flatiron hc backs, in the west, looked as if it h been cut from black construction pa with a pair of scissors. There is son thing domestic, not to say utilitari about the Flatirons when you see th in daylight; in the darkness, tl were mysterious, like the Mountains the Moon, or Morocco. People wa dered from telescope to telescope, mo ing cautiously around the delicate struments, pausing to stare brie through each one.

A young woman in a silver leota and jonquil-colored tights sto shivering near the waist-high wall the edge of the deck. "These are end-of-the-world clothes," she said.

"Right," someone said. "Yo have had to go directly to Heaven."

We looked through one of t telescopes at Jupiter: to the naked it was wonderfully bright; through t telescope it was a blue-white disc w a trail of moons—three separate wh pinpricks, quite still, shining stead When we looked away from t eyepiece, the night was a shade light In the next telescope we saw Ven rather skittishly crossing the circu ference of the darkness.

A slender woman in a down jac standing near the wall was pointi out Mars to her daughter, whom was holding against her chest. T daughter's hair was blond and had be beautifully braided; it fell careles across the crook of the woman's arn

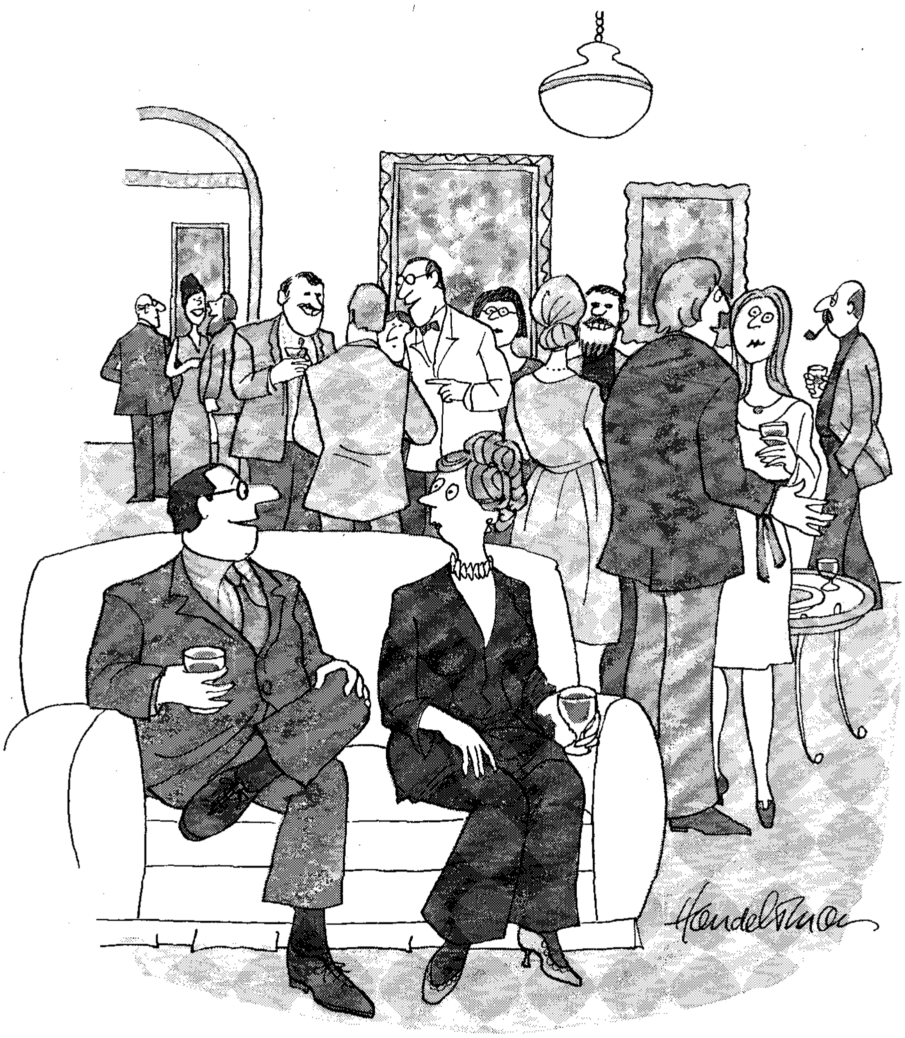
"Mars is the red one," the wor said.

"It's not red," the child said.

"It's red," the woman said. "Tr me. Would you, just for once, tr me?"

Matisse

WHILE we were out walking, other Saturday, along up Madison Avenue, in the wind and almost horizontal rain, intent on bu ing a flower for the house and a b oche for a friend who was coming tea, something caught our attention Lucien Goldschmidt's (fine prir master drawings, rare books). T something in his window was a mod



"I have no particular objection to the earth, but I wouldn't go so far as to call myself its friend."

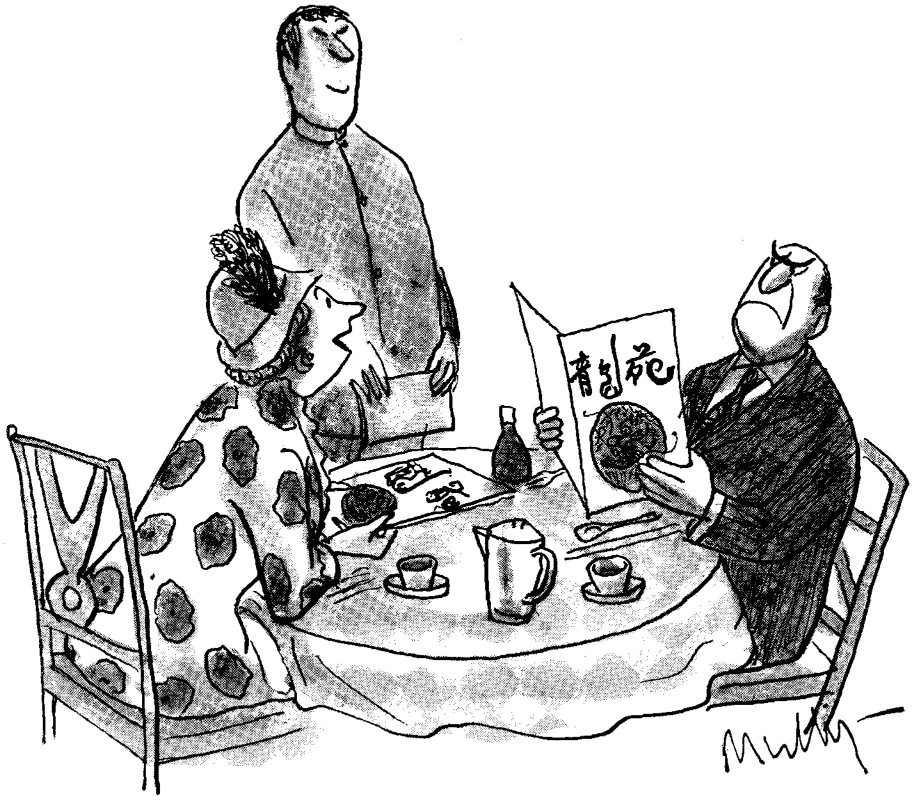
nnouncement headed "HENRI MAISSE" and saying, "Pasiphaé—Chant e Minos. Ninety original linoleum ts composed and cut by Henri Masse, just printed, for the first time, in n edition of 125 numbered copies. hese are variant compositions not ised in the Paris, 1944, publication of asiphaé.' " Under that, it said "Exibition." Opposite the text was a lioleum cut, white on black, of an emrace: a nude with long hair seen from e back, the outline of a man, and a w stars on the black ground. It was e word "Exhibition" that seduced s. The florist was next door, the ower would wait, the brioche was nly three doors away, and, besides, e tea guest was nowhere near due. o we folded the funereal umbrella omeone had left at our house and alked in, thinking that there had not een a word in the announcement bout Henri de Montherlant, who ad, after all, written "Pasiphaé," a lay in verse, and "Chant de Minos," poem.

We were greeted by Lucien Goldchmidt himself, a fine-drawn man ith blue eyes, quick movements, and steady air of culture about him. He uided us to the back of his shop, here, he said, we would find "fortyight or fifty linocuts." We were unamiliar with linoleum cuts, but we ere struck immediately by the richess of the black background, often roken only by one white line. There as no shading; the process was purely near. It was striking; it was strange; was moving. It was also very beauful. *They*—the linocuts—were very eautiful. Mostly, they were variations n Pasiphaé: nudes, sleeping faces, and he bull.

Here one must remember that Minos as the semi-legendary king of Crete, he son of Zeus and Europa. (Note the resence, in the wings of this story, of eus masquerading as a white bull.) Iinos married Pasiphaé, and they had everal children, among whom were haedra and Ariadne. So far so good. But then Poseidon sent Minos a white ull he wanted sacrificed. Minos had ther ideas. He did not kill the bull, nd Poseidon, incensed, avenged himelf by inspiring Pasiphaé with an unontrollable passion for it. The monter born to them was the Minotaur, who ended up in the Labyrinth.

We were walking around looking at he linocuts, Mr. Goldschmidt at our ide. We saw a wide-etched head of a bull, full face, no neck, very strong. Another bull, full-length, reflective, almost pensive. Two cuts of nudes, semi-profile, in a wood. Three cuts of bulls standing on their hind legs. Lucien Goldschmidt pointed out a seated nude that was really free-floating yet looked completely stable. There was a Sumerian-looking profile, which Mr. Goldschmidt said might have been a Matisse memory of something he had seen in the Louvre, and a decorative design of a rope, which he said looked Mesopotamian. There was an Odalisque torso, and several variations on reclining faces—one just an oval, with long sleeping lashes and, of course, not a hint of hair. There were three variations on an embrace so beautiful that something uncalled-for happened to our spine. Here an arm becomes a shoulder, the shoulder continues and becomes a head, the head moves down and becomes the other arm: two white lines on black—an eternity. And then there was a series of six portraits of Henri de Montherlant (Matisse had done a portrait of him as early as 1937), the haughty line of the profile unbroken. Each profile is more attenuated than the one before it, until the last one is pure simplification: three small cuts for the eye, a line for the eyebrow, a line for the ear. We stood there, quite enthralled, wanting to know more, asking questions, until Mr. Goldschmidt invited us to sit down with him in his office, lined with files and books. He sat down behind a wide desk, under a large etching by Jacques Villon—"Renée de Trois-Quarts," also known as "La Mulâtresse," dated 1911. "He drew her for ten years," said Mr. Goldschmidt.

He told us that for the linocuts the linoleum is cut "with a sort of penknife;" that the medium is generally held "in slight scorn," but that it was one of Matisse's favorite graphic media. William S. Lieberman writes in his book "Matisse, 50 Years of His Graphic Art" (which has one of the nudes in the wood on its jacket), "After 1941 a series of major operations left Matisse an invalid, and he devoted a major part of his time to book illustrations. Martin Fabiani, a former associate of Vollard, managed to become a successful dealer during the German occupation of France, and, in 1944, published Matisse's third book illustration. The text consists of extracts from Henri de Montherlant's



"Mayor Koch loves *Chinese."*

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'Les Crétois.' " Then, quoting Matisse (who kept diaries and notebooks): "The gouge is controlled directly by the sensibility of the engraver. Indeed this is so true that the least distraction during the execution of a line causes a slight pressure of the fingers on the gouge and influences the drawing for the worse. Engraving on the linoleum is a true medium for the painter illustrator." And we found in Alfred Barr's "Matisse: His Art and His Public," also quoting Matisse, "This book, because of the numerous difficulties of the architecture, took me six months' work, all day, and often at night, too."

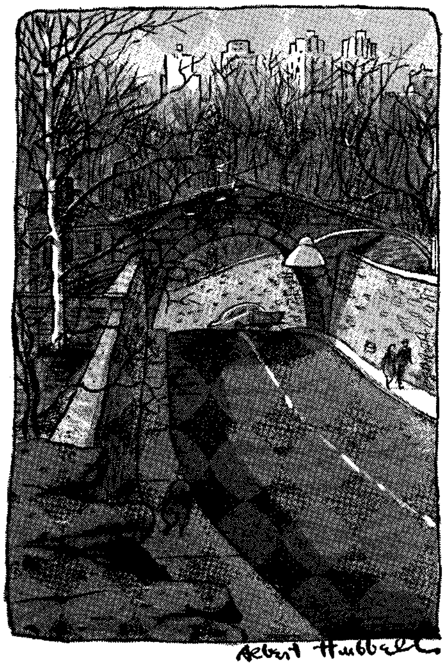
Having by now become curious about Mr. Goldschmidt, we asked him to tell us something about himself. Leaning back comfortably in his chair, a highly amused look flickering on and off his face, he told us that he was born in Brussels, that his father had been a banker, that he had received a classical education (Latin and Greek), which had proved of little use to him in later life, that he had come to the States in 1937 and had found himself at one point with thirty-eight cents in his pocket, and that he had served in Intelligence during the war and had then associated himself with Pierre Berès, who later became a major book-dealer in Paris. Together, they distributed Matisse's "Jazz," which was published by Tériade in 1947 as a portfolio of reproductions of extraordinary cutouts—cutouts that Matisse always said were merely illustrations to a text he had written himself. Goldschmidt and Berès sold forty copies at three hundred and seventy-five dollars, but it took them a year to do it. Today, a copy of the "Jazz" portfolio is a sixty-thousand-dollar proposition. Mr. Goldschmidt told us, en passant, that the three great Matisse collections in the United States are in the Baltimore Museum of Art (the Cone Collection), the Museum of Modern Art, and the Art Institute of Chicago.

We walked back into the showroom to look at a copy of the present "Pasiphaé." It is a two-volume boxed set, unlike the 1944 edition insofar as it has an introduction and commentary by Dominique Bozo and only an occasional line from Montherlant instead of the earlier text. The hundred and twenty-five numbered copies sell at three thousand dollars, and they are selling well. (This shows how the acquisition of art has evolved since the publication of "Jazz.") The idea for the present version of "Pasiphaé" was spurred by the two surviving Matisse children, Pierre Matisse and Marguerite Matisse Duthuit. They were aided in their efforts by Gerald Cramer, a well-known dealer and former gallery owner in Geneva. The book was printed by Fequet-Baudier on *grand vélin de Rives*. After we replaced the two volumes in their box, Lucien Goldschmidt introduced us to Mrs. Goldschmidt, a comfortable and comforting-looking woman, who had been sitting at a desk unheralded all along, and "without whom," he said, "none of this would have been possible."

Walking back home, in now vertical rain, juggling several catalogues that Mr. Goldschmidt had given us, a flowering branch, a bag of brioches, and the umbrella, we managed somehow—mainly by putting our mind entirely on a visit we had once paid Matisse.

It was at the Hôtel Régina, in Nice. It was in the spring of 1951, and we were very young. He sat up in bed in front of a bed table, a kitten nestled between his legs on the heavy Scotch plaid that covered him. The room was painted white, the ceiling was enormously high, and on the walls were some of his designs for the chapel at Vence. We sat at his bedside, and while he talked he kept working at his *papiers découpés* with a long pair of scissors. He seemed to be an immensely complicated and rather inscrutable man. Every once in a while, we found him watching us intently from behind medium-thick glasses. The kitten slept. We chatted with Matisse cozily for a long time, interrupted by his Cerberus-secretary-companion-model
Lydia, who came in regularly to s
that the Master was tired, but t
Master, each time, said that he was n
tired. Finally, when the light fad
we left. On the heavy wooden door
shut behind us, we noticed his visiti
card in its copper slot. It read:

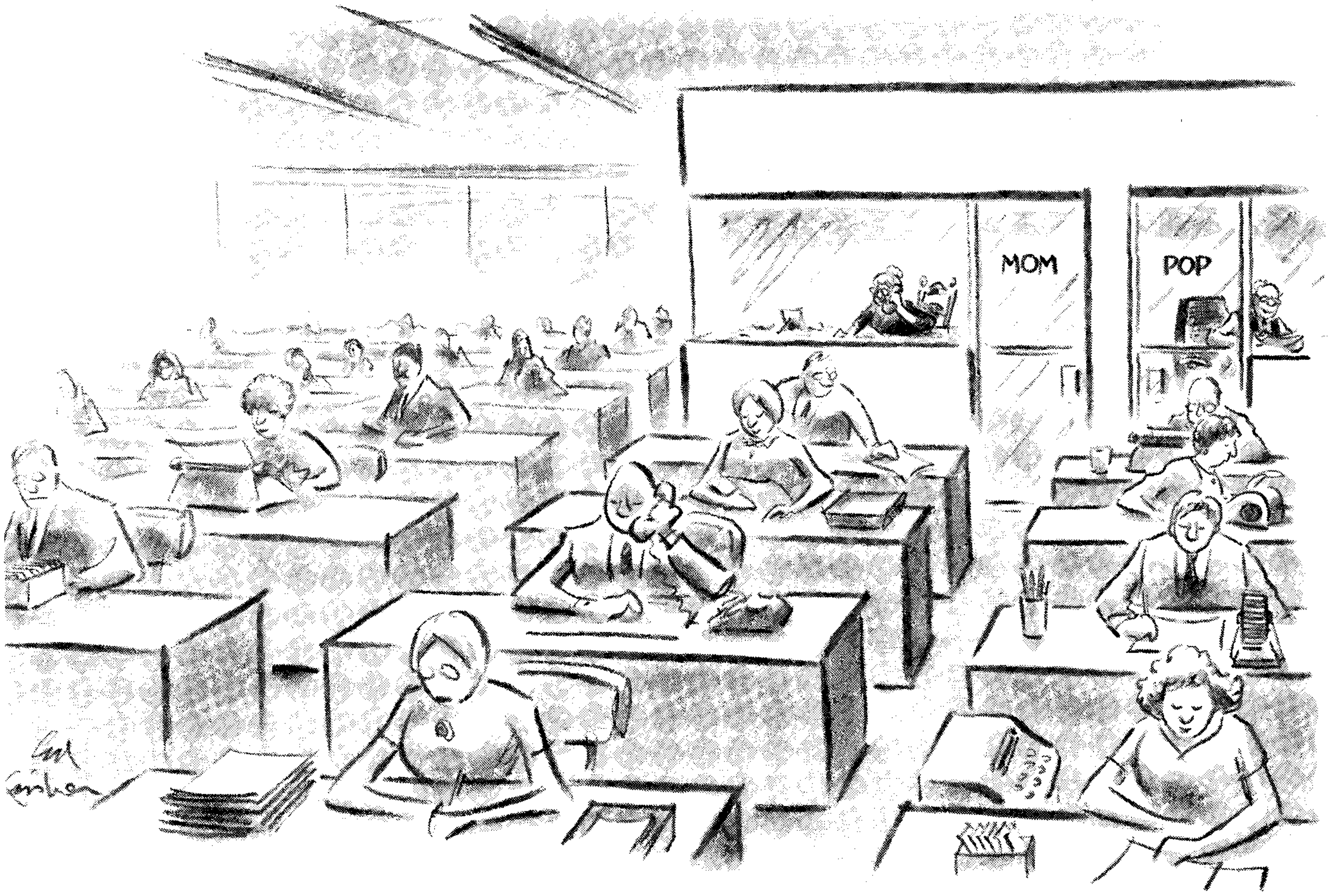
Henri Matisse
Artiste-Peintre



Award

BY three o'clock in the afternoon
four hours before the event—the
were dozens of policemen and a lot
police cars, police vans, police t
trucks, and blue barricades along Six
Avenue near the New York Hilt
where Henry Kissinger was schedul
to present the Charles Evans Hug
Gold Medal "for courageous lead
ship in governmental, civic, and h
manitarian affairs" to President R
gan at the seventeenth annual awa
dinner of the National Conference
Christians and Jews. There was als
scattering of people carrying sig
protesting the choice.

By seven o'clock, the number
police had gone up to five hundr
and there were several thousand de
onstrators, but the atmosphere w
orderly and serene. On Fifty-seco
Street just east of Sixth, Bella Abz
in a black coat and a red hat, w
standing on a rusty flatbed truck
banner over the truck's hood s
"National Association of Soci
Workers—New York City Chapter
addressing a small crowd. "The R
gan program," she was saying, "is
attack on the working people! T
Reagan program is an attack on t
middle-income people . . . on the eld
ly . . . the disabled . . . the childre
A number of these and other intere
appeared to be represented in t
crowds nearby. "Humanitarian? As
Salvadoran," said one sign. "Sa
OSHA," said another. One placard h
a drawing of Reagan with missiles
eyes, and a Hitler mustache. Represe
tatives of Local 420 of AFSC
(American Federation of State, Cou
ty, and Municipal Employees) w
chanting, "We can't take no mor
The block in front of the Hilton w
sealed off. Thirteen mounted pol
were lined up in a row facing no
at Fifty-fourth Street; four more w
facing south at Fifty-third.
both directions, big crowds w
assembled beyond the barricad
"Education—Not Bombs," said
sign. "National Congress for Pue



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can Rights," said another. A large llow banner proclaimed "Chelsea enants Protest Inhuman Reagan-ics!"

The police seemed very relaxed. A l cop in a black helmet said to us, ast year, they gave the award to other Teresa. This year they give to *him*." He rolled his eyes. (Actual- last year they gave it to Wal- Cronkite; the year before that, ey gave it to Alexander Haig, and e year before *that* to Bob Hope. r. Kissinger got it in 1973. Mother eresa is presumably still waiting.) he cop added, "Giving it to Reagan like giving Willie Sutton an I.R.A. nk account." We thought about at, and concluded that it was a poor alogy but did reflect the policeman's ncern with crime (Willie Sutton), litics (Reagan), inflation (bank ac-unt), and anxiety about the future .R.A.).

North of Fifty-fourth Street, eeches—somewhat muffled by a poor -a. system—were emanating from a otlighted platform next to a huge 'rotest Reagan" banner. "Reagan is uppet of the bourgeoisie!" shouted a eaker, and he added, "Thank you." nother speaker took over. "Mayor och refuses to make transportation ailable to disabled people," the second man said. After that, a couple of guitar players sang, "Hell, no—we won't go. . . . We won't fight for Texaco."

A deputy inspector of police told us, "I've been at many, many demonstrations. This one is very, very quiet." In the crowd nearby were signs saying "Reagan's Program Is a Bomb" and "Wanted for Crimes Against Women: Al D'Amato, Senator from N.Y."

We made our way through a bunch of Secret Service men and went into the lobby of the Hilton. "The President came in around three-thirty," a bell captain told us. "I don't know what he did. Took a nap, maybe. After all, he's human." He paused. "Why does anybody want to be President?" he asked.

A harried-looking guest dashed up. "My plane leaves Kennedy in an hour and ten minutes!" he exclaimed. "What can I do?"

The bell captain soothed him.

Then a family of four came over. "We're headed for 'Evita,' " said the father. "Which is the best way out of here?"

Upstairs, the dinner was under way. Through a well-guarded doorway we saw a lot of people in tuxedos sitting on a dais; somebody was singing, and then there was applause. We picked up a press release of the President's remarks, went back down to the lobby, and opened it up. On page 4 he was saying, "I saw at first hand further proof of that spirit just last week in flood-stricken Fort Wayne, Indiana. There on a muddy dike which was barely inches above the flood crest were hundreds of young people, some hardly in their teens. They were in a line passing heavy sandbags to raise the level of the dike. They were volunteers from all over the area who had seen what was happening on television. Evening was coming on and they had been at this since early morning, but they showed no sign of stopping. I wasn't exactly properly dressed for the occasion, but I couldn't resist joining them for the little time I was there. A roster of their names would probably reveal a variety of ethnic backgrounds, as would be true of any group of Americans; they included different races and religions, I know—but who asked? And the line was coeducational—girls and boys. Looking at their fresh, wholesome, and, yes, happy, enthusiastic faces, I was looking at the future of America, and the future looked mighty good."

On Sixth Avenue, the demonstration was thinning out. We tucked the speech in our pocket and headed home.

SIEGFRIED'S MEMOIRS

FOR a long time I used to go to bed early wondering if Siegfried von Handelskammern would ever complete his long-awaited memoirs of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, where from June, 1940, when he made his first, much-remarked appearance in Café Flore, until August, 1944, when he departed without having finished his glass of *fine* (patiently distilled from salvaged boot tops), he was the hub of an unparalleled intellectual revival.

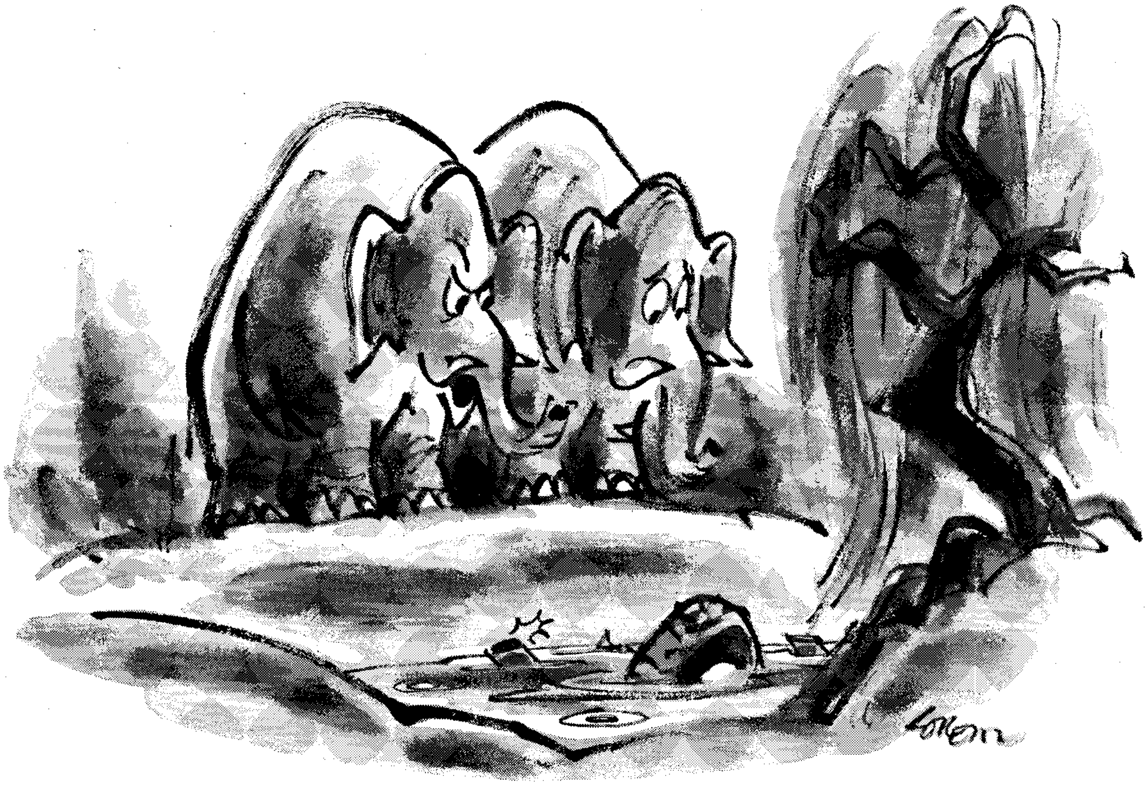
Having got to bed early, I would lie awake counting the words in the review I would undoubtedly be requested to write and asking myself if any critic, even yours truly, Charles Filandreux, could do Handelskammern, and his generation, justice. I could picture, in the dark of my room, the pale ink of the original manuscript, and I tried to surmise whether he had already sold the ms. and for how much, admiring, in retrospect, the extreme refinement of the handwriting I had known so well before I burned all the correspondence. An inscription offered itself to my imagination: "To Charles Filandreux, who taught me the true meaning of 'Happy as God in France,' " or, perhaps, "To Charles F. and to civilization, ever gratefully," or simply "To C., who knows why."

My waking dreams produced the bound volume (60 francs, 600 pp., index) as it travelled from publisher to post office, from postman to concierge, from one vacated Paris apartment to another (each move a monument to an altercation with a long-toothed landlord), and finally arrived at my present bosky habitation. (See "From Poultry Yard to Playing Field: An Author Builds a Retreat," C. Filandreux, 1967.) In reverie, I watched from my window as Émile Pagne, the village mailman, parked his Renault R-5 in a bed of *Rheum rhaponticum* and tooled up the driveway on foot, the publisher's tawdry book envelope leaking its vitals all over the gravel.

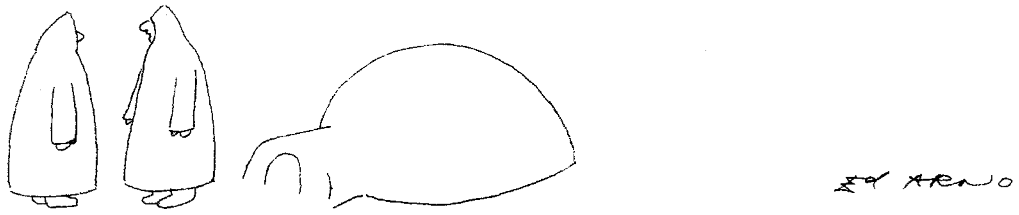
Would I, I pondered, spare twenty words of my review to describe the cover illustration—a black-and-white photo of the ancient church, named for a saint whose feast day is, or was, or used to be, 12 November, with a swastika stamped over the eleventh-century bell tower and dripping red paint, to indicate to even the most absent-minded reader the book's period and setting? Ploum-Ploum, th philosopher-clochard, no longer si in warm sunshine on the churc steps. Some say that he bought th whole left-hand side of Rue Bonaparte, all the way down to the Sein and retired; others aver that he wer cheerfully to a pauper's grave, whe his ashes dream of black-mark sugar generously shared with Wol Wolf, his gentle canine companio Should I recount, with the quiet humo of detachment, how Wolf-Wolf on day sank his teeth into a certain essayist—who, although totally discredited, continues his hack literar appraisals in a daily newspaper th prudence prevents me from naming I will say only that the said newspaper appears in the morning, leaving to the reader to divine which morning.

I shall speak, of course, of that othe morning, when Handelskammern firs laid eyes on a tousle-haired lad wearing a scarf wound eight or nine time around his young neck, cheeks flushe with triumph because he had, at las perfected the opening words of "Th Front Line of Heaven," later to b published, with some revisions, unde the peacetime title "Growing Up i a War." Handelskammern came into th Flore surrounded b his usual cloud o toadies and sycophant one dusting off hi chair before he sa down, another polishing his uniform buttons with a spong dipped in acorn coffe a third carrying a portable gramophone o which was playing th overture to "Carmen." (It was typica of Handelskammern' tact and delicacy o spirit that he would allow only French musi to be played in hi presence.)

When, later, our acquaintanceship had attained that stage of intimacy which permit personal comment, ventured to point ou that his servile flatterers had never know the *vital* Handelskam



"Just once I'd like to find one of those posh *watering holes I keep hearing about."*



"Well, what do you think—is spring here to stay?"

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ern and were concerned only with
hat the *official* Handelskammern had
offer. "Well, why not?" he said in-
lgently, meaning that a word from
m and one's books were printed, de-
ite the paper shortage, in places like
charest, Sofia—places seen only in
ydreams. I finished buttering his
ead and cutting it into convenient
te-sized pieces without another
ord.

I knew about Handelskammern
ng before our now legendary meet-
g in the Flore. Every facet of that
ultitudinous personality had already
en flashed before my eyes. I knew,
r instance, that the gun he wore in a
eaming holster was in reality a toy
r blowing soap bubbles (he was an
owed pacifist), and I see to this day
ose iridescent symbols of our hopes
d dreams drifting, drifting. I knew
s influence, and his power. I knew
w a certain poet, novelist, and play-
right, later, for a brief period of
rgatory, a mere parenthesis, and
so a salesman of dust mops, had bro-
n down and wept unashamedly be-
use, owing to shortages, his mother
uld not bake his usual lemon-
vored birthday cake; and I knew
w Handelskammern with one quiet
one call had put things right, caus-
g an exquisite lemon-flavored cake,
ith the requisite number of candles
orty-six, I believe), to be delivered to
e poet's door. "Well," said Handels-
mmern, when I reminded him of
is generous gesture, "culture some-
w has got to be kept in the right
ace."

I remember that I felt—raising my
zzled eyes from the now perfect sen-
nce over which I had been torturing
y young sensibility all morning—that I knew the man before me. But, of course, Handelskammern did not know *me.*

"Who is that?" I heard him ask.

"I don't know," a certain film director answered with some sullenness.

"Then find out," said Handelskammern, removing the bubble pipe from its holster and placing it symbolically next to the gramophone, now playing a sublime tenor solo from Berlioz' "The Trojans."

"Charles Filandreux," said another untalented hanger-on, with a meaningful smile in my direction.

Handelskammern told me, later, that he had simply been eager to read my manuscript, which was spread over three tables, but had been afraid of compromising me by approaching me while in uniform. With the discrimination and wisdom that no occupying officer, I think, has ever surpassed, he quietly removed his uniform, folded it neatly, sent for a waiter's apron, and, thus anonymously attired, came over and introduced himself. The gramophone was playing the waltz from Gounod's "Faust."

Some of you, my readers, have, I suspect, suddenly fallen into the giddy melancholy of déjà vu. With a disabused *moue,* you are asking one another, "What is Charles Filandreux talking about? Doesn't Filandreux know that the Occupation Cultural Sweepstakes have been run for the year? There were fewer entries than usual, and the field was light. Handelskammern, the favorite, probably overconfident, did a little dance at the starting post and dropped his memoirs. He was still picking the scattered pages out of the mud when Gerhard Heller, an outsider, romped home on "Un Allemand à Paris, 1940-44." Handelskammern glanced up in time to see Heller wreathed with the garland of forget-me-nots which Handelskammern thought had been woven for *him.* Within the Occupation Cultural Sweepstakes Trophy was a copy of Heller's own book, inscribed with eager affection by the leading critics of Paris. Upon the cover can be seen a photograph of the author, in an attractive uniform, taken when he was Special Leader of the Propaganda Staff in Paris and the *coqueluche* of the most prestigious literary salons.

Yes, but that was *this* year. Next year, and the year after that, and yet a year after, there are new Occupation races to be run. My review is ready. Actually, it is based on my own "Soap Bubbles of Cultural Exchange: Yesteryear at the Flore," some copies of which are still available and can be obtained by writing to

Charles Filandreux
Villa Hybride
Borgne-sur-Louche

and enclosing a postal order (*not* a check) for one hundred and eleven francs, a small booklet of stamps, and a clean book envelope.

—Mavis Gallant

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Despite complaints that Turkey is not successful in attracting tourists and not able to meet the targets designed, a record number of tourists visited the Hagia Sophia Museum of Trabzon, in 1981.

20 thousand 138 terrorists reportedly visited the museum in 1981 and this is a record much above the figure for previous years, museum officials said.—*Turkish Daily News, the English-language daily of Turkey.*

1981 was that kind of year.

A CITY OF THE DEAD, A CITY OF THE LIVING

You only count the days if you are waiting to have a baby or you're in prison. I've had my child but I'm counting the days since the man's been in this house.

THE street delves down between two rows of houses like the abandoned bed of a river that has changed course. The shebeen-keeper who lives opposite has a car that sways and churns its way to her fancy wrought-iron gate. Everyone else, including shebeen customers, walks over the stones, sand, and gulleys, home from the bus station. It's too far to bicycle to work in town.

The house provides the Sub-Economic Township planner's usual two rooms and kitchen with a little yard at the back, into which his maquette figures of the ideal family unit of four fitted neatly. Like most of the houses in the street, this one has been arranged inside and out to hold the number of people the ingenuity of necessity provides for. The garage is the home of subtenants. (The shebeen-keeper, who knows everything about everybody, might remember how the house came to have a garage—perhaps a taxi owner once lived there.) The front door of the house itself opens into a room that has been subdivided by greenish brocade curtains whose color had faded, and embossed pattern worn off, before they were discarded from another kind of house. On one side of the curtains is a living room with just space enough to crate a plastic-covered sofa and two chairs, a coffee table with crocheted mat, vase of dyed feather flowers, and oil lamp, and a radio-and-cassette-player combination with home-built speakers. On the wall is a large varnished print of a horse with wild orange mane and flaring nostrils. The floor is cement, shined with black polish. On the other side of the curtains is a bed, a burglar-proofed window, a small table with candle, bottle of antacid tablets, and alarm clock. During the day a frilly nylon nightgown is laid out on the blankets. A woman's clothes are in a box under the bed. In the dry cleaner's plastic sheath, a man's suit hangs from a nail.

A door, never closed, leads from the living room to the kitchen. There is a sink, which is also the bathroom of the house, a coal-burning stove finned with chrome like a nineteen-forties car, a pearly-blue Formica dresser with glass doors that don't slide easily, a table and plastic chairs. The smell of cooking never varies: mealie-meal burning, curry overpowering the sweet reek of offal, sour porridge, onions. A small refrigerator, not connected, is used to store margarine, condensed milk, tinned pilchards; there is no electricity.

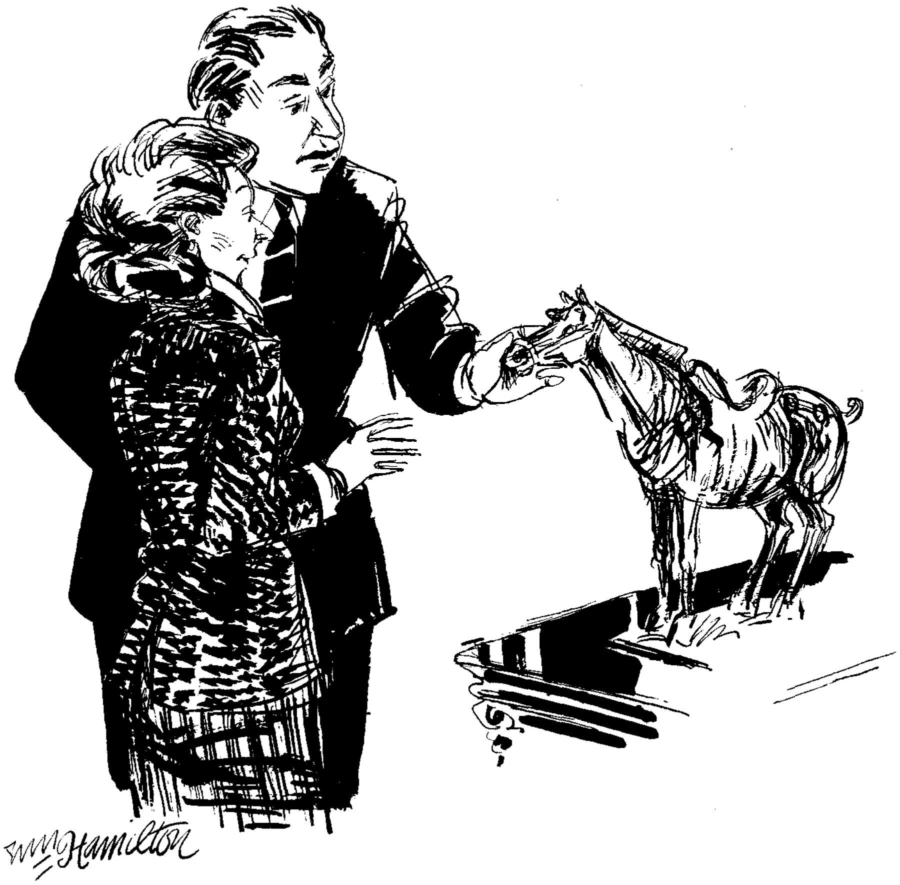
Another door, with a pebbled-glass pane in its upper half, is always kept closed. It opens off the kitchen. Net curtains reinforce the privacy of the pebbled glass—the privacy of the tenant of the house, Samson Moreke. His room is behind there, shared with his wife and baby and whichever of their older children come to spend time away from the relatives who take care of them in country villages. When all the children are in their parents' home at once, the sofa is a bed for two; others sleep on the floor in the kitchen. Sometimes the sofa is not available, since adult relatives who find jobs in the city need somewhere to live. No. 1907 Block C holds—has held—eleven people; how many it could hold is a matter of who else has nowhere to go. This reckoning includes the woman lodger and her respectable succession of lovers behind the green brocade curtains, but not the family lodged in the garage.

In the back yard, Samson Moreke, in whose name tenancy of No. 1907 Block C is registered by the authorities, has put up poles and chicken wire and planted Catawba grapevines that make a pleasant green arbor in summer. Underneath are three metal chairs and matching table, bearing traces of white paint, which—like the green brocade curtains, the picture of the horse with orange mane, the poles, chicken wire, and vines—were discarded by the various employers for whom Moreke works in the city as an itinerant gardener. The arbor stands between the garage and the lavatory, which is shared by everyone on the property.

On Sundays Moreke sits under his grapevine and drinks a bottle of beer brought from the shebeen across the road. Even in winter he sits there; it is warmer out in the midday winter sun than in the house, the shadow of the vine merely a twisted rope—grape eaten, roof of leaves fallen. Althoug the yard is behind the house and ther is a yellow dog on guard tied to packing-case shelter, there is not muc privacy. A large portion of the space o the family living in the garage is take up by a paraffin-powered refrigerato filled with soft-drink cans and pots o flavored yogurt: stock of a useful littl business that serves the communit and supplements the earnings of th breadwinner, a cleaner at the cit slaughterhouse. The sliding meta shutter meant for the egress of a ca from the garage is permanently bolte down. All day Sunday, children com on errands to buy, knocking at the ol kitchen door, salvaged from the city that Moreke has set into the wall o the garage giving on the yard.

A STREET where there is a she been, a house opposite a shebee cannot be private anyway. All week end, drunks wander over the ruts tha make even the gait of the sober see drunken. The children playing in th street take no notice of men fuddle between song and argument, who tal to people who are not there.

As well as friends and relatives, acquaintances of Moreke, who have go to know where he lives through travelling with him on the buses to work walk over from the shebeen and appea in the yard. He is a man who alway puts aside money to buy the Sunda newspaper; he has to fold away th paper and talk instead. The guest usually bring a cold quart or two wit them (the shebeen, too, has a paraffi *refrigerator, restaurant-size*). Tal and laughter make the dog bark Someone plays a transistor radio. Th chairs are filled and some comer stretch on the bit of tough grass. Mos of the Sunday visitors are men bu there are women, particularly youn ones, who have gone with them to th shebeen or taken up with them ther these women are polite and deferentia to Moreke's wife, Nanike, when sh has time to join the gathering. Ofte they will hold her latest—fifth livin—baby while she goes back into th kitchen to cook or hangs her washin on the fence. She takes a beer or tw herself, but although she is in he early thirties and knows she is stil pretty—except for a missing fron tooth—she does not get flirtatious o giggle. She is content to sit with th new baby on her lap, in the sun among men and women like herself



"But damn it, Betsy, I thought we agreed we're moving ***out*** *of collectibles."*

• •

ile her husband tells anecdotes that ke them laugh or challenge him. e learns a lot from the newspapers.

She was sitting in the yard with him d his friends the Sunday her cousin tembu arrived with a couple of ngers-on. They didn't bring beer t were given some. There were eetings, but who really hears names? ne of the hangers-on fell asleep on e grass—a boy with a body like a ggy suit. The other had a yellow ce, lighter than anyone else's prest, narrow as a trowel, and the irgular pockmarks of the pitted skin ere flocked, in the area where men ow hair, with sparse tufts of black. e noticed he wore a gold earring in e ear. He had nothing to say, but ter took up a guitar belonging to meone else and played to himself. ne of the people living in the garage, ossing before the group under the bor on his way to the lavatory with s roll of toilet paper, paused to look listen; but everyone else was talking o loudly to hear the soft plangang, and the after-buzz when the ayer's palm stilled the instrument's bration.

Moreke went off with his friends hen they left, and came back, not te. His wife had gone to bed. She as sleepy, feeding the baby. Because stood there, at the foot of the bed, d not begin to undress, she underood someone must be with him.

"Mtembu's friend." The tilt of her isband's head indicated the other side the glass-paned door.

"What does he want here now?"

"I brought him. Mtembu asked."

"What for?"

Moreke sat down on the bed. He oke softly, mouthing at her face. He needs somewhere to stay."

"Where was he before, then?"

Moreke lifted and dropped his bows limply at a question not to be ked.

The baby lost the nipple and nuzed furiously at air. She guided its outh. "Why can't he stay with Itembu. You could have told Itembu no."

"He's your cousin."

"Well, I will tell him no. If Itembu needs somewhere to stay, I ive to take him. But not anyone he ings from the street."

Her husband yawned, straining evy muscle in his face. Suddenly he ooped and began putting together the eets of his Sunday paper that were attered on the floor. He folded them more or less in order, slapping and smoothing the creases.

"Well?"

He said nothing, walked out. She heard the voices in the kitchen, but not what was being said.

He opened their door again and shut it behind him. "It's not a business of cousins. This one is in trouble. You don't read the papers. The blowing up of that police station—you know, last month? They didn't catch them all. . . . It isn't safe for Mtembu to hide him any longer. He must keep moving."

Her soft jowls stiffened.

Her husband assured her awkwardly. "A few days. Only for a couple of days. Then"—a gesture—"out of the country."

He never takes off the gold earring, even when he sleeps. He sleeps on the sofa. He didn't bring a blanket, a towel, nothing—uses our things. I don't know what the earring means; when I was a child there were men who came to work on the mines who had earrings, but in both ears—country people. He's a town person; another one who reads newspapers. He tidies away the blankets I gave him and then he reads newspapers the whole day. He can't go out.

THE others at No. 1907 Block C were told the man was Nanike Moreke's cousin, had come to look for work and had nowhere to stay. There are people in that position in every house. No one with a roof over his head can say no to one of the same blood—everyone knows that; Moreke's wife had not denied that. But she wanted to know what to say if someone asked the man's name. He himself answered at once, his strong thin hand twisting the gold hoop in his ear as a girl would. "Shisonka. Tell them Shisonka."

"And the other name?"

Her husband answered. "That name is enough."

Moreke and his wife didn't use the name between themselves. They referred to the man as "he" and "him." Moreke addressed him as "*mfo*," brother; she called him simply "you." Moreke answered questions nobody asked. He said to his wife, in front of the man, "What is the same blood? Here in this place? If you are not white, you are all the same blood, here." She looked at her husband respectfully, as she did when he read to her out of his newspaper.

The woman lodger worked in the kitchen at a Kentucky Fried Chicken shop in the city and, like Moreke, was out at work all day; at weekends she slept at her mother's place, where her children lived, so she did not know that the man Shisonka never left the house to look for work or for any other reason. Her lover came to her room only to share the bed, creeping late past whatever sleeping form might be on the sofa, and leaving before first light to get to a factory in the white industrial area. The only problem was the family who lived in the garage. The man had to cross the yard to use the lavatory; the slaughterhouse cleaner's mother and wife would notice he was there in the house, that he never went out. It was Moreke's wife who thought of this, and told the woman in the garage her cousin was sick, he had just been discharged from hospital. And indeed they took care of him as if he had been—Moreke and his wife Nanike. They did not have the money to eat meat often, but on Tuesday Moreke bought offal from the butcher shop near the bus station in the city; the man sat down to eat with them. Moreke brought cigarettes home—the man paid him; it was clear he must have cigarettes, needed cigarettes more than food. And don't let him go out, don't ever let him go to the shop for cigarettes, or over to Ma Radebe for drink, Moreke told his wife; *you* go, if he needs anything, *you* just leave everything, shut the house—go.

I wash his clothes with our things. His shirt and pullover have labels in another language, come from some other country. Even the letters that spell it are different. I give him food in the middle of the day. I myself eat in the yard, with the baby. I told him he should play the music, in there, if he wants to. He listens to Samson's tapes. How could I keep my own sister out of the house? When she saw him I said he was a friend of Samson—a new friend. She likes light-skinned. But it means people notice you. It must be very hard to hide. He doesn't say so. He doesn't look afraid. The beard will hide him; but how long does it take for a beard to grow, how long, how long before he goes away?

EVERY night that week the two men talked. Not in the room with the sofa and the radio-and-cassette-player, if the woman lodger was home on the other side of the curtain but in the room where the Morek slept. The man had a kitchen cha Moreke brought in; there was ju room for it between the big bed an

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER

Easter again, and a small rain falls
On the mockingbird and the housefly,
on the Chevrolet
In its purple joy
And the TV antennas huddled across the hillside—

Easter again, and the palm trees hunch
Deeper beneath their burden,
the dark puddles take in
Whatever is given them,
And nothing rises more than halfway out of itself—

Easter with all its little mouths open into the rain.

There is no metaphor for the spring's disgrace,
No matter how much the rose leaves look like bronze dove hearts,
No matter how much the plum trees preen in the wind.

For weeks I've thought about the Savannah River,
For no reason,
and the winter fields around Garnett, South Carolina,
My brother and I used to hunt
At Christmas,
Princess and Buddy working the millet stands
And the vine-lipped face of the pinewoods
In their languorous zigzags,
The quail, when they flushed, bursting like shrapnel points
Between the trees and the leggy shrubs
into the undergrowth,
Everything else in motion as though under water,
My brother and I, the guns, their reports tolling from far away
Through the aqueous, limb-filtered light,
December sun like a single tropical fish
Uninterested anyway,
suspended and holding still
In the coral stems of the pearl-dusked and distant trees . . .

There is no metaphor for any of this,
Or the meta-weather of April,
The vinca blossoms like deep bruises among the green.

It's linkage I'm talking about,
and harmonies and structures
And all the various things that lock our wrists to the past.

Something infinite behind everything appears,
and then disappears.

It's all a matter of how
you narrow the surfaces.
It's all a matter of how you fit in the sky.

Often, at night, when the stars seem as close as they do now, and as full,
And the trees balloon and subside in the way they do
when the wind is right,

• •

As they do now after the rain,
the sea way off with its false sheen,
And the sky that slick black of wet rubber,
I'm 15 again, and back on Mt. Anne in North Carolina
Repairing the fire tower,
Nobody else around but the horse I packed in with,
and five days to finish the job.

Those nights were the longest nights I ever remember,
The lake and pavilion 3,000 feet below
as though modelled in tinfoil,
And even more distant than that,
The last fire out, the after-reflection of Lake Llewellyn
Aluminum glare in the sponged dark,
Lightning bugs everywhere,
the plump stars
Dangling and falling near on their black strings.

These nights are like that,
The silvery alphabet of the sea
increasingly difficult to transcribe,
And larger each year, everything farther away, and less clear
Than I want it to be,
not enough time to do the job,
And faint thunks in the earth,
As though somewhere nearby a horse was nervously pawing the ground.

I want to sit by the bank of the river
in the shade of the evergreen tree
And look in the face of whatever,
the whatever that's waiting for me.

There comes a point when everything starts to dust away
More quickly than it appears,
when what we have to comfort the dark
Is just that dust, and just its going away.

25 years ago I used to sit on this jut of rocks
As the sun went down like an offering through the glaze
And backfires of Monterey Bay,

And anything I could think of was mine because it was there
in front of me, numinously everywhere,
Appearing and piling up . . .

So to have come to this,
remembering what I did do, and what I didn't do,
The gulls whimpering over the boathouse,
the monarch butterflies
Cruising the flower beds,
And all the soft hairs of spring thrusting up through the wind,
And the sun, as it always does,
dropping into its slot without a click,
Is a short life of trouble.

—Charles Wright

• •

e wardrobe. Moreke lay on the bed ith a pillow stuffed under his nape. ometimes his wife stayed in the kitchn; at other times she came in and sat ith the baby on the bed. She could see oreke's face and the back of the man's head in the panel mirror of the wardrobe while they talked. The shape of the head swelled up from the thin neck, a puffball of black kapok. Deep in, there was a small patch without hair, a skin infection or a healed wound. His front aspect—a narrow yellow face keenly attentive, cigarette wagging like a finger from the corner of his lips, loop of gold around the lobe of one of the alert pointed ears—seemed unaware of the blemish, something that attacked him unnoticed from behind.

They talked about the things that interested Moreke: the political meetings disguised as church services, which he read about but did not attend. The man laughed, and argued with Moreke patiently. "What's the use, man? If you don't stand there? Stand with your feet as well as agree with your head. Yes, go and get that head knocked if the dogs and the kerries come. Since '76, the kids've showed you how. You know now."

Moreke wanted to tell the man what he thought of the Urban Councils the authorities set up, and of the Committees people themselves had formed in opposition—just as, when he found himself in the company of a sports promoter, he wanted to give his opinion of the state of soccer today. "Those Council men are nothing to me. You understand? They only want big jobs and smart cars for themselves. I'm a poor man, I'll never have a car. But they say they're going to make this place like white Jo'burg. Maybe the government listens to them. . . . They say they can do it. The Committees—eh?—they say like *I* do, *those Council men are nothing*—but they themselves, what can they do? They know everything is no good here. They talk; they tell about it; they go to jail. So what's the use? What can you do?"

The man did not tell what he had done. "The police station" was there, ready in their minds, ready to their tongues; not spoken.

The man was smiling at Moreke, at words he had heard many times before and might be leaving behind for good now. "Your Council. Those dummies. You see this *donga* called a street, outside? This place without even electric light in the rooms? You dig beautiful gardens, the flowers smell nice—and how many people must use that stinking hovel in your yard? How much do you get for digging the ground white people own? You told me what you get—'top wages': ten rands a day. Just enough for the rent in this place, and not even the shithouse belongs to you—not even the mud you bring in from the yard on your shoes."

Moreke became released, excited. "The bus fares went up last week.

They say the rent is going up—"

"Those dummies, that's what they do for you. You see? But the Committee tells you don't pay that rent, because you aren't paid enough to live in the 'beautiful city' the dummies promise you. Isn't that the truth? Isn't the truth what you *know*? Don't you listen to the ones who speak the truth?"

Moreke's wife had had, for a few minutes, the expression of one waiting to interrupt. "I'll go to Radebe and get a bottle of beer, if you want."

The two men gave a flitting nod to one another in approval.

Moreke counted out the money. "Don't let anybody come back with you."

His wife took the coins without looking up. "I'm not a fool." The baby was asleep on the bed. She closed the door quietly behind her. The two men lost the thread of their talk for a moment; Moreke filled it: "A good woman."

We are alone together. The baby likes him. I don't give the breast every time, now; yesterday when I was fetching the coal he fed the bottle to her. I ask him what children he has. He only smiles, shakes his head. I don't know if this means it was silly to ask, because everyone has children.

Perhaps it meant he doesn't know, pretends he doesn't know—thinks a lot of himself, smart young man with a gold ring in his ear has plenty of girlfriends to get babies with him.

THE police station was never mentioned, but one of the nights the man spent describing to the Moreke couple foreign places he had been to—that must have been before the police station happened. He told about an ancient city on the African continent, so old it had a city of the dead as well as a city of the living—a whole city of tombs, like houses. The religion there was the same as the religion of the Indian shopkeepers here at home. Then he had lived in another kind of country, where there was snow for half the year or more. It was dark until ten in the morning an
again from three o'clock in the afternoon. He described the clothes he ha
been given to protect him against th
cold. "Such people, I can tell you. Yo
can't believe such white people exist
If our people turn up there—you ge
everything you need, they just giv
it. And there's a museum, it's out i
the country—they have ships ther
their people sailed all over the worl
more than a thousand years ago. The
may even have come here. This pullover is still from them—full of hole
now. . . ."

"Look at that, *hai!*" Moreke admired the intricately worked bands o
colored wools in a design based upo
natural features he did not recogniz
—dark frozen forms of fir forests an
the molecule patterns of snow crystals
"She'll mend it for you."

His wife was willing but apprehensive. "I'll try and get the same colors
I don't know if I can find then
here."

The man smiled at the kindness o
his own people. "She shouldn't take
lot of trouble. I won't need it anyway."

No one asked where it was the pullover wouldn't be needed; what kind o
place, what continent he would be going to when he got away.

After the man had retired to his sof
that night, Moreke read the mornin
paper he had brought from an employer's kitchen in the city. He kep
lowering the sheets slowly and lookin
around at the room, then returning t
his reading. The baby was restless, bu
it was not that he commented on. "It'
better not to know too much abou
him."

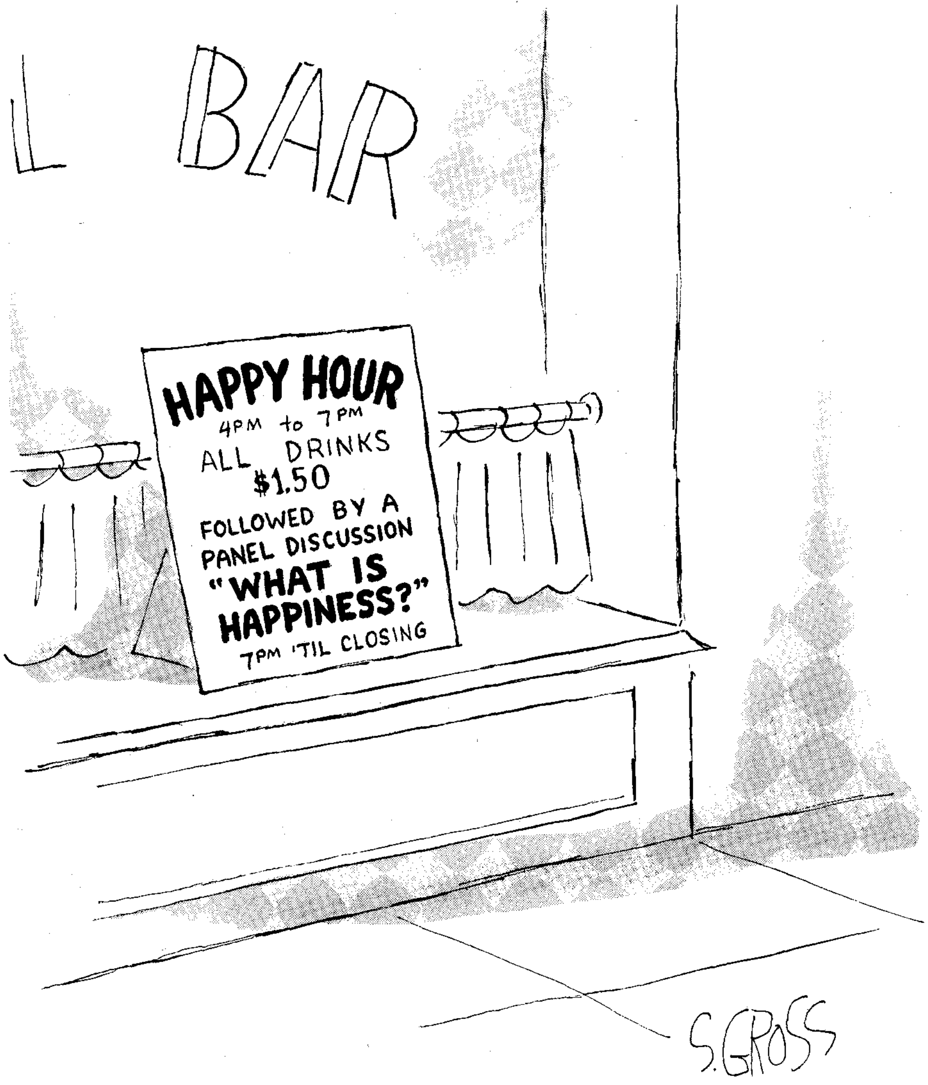
His wife turned the child onto it belly. "Why?"

Her face was innocently before hi
like a mirror he didn't want to loo
into. He had kept encouraging th
man to go on with his talk of living i
foreign places.

The shadows thrown by the candl
capered through the room, bendin
furniture and bodies, flying over th
ceiling, quieting the baby with wonder. "Because then . . . if they question us, we won't have anything t
tell."

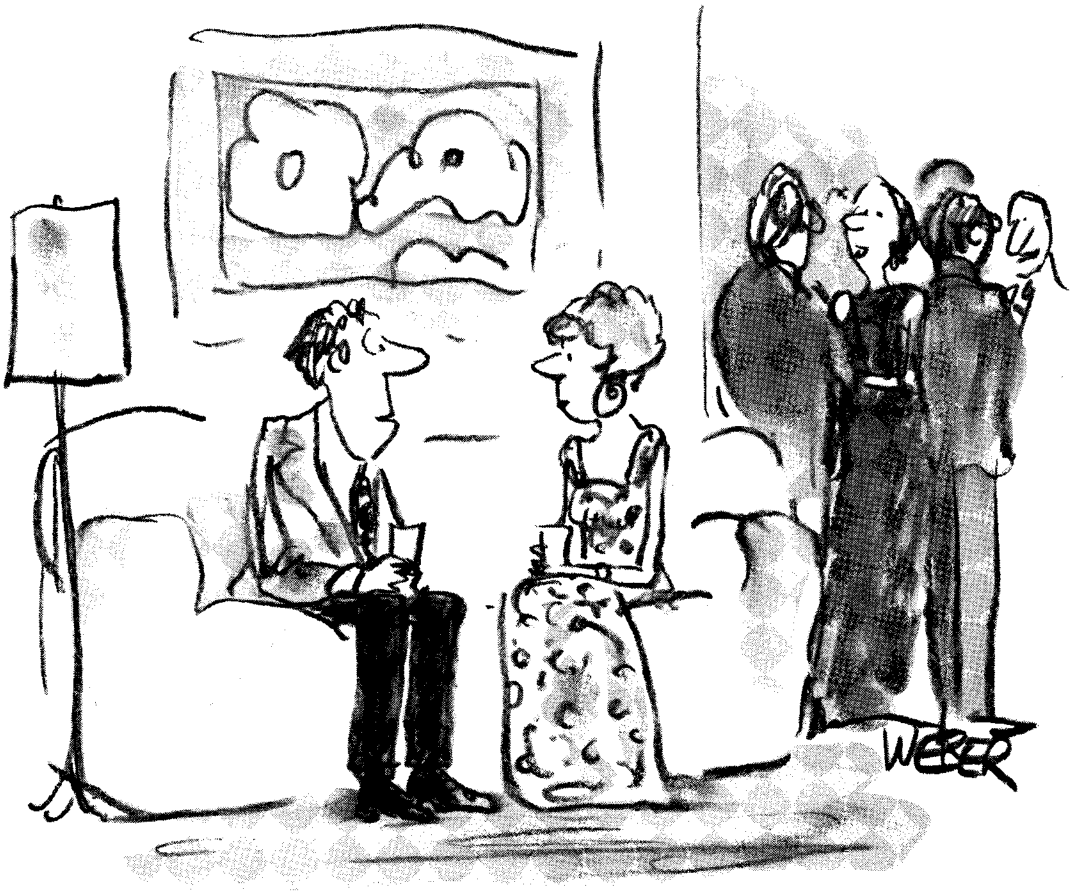
He did bring something. A gun.

*He comes into the kitchen no
and helps me when I'm washing up
He came in this morning, and pu
his hands in the soapy water, didn'
say anything, started cleaning up
Our hands were in the grease and soap*



I couldn't see his fingers but sometimes I felt them when they bumped mine. He scraped the pot and dried everything. I didn't say thanks. To say thank you to a man—it's not man's work, he might feel ashamed.

He stays in the kitchen—we stay in the kitchen with the baby most of the day. He doesn't sit in there, anymore, listening to the tapes. I go in and turn on the machine loud enough for us to hear it well in the kitchen.



"*I can't sing a note, but I can draw a straight line.*"

• •

BY Thursday the tufts of beard were thickening and knitting together on the man's face. Samson Moreke tried to find Mtembu, to hear what plans had been made, but Mtembu did not come in response to messages and was not anywhere Moreke looked for him. While the woman in whose garden Moreke worked on Thursdays was out, he took the opportunity to telephone Mtembu's place of work from her house, but he was told that workshop employees were not allowed to receive calls.

He brought home chicken feet for soup and a piece of beef shank. Figs had ripened in the Thursday garden and he'd been given some in a newspaper poke. He asked, "When do you expect to hear from Mtembu?"

The man didn't answer. He was reading the sheet of paper stained with milky sap from the fig stems. Samson Moreke had never really been in jail himself—only the usual short-term stays for pass offenses—but he knew from people who had been inside a long time that there was this need to read every scrap of paper that might come your way from the outside world.

"Well, it doesn't matter. You're all right here. We can just carry on. I suppose Mtembu will turn up this weekend."

As if he heard in this resignation Moreke's anticipation of the usual Sunday beer in the yard, the man suddenly took charge of Moreke and his wife, crumpling the dirty newspaper and rubbing his palms together to rid them of stickiness. His narrow yellow face was set clear-cut in black hair all around it now, like the framed face of the king in Moreke's worn pack of cards. The black eyes and the earring were the same liquid-bright. The perfectly ironed shirt he wore was open at the breast in the manner of all attractive young men of his age. "Look, nobody must come here. Saturday, Sunday. None of your friends. You must shut up this place. Keep them all away. Nobody walking into the yard from the shebeen. That's *out*."

Moreke looked from the man to his wife; back to the man again. Moreke half coughed, half laughed. "But how do I do that, man? How do I stop them? I can't put bars on my gate. There're the other people, in the garage. They sell things."

"*You* stay inside. Here in this house, with the doors locked. There are too many people around at the weekend. Let them think you've gone away."

Moreke still smiled, amazed, helpless. "And the one in there, with her boyfriend? What's she going to think?"

Moreke's wife spoke swiftly. "She'll be at her mother's house."

And now the plan of action fell efficiently into place; each knew his part within it. "Oh yes. Thank the Lord for that. Maybe I'll go over to Radebe's tonight and just say I'm not going to be here Sunday. And I'll say Saturday I'm going to the soccer."

His wife shook her head at him. "Not the soccer. Your friends will want to come and talk about it afterwards."

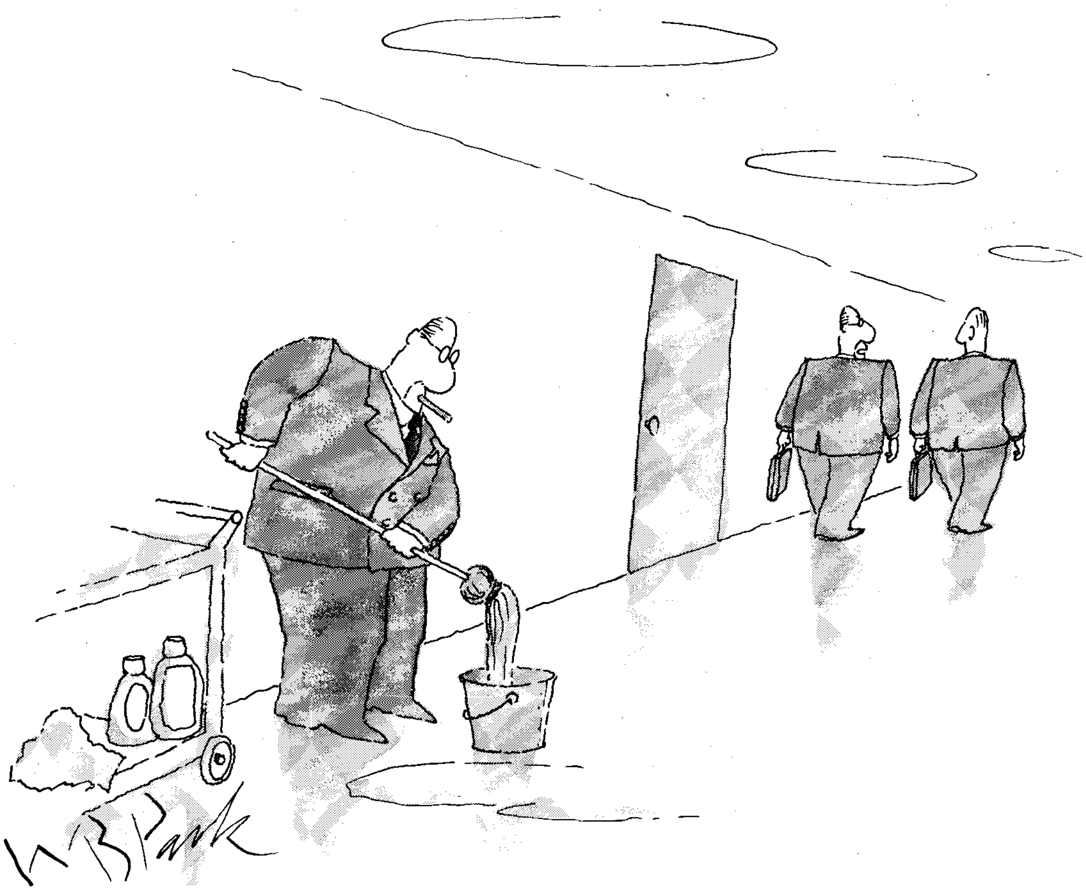
"*Hai, mama!* All right, a funeral, far away. . . ." Moreke laughed, and stopped himself with an embarrassed drawing of mucus back through the nose.

While I'm ironing, he cleans the gun.

I saw he needed another rag and I gave it to him.

He asked for oil, and I took cooking oil out of the cupboard, but then I saw in his face that was not what he wanted. I went to the garage and borrowed 3-IN-1 from Nchaba's wife.

He never takes out the gun when



"There was a time when blue collar looked blue collar."

• •

Samson's here. He knows only he and I know about it.

I said, What happened there, on your head at the back—that sore. His hand went to it, under the hair; he doesn't think it shows. I'll get him something for it, some ointment. If he's still here on Monday.

Perhaps he is cross because I spoke about it.

Then when I came back with the oil, he sat at the kitchen table laughing at me, smiling, as if I was a young girl. I forgot—I felt I was a girl. But I don't really like that kind of face, his face—light-skinned. You can never forget a face like that. If you are questioned, you can never say you don't remember what someone like that looks like.

He picks up the baby as if it belongs to him. To him as well, while we are in the kitchen together.

FRIDAY night the two men didn't talk. They seemed to have nothing to say. Like prisoners who get their last mealie-pap of the day before being locked up for the night, Moreke's wife gave them their meal before dark. Then all three went from the kitchen to the Morekes' room, where any light that might shine from behind the curtains and give away a presence was directed only toward a blind: a high corrugated-tin fence in a lane full of breast-high khaki weed. Moreke shared his newspaper. When the man had read it, he tossed through the third-hand adventure comics and supermarket sales-promotion pamphlets that Nanike Moreke kept; he read the manual "Teach Yourself How to Sell Insurance," in which, at some stage, "Samson Moreke" had been carefully written on the flyleaf.

There was no beer. Moreke's wife knew her way about her kitchen in the dark; she fetched the litre bottle of Coke that was on the kitchen table and poured herself a glass. Her husband stayed the offer with a raised hand; the other man's inertia over the manual was overcome just enough to move his head in refusal. She took up again the bedcover she had begun working while she was waiting for this fifth child to be born. Crocheted roses, each caught in a squared web of a looser pattern, were worked separately and then joined to the whole they slowly extended. The tiny flash of her steel hook and the hair-thin gold in his ear signalled in candlelight. At about ten o'clock there was a knock at the front door. The internal walls of these houses are planned at minimum specification for cheapness, and a blow on any part of the house reverberates through every room. The black-framed, bone-yellow face lifted and held, absolutely still, above the manual. Moreke opened his mouth and, swinging his legs over the side, raised himself from the bed. But his wife's hand on his shoulder made him subside again; only the bed creaked slightly. The slenderness of her body from the waist up was merely rooted in heavy maternal hips and thighs; with a movement soft as the breath she expelled, she leant and blew out the candles.

A sensible precaution; someone might follow round the walls of the house looking for some sign of life. They sat in the dark. There was no bark from the dog in the yard. The knocking stopped. Moreke thought he heard laughter, and the gate twang. But the shebeen is noisy on a Friday; the sounds could have come from anywhere. "Just someone who's had a few drinks. It often happens. Sometimes we don't even wake up, I suppose, ay, Nanike." Moreke's hoarse whisper, strangely, woke the baby, who let out the thin wail that meets the spectre in a bad dream, the cry against a threat that can't be countered in the conscious world. In the dark, they all went to bed.

A city of the dead, a city of the living. It was better when Samson got him to talk about things like that. Things far away can't do any harm. We'll never have a car, like the Coun-

llors, and we'll never have to run way to those far places, like him. ucky to have this house; many, many eople are jealous of that. I never new, until this house was so quiet, ow much noise people make at the eekend, I didn't hear the laughing, e talking in the street, Radebe's mu- c going, the terrible screams of peo- le fighting.

ON Saturday Moreke took his blue-ruled pad and an envelope to e kitchen table. But his wife was eeling pumpkin and slicing onions —there was no space—so he went ack to the room where the sofa was, nd his radio-and-cassette-player. irst he addressed the envelope to eir twelve-year-old boy at mission hool. It took him the whole morn- g to write a letter, although he ould read so well. Once or twice he sked the man how to spell a word in nglish.

The man lay smoking on his bed, e sofa. "Why in English?"

"Rapula is learning English. It elps him to get let- rs."

"You shouldn't send im away from here, *ba*. You think it's fer, but you are rong. It's like you d the meetings. The ore you try to be safe, e worse it will be r your children." e stared quietly at oreke. "And look, w I'm here."

"Yes."

"And you look after e."

"Yes."

"And you're not raid."

"Yes, we're afraid —but of many things. . . When I come ome with money -three times tsotsis ave hit me, taken erything. You see ere where I was cut the cheek. This m was broken. I ouldn't work. Not en push the lawn- ower. I had to pay ome young one hold my jobs for e."

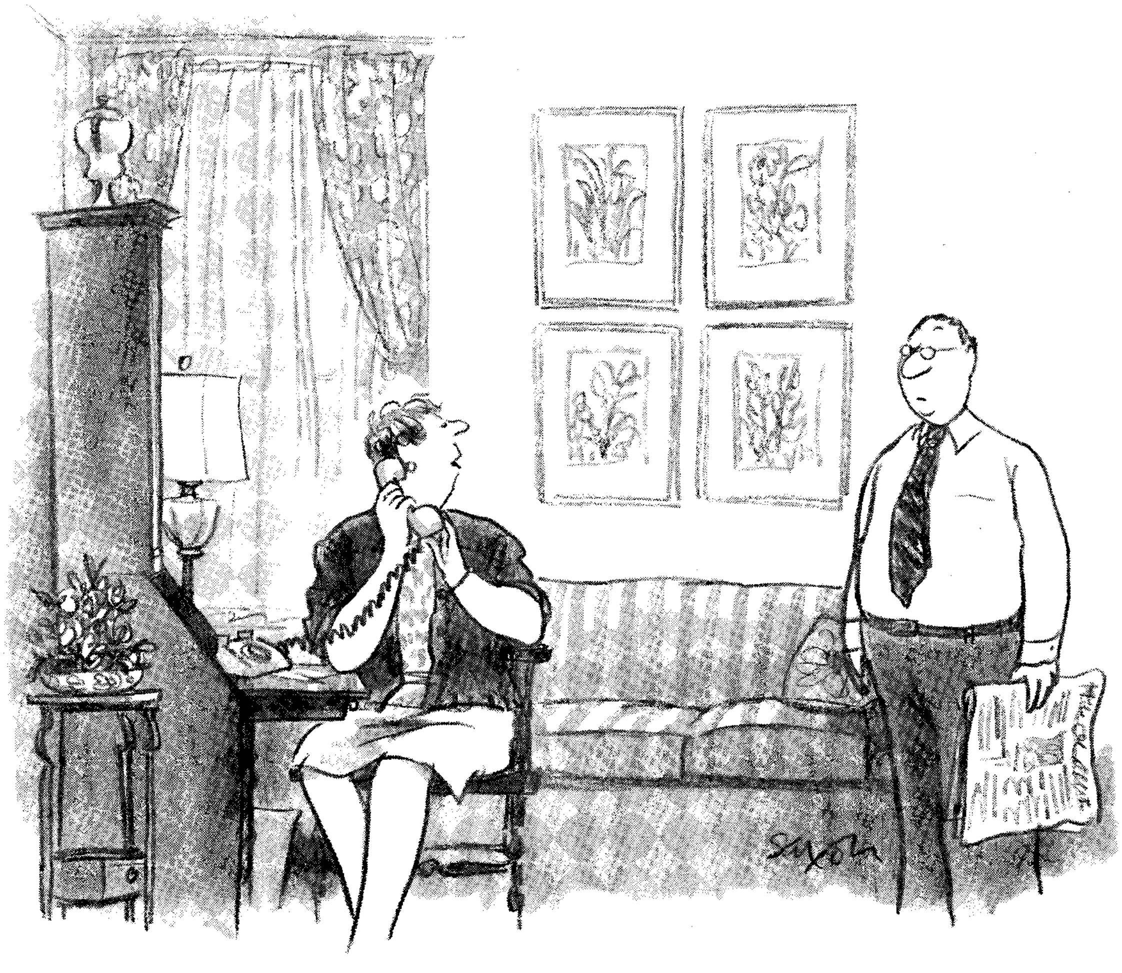
The man smoked and smiled. "I don't understand you. You see? I don't understand you. Bring your children home, man. We're shut up in the ghetto to kill each other. That's what they want, in their white city. So you send the children away; that's what they want, too. To get rid of us. We must all stick together. That's the only way to fight our way out."

That night he asked if Moreke had a chess set.

Moreke giggled, gave clucks of embarrassment. "That board with the little dolls? I'm not an educated man! I don't know those games!"

They played together the game everybody knows, that is played on the pavements outside shops and in factory yards, with the board drawn on concrete or in dust, and bottle tops for counters. This time a handful of dried beans from the kitchen served, and a board Moreke drew on a box lid. He won game after game from the man. His wife had the Primus stove in the room now, and she made tea. The game was not resumed. She had added three completed squares to her bedcover in two nights; after the tea, she did not take it up again. They sat listening to Saturday night all round them, pressing in upon the hollow cement blocks of which the house was built. Often, tramping steps seemed just about to halt at the front or back door. The splintering of wood under a truncheon or the shatter of the windowpanes—thin ice under the weight of the roving dark outside—waited upon every second. The woman's eyelids slid down, fragile and faintly greasy, outlining intimately the shape of the eyeballs beneath; she slept. Her face became unguarded as the baby's. Every now and then she would start, come to herself again. But her husband and the man made no move to go to bed. The man picked up her crochet hook and ran its fine head under the rind of each fingernail, again and again, until the tool had done the cleaning job to satisfaction.

When the man went to bed at last, by the light of the cigarette lighter he shielded in his hand to see his way to



"It's all right, dear. Kidder, Peabody. For me."

the sofa, he found she had put a plastic chamber pot on the floor. Probably the husband had thought of it.

ALL Sunday morning the two men worked together on a fault in Moreke's tape-player, though they were unable to test it with the volume switched on. Moreke could not afford to take the player to a repair shop. The man seemed to think the fault a simple matter; like any other city youngster, he had grown up with such machines. Moreke's wife cooked mealie-rice and made a curry gravy for the Sunday meal. "Should I go to Radebe and get beer?" She had followed her husband into their room to ask him alone.

"You want to advertise we are here? You know what he said."

"Ask him if it matters, if I go—a woman."

"I'm not going to ask. Did he say he wants beer? Did I?"

But in the afternoon she did ask something. She went straight to the man, not Moreke. "I have to go out to the shop." It was very hot in the closed house; the smell of curry mixed with the smell of the baby in the fug of its own warmth and wrappings. He wrinkled his face, exposed clenched teeth in a suppressed yawn: what shops—had she forgotten it was Sunday? She understood his reaction. But there were corner shops that sold essentials even on Sundays; he must know that. "I have to get milk. Milk for the baby."

She stood there, in her overtrodden slippers, her old skirt and cheap blouse—a woman not to be singled out among all the other women in the streets. He didn't refuse her. No need. Not after all this past week. Not for the baby. She was not like her husband—bigmouth, friendly with everyone. He nodded; it was a humble errand that wouldn't concern him.

She went out of the house just as she was, her money in her hand. Moreke and the baby were asleep in their room. The street looked new, bright, refreshing, after the dim house. A small boy with a toy machine gun covered her in his fire, chattering his little white teeth with a rat-a-tat-tat. Ma Radebe, the shebeen-keeper, her hair plaited with blue and red beads, her beautiful long red nails resting on the steering wheel, was backing her car out of her gateway. She braked to let her neighbor pass and leaned from the car window. "*My dear*"—in English—"I was supposed to be gon from this place two hours ago. I'm d at a big wedding that will already b over. . . . How are you? Didn't se your husband for a few days—nothin wrong across the road?"

Moreke's wife stood and shook h head. Ma Radebe was not one wh expected or waited for answers whe she greeted anyone. When the car ha driven off, Moreke's wife went o down the street and down the ne one, past the grocery shop, whe young boys were gathered scufflin and dancing to the shopkeeper's radi and on to the purplish brick buildin with the security fence round it and flag flying. One of her own people w on guard outside, leaning on a sub machine gun. She went up the ste and into the office, where there we more of her own people in uniform but one of *them* in charge. She spoke her own language to her own kin but they seemed disbelieving. They repeated the name of that other polic station, that was blown up, and aske her if she was sure. She said she w quite sure. Then they took her to th white officer, and she told him in English, "There, in my house, 19 Block C. He has been there a week. H has a gun."

I don't know why I did it. I g ready to say that to anyone who going to ask me, but nobody in th house asks. The baby laughs at n while I wash her, stares up while we' alone in the house and she's feeding the breast, and to her I say out loud: don't know why.

A WEEK after the man was take away that Sunday by the secur ty police, Ma Radebe again m Moreke's wife in their street. Th shebeen-keeper gazed at her for a moment, and spat. —NADINE GORDIM

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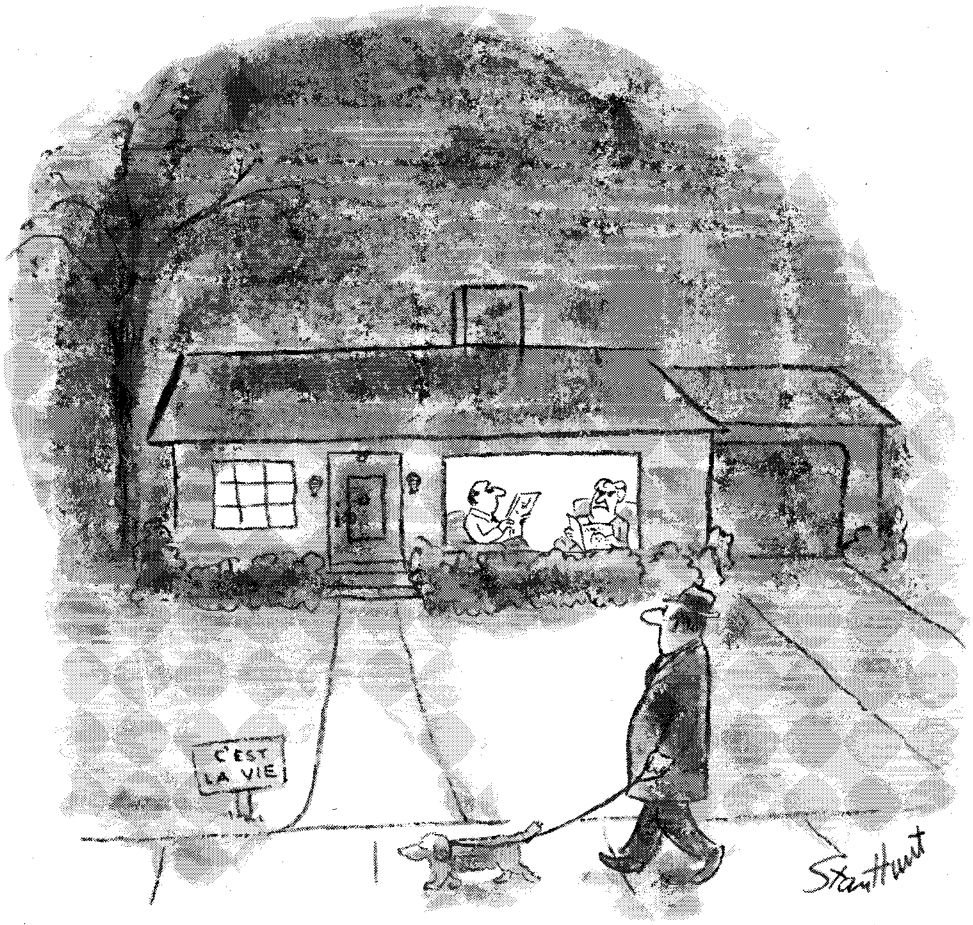
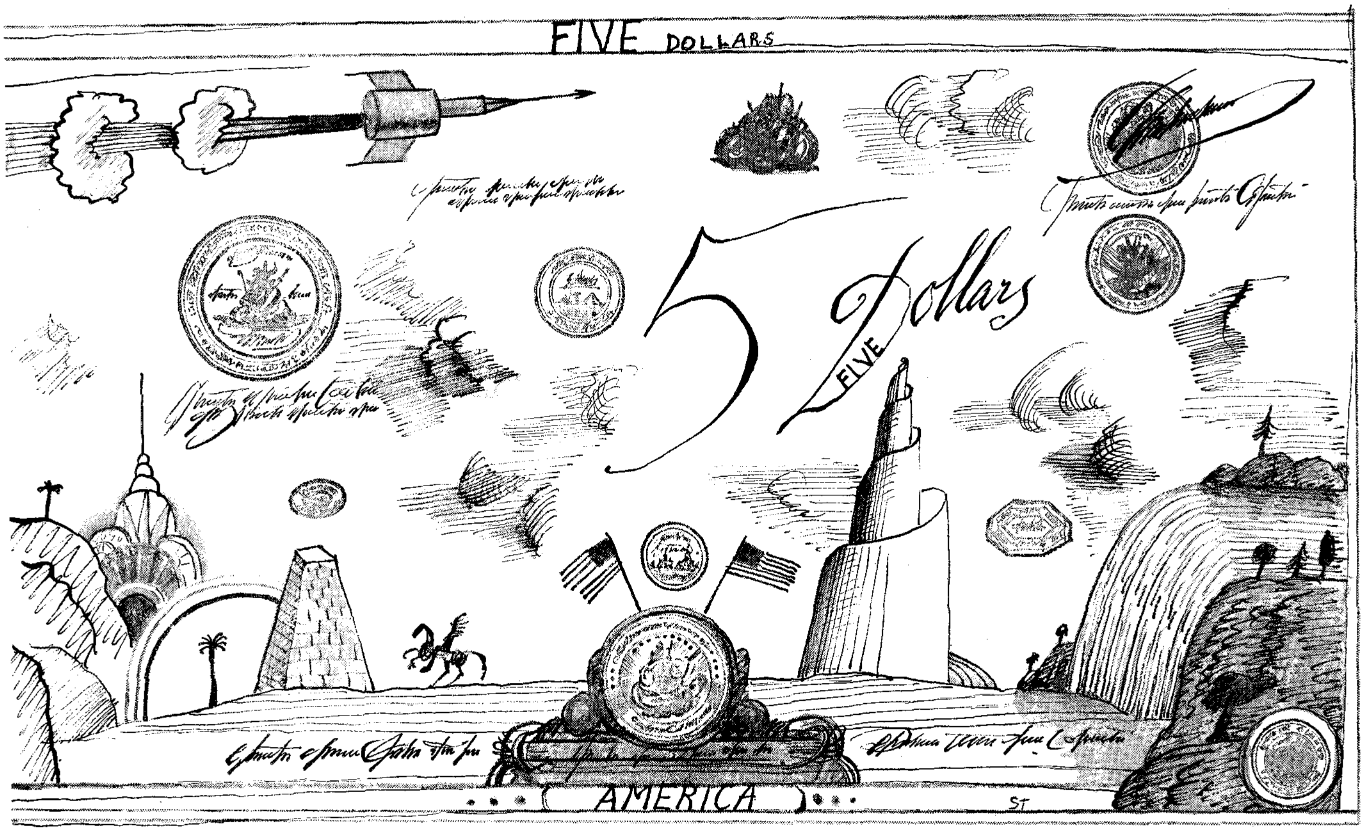


The first ice cream cone rolling machi was invented in 1924, but the first i cream cone dates back to 1904 at t Louisiana Purchase Exposition. An i cream salesman purportedly gave his la friend an ice cream sandwich and so flowers and she used one layer of her sandwich to make a vase for the flowers, rolli it in the shape of a cone. She did the sa with the other layer of the sandwich hold the ice cream.—*Youngstown* (*Ohi Daily Vindicator.*

Then it was time to go home a get cleaned up.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

AMERICAN JOURNEY—I



I ARRIVED in Newport, Rhode Island, on May 9, 1979. It was an old place by American standards, ucked into the northeastern corner of he country, one of the first places Europeans settled. In the spring of 639, religious refugees from the Massachusetts Bay Colony built a few houses on the south end of Aquidneck sland. The name, in the language of he Narragansett Indians, means "Isle of Peace." It was a place meant to be a port; the east side of the island conronted the Atlantic Ocean, and the west side curled around a safe harbor. The port and the town around it hrived for a while as a stop in the so-alled Triangle Trade of rum, molases, slaves, and Bibles between New England, the West Indies, and Africa, upporting a population of about nine housand in 1776. But the Revolution ame that year, and six thousand British troops marched into the little city, mashing and burning it to the ground. t never regained its early importance. By the time I arrived, it was a parody of its three pasts—a struggling resort own hung with signs directing visiors to areas of lovely houses built in he years shortly after that war, to the huge late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century mansions of rich families who once summered there, cooled by the sea breezes that sweep the island's east side, and to the empty docks and buildings of the United States Navy, which had moved forty-five ships and thirteen thousand people away from Newport in 1973. In the decades when the Navy supported and ruled the town, Thames Street, along the harbor, was called Blood Alley, because of the fights inside and outside the bars and taverns on Saturday nights. Now the city's Convention and Visitors' Bureau was trying to persuade people to call the avenue the Street of the Sea Captains.

Newport is a pretty place. They say that it has the largest collection of eighteenth-century structures in the United States. The little skyline of the old waterfront is dominated by the white spire of Trinity Church, rising from a small hill above Thames Street, as it has been since 1726. The street was quiet—the summer tourists had not yet come. It seemed quite ordinary, a quiet American street in a town of twenty-nine thousand people.

I ended the quiet by turning on the radio. I pressed the "On" button on the dashboard of my rented automobile. I was, instantaneously, miraculously, swept into—engulfed in—storms of facts, of ideas, of information, of opinions, of urgings, of preachments. I was on the unpeopled streets of a corner of America, in this torrent, amazed and confused. I could freely change my perspective and my environment, again and again, back and forth, by touching those buttons. There were thirty-eight different stations broadcasting on the AM band of the car radio. I had begun by idly searching the little dial for the continuous drone of music and news and talk and voices telling me to try, try, try, buy, buy, buy—the sounds of electronic nature which fill American air. Then I began to listen.

Revolution was being preached—political, social, and religious—quite openly. A convicted criminal was being interviewed—quite respectfully—about how he judged the performance of the current President of the United States. Men were speaking in a language strange to me—Portuguese, broadcast from WRIB, in Providence. From Boston, WILD was broadcasting the voices of black Americans who telephoned the station from their homes and were put *on the air*—live, uncensored, unedited—attacking the government, the police, white Americans. Referring to each other as "brother" and "sister," the callers I heard offered a consensus that the public policy of the United States was deliberately designed and executed to subjugate twenty-six million black Americans. The brothers and sisters, most of whom had obviously had little formal education, worked out, over an hour, a fairly complex analysis of what they saw as a colonial policy: ruling whites sought out the most talented and therefore the most dangerous blacks and quickly elevated them into the majority's comfortable financial structure, eliminating the leadership cadre of potential black revolution. And some of the callers were demanding that revolution—demanding the violent overthrow of the government. On WROL, from Boston, a Protestant evangelist named Kathryn Kuhlman, who had been dead for three years, was on tape that could play until eternity, vigorously attacking all recipients of government welfare. Work, she said, was God's welfare—and woe to the men or the government that subverted divine provisions. From New York City, WOR was broadcasting an interview with John Ehrlichman, who had recently been released from jail after serving eighteen months for crimes he committed while he worked in the White House. He had written a novel about Washington, and was being asked to criticize the current President—the criminal's judgments being greeted with impressed murmurs of "I see." Four stations were broadcasting nothing but news. One of them—WEAN, in Providence—reported with hints of shock and outrage that radio in the Soviet Union had for twenty hours withheld news from the Russian people that their government and the United States had completed negotiations on an arms-limitation treaty. News withholders would be dealt with sternly in this electronic place, I thought. Five stations were broadcasting only religious programs—Protestant services and analysis of curren events—and as I began thinking about what tha might mean, WCBS, in New York, broadcast a commentary by Forres Boyd, commenting on the commentary of the magazine *Public Opinion Quarterly*, which had recently commented on polling data:

RING RING
DING-A-LING
DING-A-LING
DING-A-LING
CLANG
BANG
CLANG
CLANK
BOING
AHHHHHHHHH

> There have not been any massive changes in forma religious participation in the United States in recen years but the appeal of the churches has continued to weaken somewhat. Thus only four Americans in ten now state that they have attended church or synagogue in the last week. . . . And there's been a sharp decline since the mid-nineteen-sixties among Catholics—jus over one in four attend religious services at leas weekly. A plurality of the public think religion is losing influence in American life. . . . But at the same time personal religious beliefs and acceptance of many church doctrines or principles seem exceptionally strong. Over ninety per cen of Americans state that they believe in God. More than seventy per cent believe in life after death. . . . Eighty-five per cent of the populac consider the Bible the word of God.

That was one hour on the AM band of one radio—and I have recorded only a tiny frac

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Is a single Waterford goblet enough to give as a gift?
On many occasions, yes, oh yes.
A housewarming. A birthday. A party. Any just-because-you-feel-good celebration.
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Instead of a love letter, send a long-stemmed Waterford wine glass.
Is one enough?
It's far, far better to give one than none. (Who gives more than one Picasso?)
Can you write or draw a greeting card to go with the gift of a single Waterford goblet?
To the 100 people submitting the most imaginative entries, we'll award four-piece suites of Lismore goblets.
Send your submissions to:
Waterford Greeting Card Ideas, P.O. Box 1159
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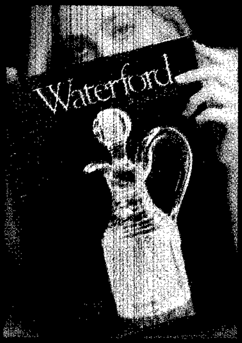
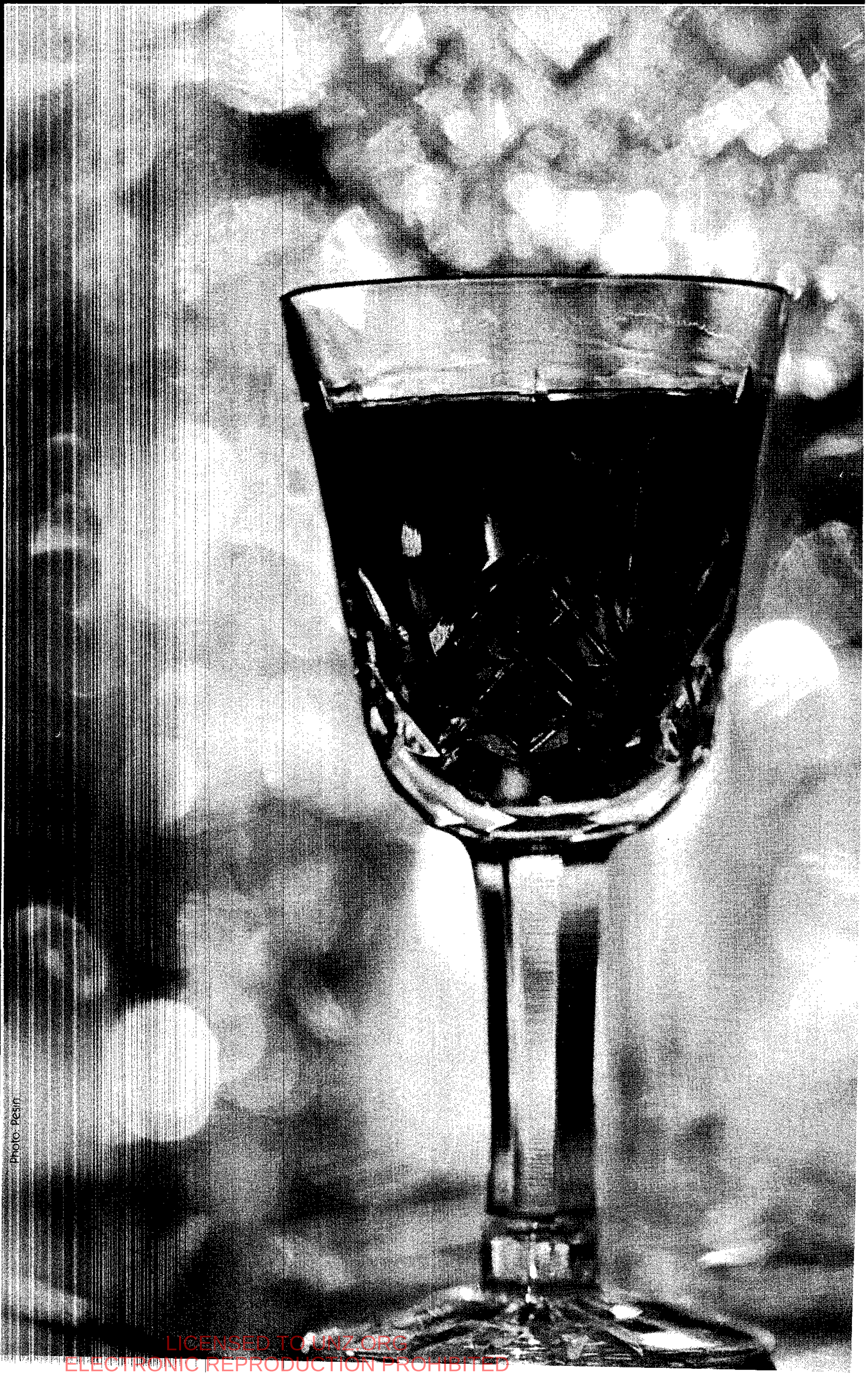
(Must be postmarked before May 15, 1982.)
Greetings!



WIN TWICE AS MUCH.
Include the name of
the salesperson
at the Waterford Gallery
in your favorite store –
and we will double
your prize if you win.



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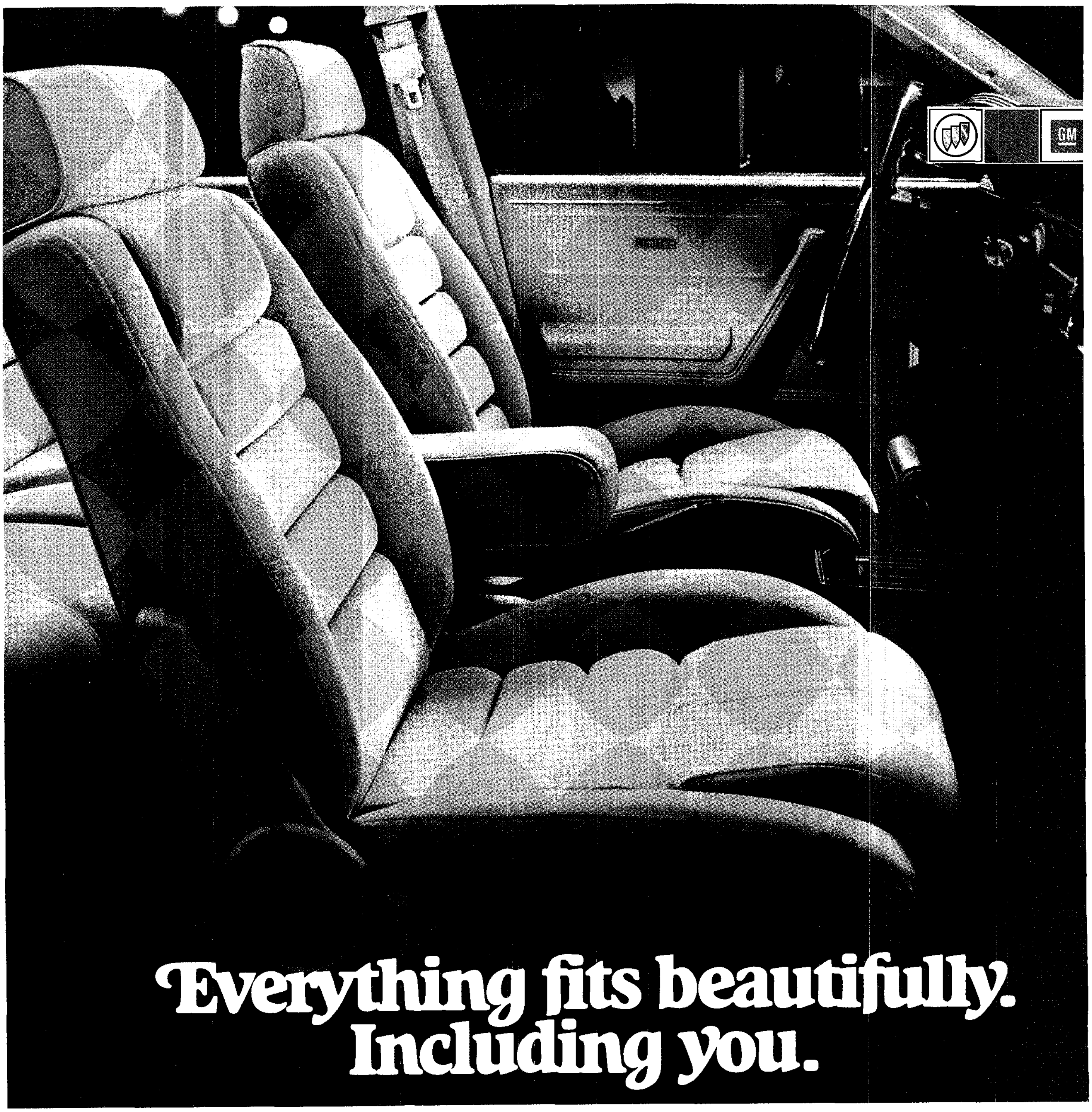

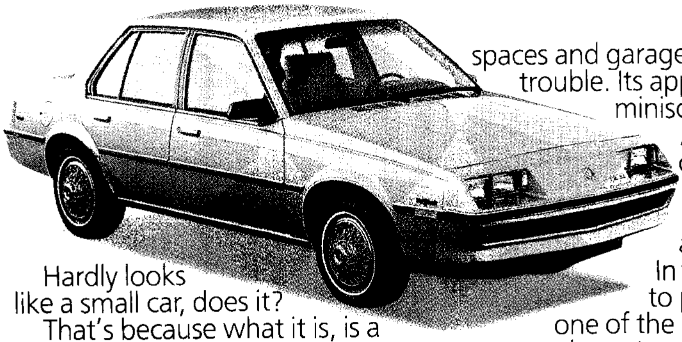

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That's because what it is, is a small Buick. Specifically, the new front-wheel-drive Buick Skyhawk.

Being a Buick, it's big on luxury, room and comfort. In fact, it can carry five. In an interior that's well laid-out. Well thought-out. And enormously well appointed.

But at the same time, it's small enough to fit into small parking spaces and garages with very little trouble. Its appetite for fuel is miniscule.

And when it comes to the way it's put together, the tolerances are tiny indeed. In fact, it's designed to pass muster in one of the most stringent quality control programs in the industry. And pass inspection by X rays, gamma rays, and batteries of steely-eyed, unforgiving robot probes.

EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG
41	25

The new Buick Skyhawk. A car that's big in all the right places. And small in all the right places.

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BUICK

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Use estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Estimates lower in California. Some Buicks are equipped with engines produced by other GM Divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Buick dealer for details.

ɔn of the information and opinion,
ı concerns from stocks to sex, that I
:ard in that hour. An American in
ewport during that day could choose
nong seventy-nine radio stations—
e thirty-eight I heard and forty-one
ı the FM band—and seven television
ıannels. Six newspapers printed that
ıy were laid out in piles at Brooks
iscount Drugstore—the day's papers
om Newport, Providence, Boston,
ıd New York. There were two hun-
·ed and fifty different magazines in
ızzling display at Lalli's News, on
roadway. Down the street, another
ɔokstore was selling hundreds of titles
ɔout one subject—God. The maga-
nes at Lalli's were more specialized
ıan radio—aimed at much smaller
ıdiences of Americans, willing to pay
om seventy-five cents to five dollars
r entertainment or for information
ı politics, business, religion, sports,
ience, health, heterosexuality and
ɔmosexuality, cooking, wine, auto-
obiles, trucks, trailers, motorcycles,
rplanes, movie stars, television stars,
ɔme repair, home decorating, camp-
g, dogs, cats, astrology . . .

Having spent thirteen dollars and
/enty-five cents, I suddenly found
'inted reason to believe or consider
.at:

> Seldom in any nation's past has a power-
> ss minority moved into politics as fast as
> nerican blacks have over the past 25
> ars. —*U. S. News & World Report.*

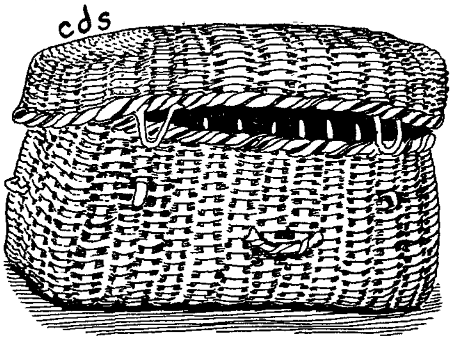
> In California, a group called Analytical
> ssessments Corporation (4640 Admiralty
> 'ay, Marina del Rey 90291, [213] 822-
> ›71) is trying to find a way, with the
> ght kind of bombing, "of bringing about
> e collapse of the Soviet government that
> ɔw exists, but without massive destruc-
> ɔn of that country." —*Mother Jones.*

> Now that living together out of wedlock
> ıs become so common, many American
> stitutions have been trying to come up
> ith words that can be used in place of
> ch terms as "husband," "wife," or "mar-
> ɜd couple." . . . The Ford Foundation has
> placed the word "spouse" with "mean-
> gful associate," and the National Acad-
> ny of Sciences, instead of saying "hus-
> ınd" or "wife," now employs the term
> pecial friend." One maternity hospital in
> 'ashington, D.C., asks expectant mothers
> ɔt for the father's name, but for the iden-
> :y of the "significant other person."
> —*New Age.*

> Most important, the new communica-
> ɔns enlarge the arenas in which social
> :tion takes place. . . . By satellite commu-
> cation, through television, every part of
> e world is immediately visible to every
> her part. The multiplication of interac-
> ɔns and the widening of the social arenas
> 'e the major consequences of a shift in the
> odalities of the infrastructure.
> —*Harvard Business Review.*

"AMERICA IS GROWING AT A RATE OF 10 BILLION WORDS PER MINUTE," read the headline of an advertisement for an NBI computer word-processing system that I saw in the *Wall Street Journal.* I couldn't vouch for the exact figure, but words and other information were certainly exploding in the air around me. And it was all for sale, all the time. On Broadway, down from Lalli's, there was a place called Store 24—a store open twenty-four hours a day. I could buy anything I wanted—food, cosmetics, one of more than a hundred magazines—at three o'clock in the morning. It was that way, I knew, all over the country. Supermarkets were open around the clock, and there was something both liberating and greedily uncivilized about that.

My own greed—and appetite—for information reached its limit at that thirteen twenty-five spent in the daylight. I passed up the opportunity to pay two dollars for the magazine *High Times*, which featured the cover headline "APHRODISIACS—A Guide to the Sexiest Drugs and Herbs." The story was squeezed in among some seventy-five pages of advertisements for complicated devices and chemicals helpful in the storage, preparation, and use of various illegal narcotics and other drugs; one for a "bong," a water pipe for smoking marijuana or hashish, said, "Saturate your senses with a Sarah's Family acrylic bong by RIZLA. It cools the smoke, while it conserves your stash. Breathe deeply, and the only thing wasted will be you." Another magazine, *The Progressive*, cost a dollar and a half, but I was not interested in the current issue, preferring to wait for a later one, which promised information on the construction of a hydrogen bomb capable of turning Aquidneck and all its people into vapor. My car radio had informed me several times that the government was trying to prevent distribution of the magazine to thirty thousand regular readers, but commentators I heard, withholding nothing, said that no one expected the government to succeed, because suppression of the information would violate the constitutional freedom of the press. The details of the bomb's design, it turned out, were public information. The writer of the article had found what he wanted by walking into government offices and public libraries and asking for it.



Americans could know, if not absorb, just about anything they wanted to. How did one choose what he or she had to know, wanted to know; didn't want to know, didn't care about, couldn't handle? To begin with, it was easier to find out what most of them read. That was their local newspaper, which in Newport was the Newport *Daily News*, delivered to homes on the island each day.

How do you decide what information people want and what they should have? I was talking with Albert Sherman, Jr., the general manager of the *Daily News.*

"By surveying our readership," he said. "We survey extensively, and we take the results very, very seriously. First, we find out who our readers are. We know they are well educated and relatively affluent—one-third are college graduates or have gone beyond college, and sixteen per cent make more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Then we ask them what they want, and we try to give it to them."

What do they want?

"Fluff, mainly. More features. We are trying to find a feature writer right now. Help on what to do in their leisure time. They also say they want 'investigative reporting,' although I'm not sure they know what they mean by that. They want national, state, and local news presented in 'briefs'—little one-paragraph items that summarize what happened someplace. We don't do much foreign news, because I don't really think we're qualified to."

There was indeed a lot of "fluff"—or padding—in the Newport *Daily News.* It was not a great newspaper ("Rhode Isalnd" was the spelling at the top of the front page), but it seemed fairly typical of small American newspapers. Twenty-two of its thirty-six pages contained almost nothing but advertising, and of the fourteen "news" pages four were devoted to sports and one mostly to comic strips. So, judging by their newspaper, I found the people of Newport to be concerned primarily with commerce and games. The third concern was government—six of seven stories on the front page dealt with government, at the local, state, or federal level. It was a government that seemed pervasive, even overwhelming —that reached deep into the daily lives of those people. Elected executives and legislatures and appointed judges, boards, councils, commissions, and managers were reported to be deciding whether a fireman named John Daniels could be discharged for missing work too often, whether teachers at Portsmouth High School could mention birth control in classes, whether Jeffrey Kolb could serve hot as well as cold sandwiches at the Corner Store, whether the actors of the Incredibly Far Off Broadway Theatre could legally produce plays on private property, whether Eric Alsager could sell lemonade at the Newport Police parade, and whether nineteen-year-old Donald Gomes had the right, under the United States Constitution, to play volleyball with girls at Rogers High School.

The official groups making those decisions for the people of Newport, Aquidneck Island, Rhode Island, and the United States had a formidable array of titles: Middletown Administrator, Middletown Personnel Review Board, Rhode Island Employment Security Department, Portsmouth School Committee, Newport City Council, and the United States First Circuit Court of Appeals. The Court of Appeals, the second-highest court in the land, had the Gomes case. Federal judges in Boston, seventy-four miles away, would decide whether the young man's civil rights had been violated because the local public high school had a volleyball team for girls but did not have one for boys. A *Daily News* editorial on May 10th complained:

> Some judges continue to push their legal reasoning in such cases beyond the point of common sense, beyond the point of public acceptance. . . . Ignored by the judge was the fact that as long as Rogers lacked a girls' football team, girls were also deprived of the right to play football if they wished. Also ignored by the judge was the fact that boys—being bigger, faster and stronger than girls—can readily make the girls' volleyball team, while girls are extremely unlikely to be able to make the boys' football team. No judge can alter these physical facts. . . . Respect for the law is of paramount importance in our society. Judges should not test such respect beyond the point of public acceptance.

The editorial did not question the right of government, through the courts, to enforce such strict legal equality among Rogers High students and, by extension, all Americans. What was questioned was the intelligence of the judge in the Gomes case. That question was consistent with Albert Sherman's answers when I asked him about the public officials who were making those decisions every day.

"We have real trouble getting anyone of stature to run for office around here," he said. "We vote pretty much straight Democratic, and often there isn't even a Republican candidate on the ballot. The candidates we do get are for the most part second-rate lawyers—the ones who need the prestige and income—and insurance brokers, and bartenders. Mediocre people. Our state senator, Charlie Thomas, just voted to give a lifetime pension of forty-one thousand dollars a year to a judge in another part of the state. The judge wasn't supposed to be eligible for the pension for another ten years. When we asked him why, Thomas said he did it as part of a deal to get a traffic light—the state controls traffic-light placement—at Hillside Avenue and Admiral Kalbfus Road, here in Newport. So these people, the politicians, are making us pay more than four hundred thousand dollars in taxes for the light, and we've got a state senator who not only went for the deal but is so simple he's proud of it. I don't think that's the way things were supposed to work."

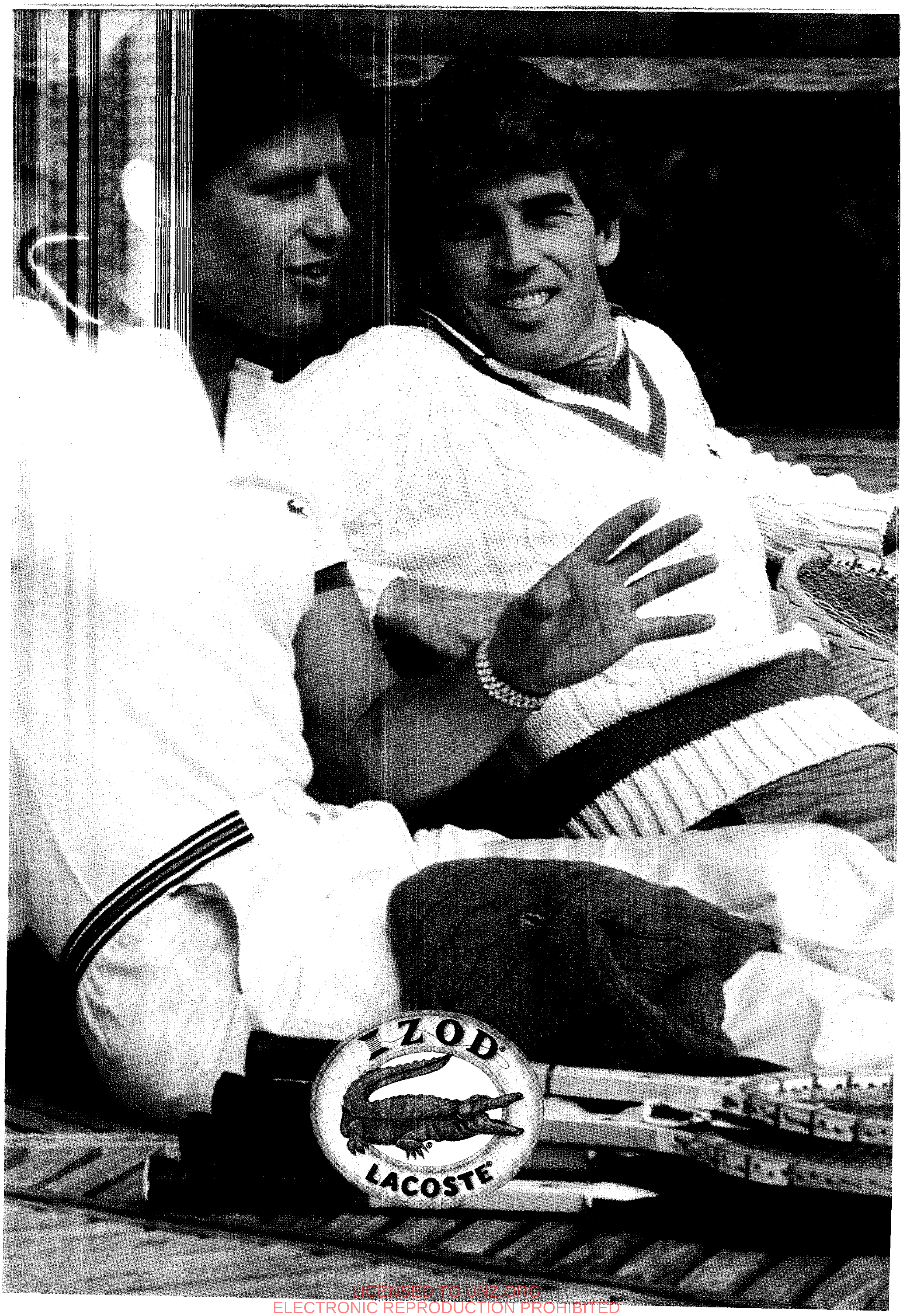
How are they supposed to work and how do they work in Newport, Rhode Island? Did democracy mean that anyone could know anything by turning a dial or walking into a library, or did it mean that you could hardly cross the street in Newport without the permission of government? Did information—the truth—make men free, or were individual thought and freedom of action drowning in tidal waves of facts and ideas? Had two hundred years of dreams and energy—American democracy—come down to trading traffic lights for pensions?

I HAD gone to Newport because Alexis de Tocqueville had been there a hundred and forty-eight years before, on May 9, 1831. That day, after a thirty-seven-day trip across the Atlantic, he began a nine-month journey through the new United States of America. With a companion, Gustave de Beaumont, Tocqueville was on a minor mission for the French gover ment. After returning home, in 18 —he never saw America again— wrote a book, two volumes, titled " la Démocratie en Amérique." " mocracy in America." Five days af landing in Newport from a hundre and-twenty-six-foot American-bu sailing ship, the Havre, which h been forced away from its intenc harbor, New York, by bad weath Tocqueville wrote a letter to mother describing the brief time had spent in the Rhode Island pc "We went to visit the town, wh seemed to us very attractive. It's t we weren't difficult. It's a collection small houses, the size of chicken coo but distinguished by a cleanness tha a pleasure to see and that we have conception of in France. Beyond th the inhabitants differ but little supe cially from the French. They wear same clothes, and their physiognom are so varied that it would be hard say from what races they have deri their features. I think it must be t in all the United States."

Beaumont wrote to his fami "This race is entirely commercial. the small city of Newport, there ar or 5 banks; the same is true in all cities in the Union."

And now there were twenty-fo hour stores in Newport—and same was true in all the cities t Tocqueville had visited—New Y City, Philadelphia, Nashville, N Orleans, and twenty more. He talked at length with the Americ he encountered—with John Qui Adams and Sam Houston, with pol cians and publishers, with judges woodsmen—filling notebooks and pages of letters home with impressi and thoughts about the great you country he saw. A hundred and fi years later, those pages seemed as fr and exciting as ever; I used the no and the letters of Tocqueville Beaumont to re-create their journey went to the same cities to talk with modern counterparts of the Americ Tocqueville had met. Often, I fou myself asking the same questions ab democracy in America. More of than not, the answers were the sar too—or similar. Americans seen to have remained the same, while United States had changed in ev way.

Tocqueville had stayed in Newp only a day, going on then to N York City. From there, he travel south and west through the m thickly inhabited parts of the No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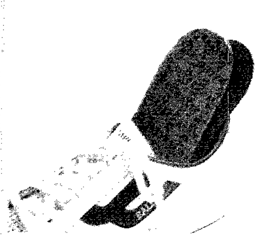

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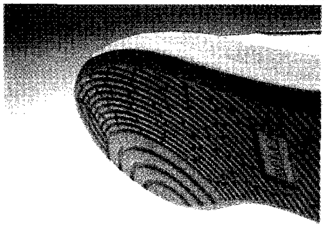

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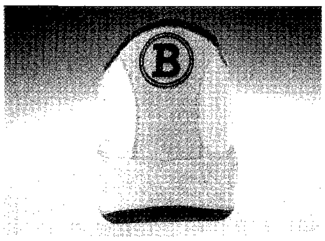

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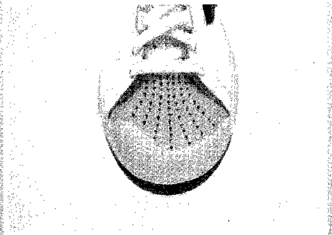

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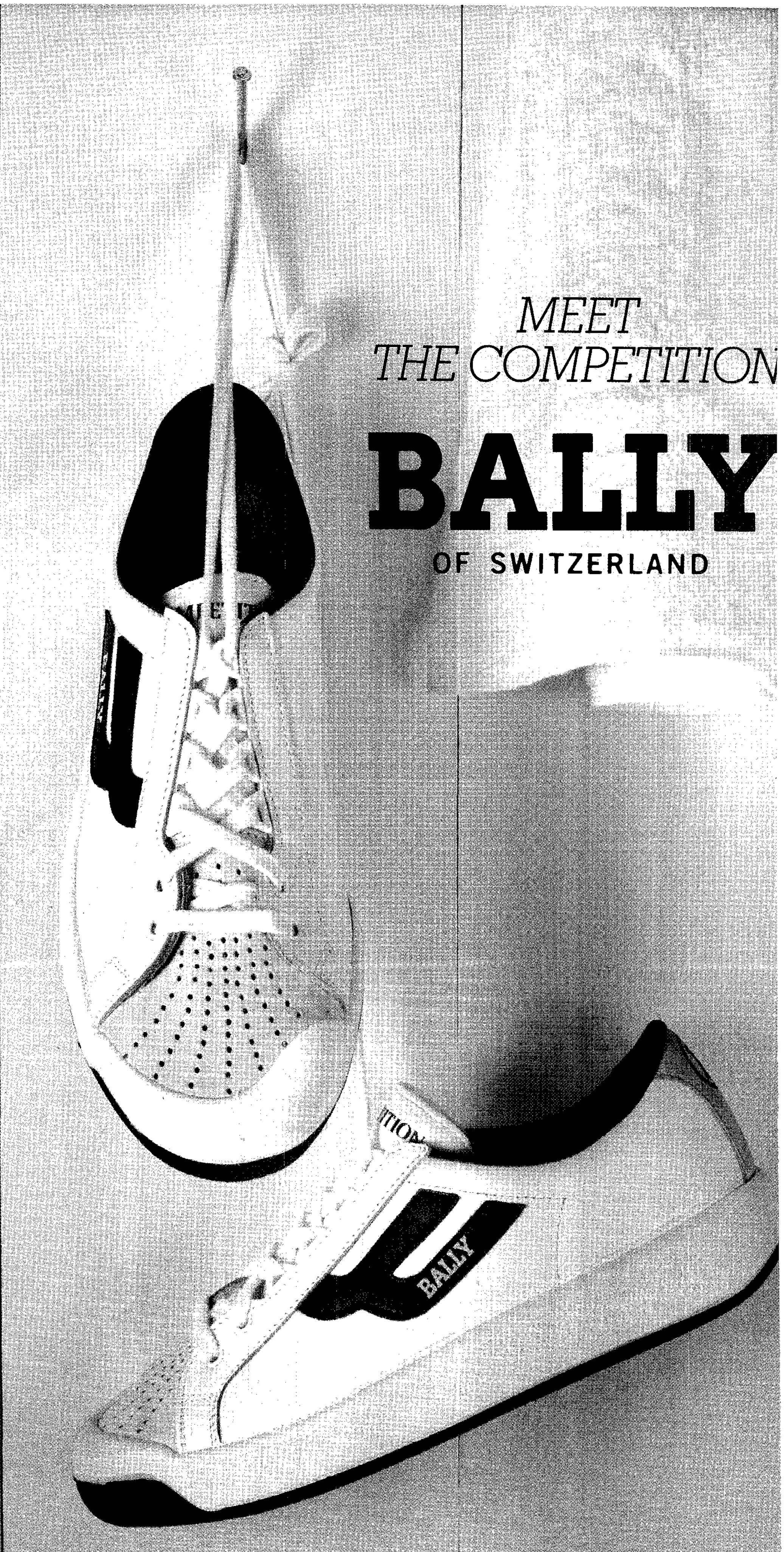

MEET THE COMPETITIO

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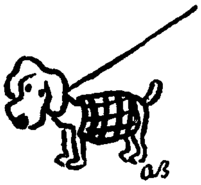
American continent, to the Mississippi River and a bit beyond, to the Gulf of Mexico. He filled fourteen notebooks with the words and thoughts of some wo hundred and fifty men and women as he moved on by boat and coach, on oot and on horseback. His first note was written on board the Havre after a onversation with Peter Schermerhorn, a prominent New York businessman returning home after travels n Europe:

> NATIONAL CHARACTER
> OF THE AMERICANS
>
> Mr. Schermerhorn (who is however much infatuated with his country) told me hat the greatest blot on the national charcter was the avidity to get rich and to do t by any means whatever. There are in he United States a great number of business failures, and these do not sufficiently njure those who are responsible. 24 April 831.

The writer of the note, Alexis Charles Henri Maurice Clérel de Tocqueville, was twenty-five years old at the time. (The translations from the French of the notebook entries and leters quoted here were done by George W. Pierson, a professor of history at Yale, and were first published in his book "Tocqueville and Beaumont in America," published by Oxford University Press in 1938.) Tocqueville was born in 1805, the son of the Comte Hervé de Tocqueville, who had been imprisoned during the French Revolution but had survived to serve royalty again, during the brief Bourbon restoration of Charles X; and he was the great-grandson of Lamoignon de Malesherbes, the great statesman, who had been guillotined after defending Louis XVI before the Convention. Alexis de Tocqueville had been trained as a lawyer, and in 1827 his father, a prefect to the King, arranged his appointment as a magistrate at Versailles. Perhaps he was more ambitious than most, but there seemed to be little to distinguish him from other young men of the *petite noblesse*.

The Bourbons, however, were again falling, and Tocqueville knew hat. Louis XVIII, who had assumed he throne in 1814, after the fall of Napoleon, did not have the talent or he will to establish a permanent constitutional monarchy, and neither did his brother, Charles X, who succeeded him in 1824. In 1830, the King clashed with the Chamber of Deputies, and the barricades went up in Paris; on July 30th of that year, Charles fled o England. Tocqueville, by chance, was standing on a boulevard in Versailles at dawn as the King's carriages left the city for the last time, and the young man wept.

Charles, the last king in the direct Bourbon line, was replaced by a bourgeois king, Louis Philippe. Tocqueville and his friend Beaumont began scheming to find some way of salvaging their political careers under a king and a government they despised and in the turmoil they saw ahead. Already, the two young men had alienated many of their friends and their class by swearing loyalty oaths to Louis Philippe, whose ministers nevertheless demoted both of them to a level that might be described as assistant apprentice magistrate.



Only a month after the fall of Charles, Tocqueville wrote to a friend, "I have long had the greatest desire to visit North America: I shall go see there what a great republic is like; my only fear is lest, during that time, they establish one in France." More than two months later, in another letter, he was arguing that becoming an expert on America just might be the making of him. Referring to himself this time in the second person, he wrote, "You know just exactly what a vast republic is like, why it is practicable here, impracticable there! All the points of public administration have been examined successively. On returning to France, you certainly know yourself possessor of a talent that you did not have on leaving. If the moment is favorable, some sort of publication may let the public know of your existence and fix on you the attention of the parties. If that doesn't happen, well and good! Your voyage at least has not injured you."

The idea that won Tocqueville and Beaumont's escape—in the form of eighteen-month leaves as magistrates —was their proposal for an official study of American prisons and the reforms being tested in penal institutions on the other side of the Atlantic. It wasn't a bad idea—French prisons were still medieval, with men, women, and children, murderers, thieves, and debtors thrown together in foul dungeons and courtyards—but it wasn't such a good idea that the government would finance it; the families of the two young aristocrats won appointments for them as prison commissioners and agreed to pay all the bills. Early on the morning of April 3, 1831, with a hundred and sixty-one other passengers, Tocqueville and Beaumont set sail from the port of Le Havre bound for New York—for the United States of America.

There were twenty-four states then, and almost thirteen million Americans. They were moving in a new field of extraordinary energy, not all of it controlled. It was an exciting time, the time of a triple frontier—of geography, of industry, of democracy itself. Americans were settling in and also moving on from new places—building homes, towns, roads, and canals west of the Appalachians, in the valley of the Mississippi River, around the Great Lakes. Andrew Jackson, a Westerner—a man who was not from the original thirteen colonies—was President; mass democracy was beginning to triumph. And the talk was always of "improvement" and of "reform"—what to do about slavery, about education, about God and the churches, about the rich, about women, about alcohol, about prisons.

That was what Alexis de Tocqueville came to see—all of it. He began "Democracy in America" by writing (according to the 1966 translation by George Lawrence) as if he had come from the sky:

> North America has striking geographical features which can be appreciated at first glance.
>
> Land and water, mountains and valleys, seem to have been separated with systematic method, and the simple majesty of this design stands out amid the confusion and immense variety of the scene. . . .
>
> It was there that civilized man was destined to build society on new foundations, and for the first time applying theories till then unknown or deemed unworkable, to present the world with a spectacle for which past history had not prepared it.

That scope, those words were far in the future when Tocqueville and Beaumont finally reached New York City, on May 11, 1831, after an eighteen-hour voyage from Newport on the steamboat President. There they were, two young foreigners—Beaumont was three years older—speaking not quite enough English, with a letter saying they represented the government of France. The President docked at the foot of Cortlandt Street in Manhattan, and the two of them walked to a boarding house on Broadway and went to bed. The next day, to their amazement, the New York *Mercantile Advertiser* reported:

> We understand that two magistrates, Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tonqueville, have arrived here in the ship *Havre*, sent here by order of the Minister of the Interior, to examine the various prisons in our

> country, and make a report on their return to France. To other countries, especially in Europe, a commission has also been sent, as the French Government have it in contemplation to improve their Penitentiary system, and take this means of obtaining all proper information. In our country, we have no doubt that every facility will be extended to the gentlemen who have arrived.

The same item, word for word, began to appear in newspapers across the country. The Americans were flattered. French commissioners had come across the sea to learn from Americans. Within three days, Beaumont was writing to his mother, "Every one here overwhelms us with courtesy and services. . . . We have a thousand letters of introduction we could do without entirely, to such an extent are our wishes anticipated."

In fact, when the Frenchmen had been in New York barely twenty-four hours they were presented to the state's chief executive, Governor Enos T. Throop. It was a brief meeting, but Tocqueville, not for the last time, was struck by the informality of the Americans, by the small rituals of equality. Afterward, he wrote his first diary note since actually arriving in the United States:

> AMERICAN USAGES
>
> The greatest equality seems to reign, even among those who occupy very different positions in society.
>
> The authorities seem extraordinarily approachable.
>
> The thirteenth of May *Mr. Morse*, judge at Cherry Valley, presented us to the governor of New York, who was staying at a *boarding house* and who received us in the parlor without any ceremony whatever. Mr. Morse assured us that anyone could at any time do as we had done.

A FEW weeks later, Tocqueville and Beaumont took advantage of the great American equality to approach the Governor of New York again. They found Throop "a man of very simple manners" who was "living on a small country place a league from Auburn."

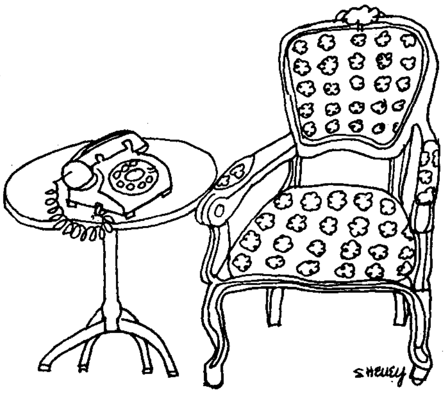
Beaumont wrote in a letter home, "He took us for a walk in his woods. While admiring the beauty of the trees, we caught sight of a squirrel. At that, the governor began to run as fast as his legs would carry him to get his gun at the house. He soon came back, all out of breath, with his murderous weapon. The small animal had had the patience to wait for him, but the big man had the clumsiness to miss him four times in succession.

"This governor is a fine fellow, but undistinguished." So undistinguished that neither of the Frenchmen ever recorded a single thought or word of Enos T. Throop. But he did unwittingly confirm one question and answer that Tocqueville had entered in his first notebook after an interview on June 7, 1831, in Yonkers, with one of the patriarchs of one of New York's first families, the Livingstons:

> I. What kind of men generally fill public office?
>
> He. Ordinarily the offices are held by men whose capacity and character place them in the second rank. Public positions yield neither enough money nor enough consideration nor enough power to attract the energies of distinguished men. It was not so at the beginning of the Republic. Today we no longer see great statesmen. One's energy and means are employed in other careers.

That complaint seems to go with democracy—particularly when rich and richly educated men like Livingston assess the choices of the people. And Tocqueville, rich and educated, later wrote, "In the United States it is men of moderate pretensions who engage in the twists and turns of politics. Men of parts and vaulting ambition generally avoid power to pursue wealth; the frequent result is that men undertake to direct the fortunes of the state only when they doubt their capacity to manage their private affairs."

The current choice of the people as Throop's successor, Hugh Carey, did indeed go into politics after an older brother assumed control over the family business. But Carey, sitting in his office in Albany, did not necessarily disagree with Tocqueville. "It is true, I guess," he said. "I don't find the same level of people in government that I find in other fields. Young lawyers, young doctors, young financiers, young planners, young engineers and environmentalists: they all seem—they all *are*—more impressive than the people I see in politics and government now." Emphasizing the word "young," the governor, who was then sixty-two years old, presented the idea as a new one, a problem—if that is th right word—that had somehow developed after his generation had succeeded in public life by its "own exertions."



There is in fact not much reall new under the sun in American politics. "By his own exertions" is phrase that Tocqueville used in hi notebook five months after he had bee in Auburn and met the Governor o New York for the second time. Th Frenchman was still pondering th quality of American politicians on December 27, 1831, on a steamboa churning down the Mississippi River when he met a former governor o Tennessee, another man he foun unimpressive:

> This man was once Governor of Tennessee. Since, he abandoned his wife, afte making her suffer, so they say, very i treatment. He took refuge with the Indians, married among them, and has becom one of their chiefs. I asked what coul have recommended him to the choice c the people. His having come from the people, they told me, and risen "by his ow exertions."

"Mr. Houston" was the identification in the notebook. The first name unrecorded, was Sam. Sam Houston whose popular nicknames include Squaw Man and Big Drunk, was leaving Arkansas and his home among th Cherokee Indians on the journey tha would lead him to military glory i Texas, the Presidency of the Republi of Texas, and, when his country became a state, a seat in the Unite States Senate.

> Again to-day they assured me that in th new western States the people generall made very poor selections. Full of prid and ignorance, the electors want to be represented by people of their own kin Moreover, to win their votes one has t descend to manoeuvres that disgust distinguished men. You have to haunt the taverns and dispute with the populace: that what they call ELECTIONEERING i America.

It's a free country. American politicians are self-selected; thus, America leaders are self-selected. A century an a half after Tocqueville expressed disgust over the maneuvers of democracy Governor Carey was saying, "It's no surprising that good people wouldn want to run. I can't imagine why anyone does it. . . . There's less incom and less fulfillment than in other careers, and now you have to work wit people who don't have any commitment to anything. There's no privac left at all. The media have becom more exotic as they've developed th capacity to track and trace every are

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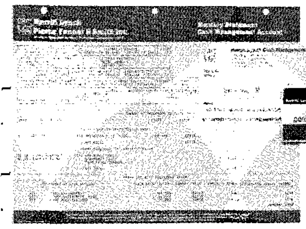

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your life and your family. They
estroy you for no reason.”

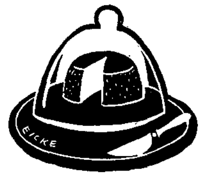
When we talked, the Governor was
oing ahead with plans to run for a
ird term—plans that later changed.
e announced, early in 1982, that he
ould not seek reëlection. Before be-
ng elected to state office, he had been
member of Congress for fourteen
ears. He had run for office ten times in
venty-two years. Carey, in effect, ran
r office for a living. The people of
ew York had hardly called him to
ity. No important group, publicly es-
blished or secretly conspiring, had
lected him as its candidate. He want-
l the job and the title—first congress-
an, then governor—and it was pos-
ble to get them by his own exertions.

The democracy that Tocqueville
w was, politically, a seedling, practi-
lly the acorn of the oak that had
aded Carey's life. “In the United
ates,” Tocqueville reported, “except
r slaves, servants, and paupers fed by
e township, no one is without a vote
d, hence, an indirect share in law-
aking.” That seemed quite remark-
le to him, but since then the right to
te had been extended and expanded
ain and again—to white male ser-
ants and paupers, to all black males,
all women, to all Americans eigh-
en years old and older except con-
icted criminals. These extensions of
e franchise made it impossible to
ectioneer just by haunting the tav-
rns. For better or worse, what
ocqueville called a “mob” became a
ass, as technologies were developed
hich enabled Carey or anyone else to
each each potential voter individual-
, although not personally. There
as instant, pervasive, and persuasive
mmunication throughout the nation
-the environment of radio and re-
rding, of television and transmis-
on. The expansion of the franchise
d of communication created a system
at fulfilled, or perhaps even created,
fundamental promise of American
emocracy: the freedom and opportu-
ity of any citizen to become part of
e governing élite. If any evidence of
at freedom and opportunity was
eeded, it was provided in 1976, when
former governor of Georgia with
o established or organizational sup-
ort and almost no reputation or
ecognition beyond his own circle of
iends and employees was able to win
e Presidency of the United States
rough the amplification of his voice
rticulating a few widely held princi-
les and frustrations.

What the system, the processes of a democracy even more democratic than any that Tocqueville could imagine, could not necessarily produce, however, was talent. There was no guarantee of the emergence of public men and women worthy of the admiration of brilliant French visitors—or, as often as not, of the respect of resident voters. “I despair at the students I see who plan to go into politics,” said Stanley Hoffmann, a professor of government at Harvard, during a dinner at the school's faculty club. Other teachers nodded in agreement. “They are unbelievably mediocre people. It's very sad.”

“I know something about Tocqueville,” said Stanley Fink, the Speaker of the New York State Assembly. “One thing I remember, anyway. He's the guy who said American politicians were men of the second rank. Well, I know it's improved dramatically here in the last ten years. You used to have people here who were just feathering their own nests. State government used to be just regulators, arbitrators. But now programs are really initiated by us and really run by us. We're suffering an image problem because of what past generations of politicians did. Now you have better people. I think so, anyway. Maybe I'm just . . .” He completed the thought with a crude phrase.

M. de Tocqueville would probably be appalled but not surprised by Stanley Fink, the son of a Brooklyn haberdashery salesman who never made more than a hundred and fifty dollars in any week of his life. This was the leader of one house of the Legislature of the second-most-populous state of the United States. “I was elected by my colleagues to be their leader, because they thought I was the best,” he said. “That's where my loyalty is—to them, not to the Governor, not to the leaders of my party, not to ‘the people.’ ‘The people’ didn't elect me leader.”



When Speaker Fink was inaugurated into his lofty position, on January 3, 1979, he pledged, “Judgment, integrity, dedication, and courage. These are the four points of the compass which I shall use to keep me on course in the years ahead, and which, my colleagues, with your help, your participation, your energy, your intellect, your friendship, shall guide this Assembly in doing the people's business.

“In conclusion . . . this body, in the days and years ahead, shall be able to boast that it was alive, that it partook of the passions of its times without fear, without favor, with courage and wisdom in the endless effort to advance the interest of all of the people of this great state.”

“National prosperity is the prosperity of every individual,” Enos Throop had said as he addressed the State Legislature almost a hundred and fifty years before. “Not a cent is contributed by way of tax, not a dollar is expended from the public coffers, which is not assented to by the people, and employed to enlarge their means of enjoyment . . .

“Permit me, in conclusion, to assure you of my readiness to coöperate with you in all such measures as tend to strengthen our political institutions, to promote the honor and prosperity of the country, and to add to the happiness of our fellow citizens.”

The sounds of democracy! It is not for nothing that for as long as anyone can remember the great Assembly chamber in Albany has been called the Cave of the Winds. Tocqueville and Beaumont heard a lot of those sounds—once accompanied by cannon fire. They were in Albany on July 4, 1831. The Fourth of July! The fifty-fifth birthday of the Declaration of Independence.

That morning, cannons and church bells rudely woke the young Frenchmen in their room, at the Eagle Tavern. Just before nine o'clock, two state officials were at their door, inviting them to join a great parade. The visitors—an ornament in the capital of twenty-four thousand people—marched near the head of the parade, close behind the local militia. “All fine corps,” the local newspaper, the *Argus*, reported, “well disciplined and equipped, and exhibiting on this occasion their usual soldier-like appearance.”

“It's the national guard of the country,” Tocqueville wrote in a letter home, “but of a country where the military spirit is absolutely unknown. You may judge what kind of *pigeons* these honest citizens made; their martial appearance was really comic to see.”

Of a public reading of the Declaration at a Methodist church near the center of town, Tocqueville wrote, “That was really a fine spectacle. A profound silence reigned in the meeting. When in its eloquent plea Congress reviewed the injustices and the tyranny of England we heard a murmur of indignation and anger circulate about us in the auditorium. When it appealed to the justice of its cause and expressed the generous resolution to succumb or free America, it seemed that an electric current made the hearts vibrate."

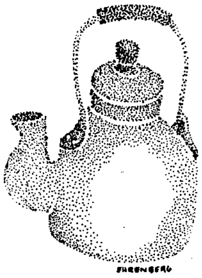
Tocqueville found ceremony but could not find government. "We wished to stay several days at Albany because that city is the capital of the state of New-York," he wrote to his friend Ernest de Chabrol. "The administration is installed and the legislature holds its sessions there. We wanted to gather there some precious information on whatever central government there might be in this country. All the bureaus as all the registers were opened to us, but, as for the *Government*, we are still seeking it. It really does not exist at all."

On July 4, 1979, there was no ceremony to be found. But the government existed. There was no parade in Albany that day; even the flagpoles in front of the Capitol were bare. The same was true of the streets where Tocqueville and the workmen of Albany had marched. Many of the attached brick houses that had lined Ferry and South Pearl Streets then were still standing, but they were empty, boarded up behind red-white-and-blue signs that read:

> Project of Albany Urban Renewal Agency
> with Additional Funding from
> United States Department of Housing
> and Urban Development

Ferry Street, which once went to the Hudson River, was blocked by part of the National Interstate Highway System, Route 787. It had only a couple of inhabited, working buildings—the Albany County Department of Health and REAP, a government-financed Rehabilitation and Energy Action Project. A few people, most of them black, sat on the steps of the houses along South Pearl. A small corner store was open, and four men sat in front of it playing cards. Down the street, a white man wearing a yellow sports shirt and faded brown pants was sitting on a step—a policeman, part of a federal program to test the reaction of poor residents to the removal of symbols of authority (uniforms and badges) from their neighborhoods.

South Market Street begins now as a ramp off Route 787 and becomes a tunnel under the Albany mall, the gleaming marble cluster of office towers, plazas, and fountains dominating the skyline of the city, which now has a population of just over a hundred thousand. The mall buildings are the headquarters of the state government; they are quite visible—for miles, and from every direction. More than nineteen thousand state employees work in the towers. More than a million two hundred thousand of the seventeen and a half million residents of New York State work for government—166,200 are federal employees, 230,000 are state employees, and 863,000 are employees of local government.



The church where the parade ended in 1831 and where Tocqueville was moved by the reading of America's declaration to the world was demolished some fifty years later to make room for commercial development. Then, as the suburbs of Albany began growing, many of the stores and shops relocated from the area around Pearl Street and State Street to new shopping centers on what had been farms. So on the July 4th two hundred and three years after the Declaration was written the center of Albany was deserted. The only sign of the holiday was a red-white-and-blue banner tacked over the State Street offices of the Chase Manhattan Bank, one of the many state banks that maintained offices on the street leading up to the Capitol and the mall. The banks and the government are close.

"Banking and insurance," Stanley Fink answered when I asked what essential functions of the society were controlled by state government.

"All the details of social life," Tocqueville had written of the involvement of the states in describing to French readers the American federalism he had studied. "In a word," he wrote, "there are twenty-four little sovereign nations who together form the United States." And, later, "Therefore the attributes of the federal government were carefully defined, and it was declared that everything not contained within that definition returned to the jurisdiction of state governments. . . . The rights and duties of the governments of the states were many and complicated, for such a government was involved in all the details of social life. Hence state authority remained the rule and the federal government the exception."

"There had to be centralization authority when there were foreign domestic threats to the peace," sa Governor Carey, discussing the shi of effective authority from the states the federal government in his lifetim "Emergency powers became perm nent shifts in power to Washingto It was inevitable. . . . The states h no resources, no funding sources, meet greater demands on governmen Taxes on real property couldn't it." That certainly seemed a fair sun mary of one of the things that had ha pened between those two July 4th threats of war and economic calami had forced a choice of centralized au thority and unified action in preferen to dissolution of a union that had bee an unrealistic compromise from tl start. The centralization was facil tated by the federal assumption of tl most useful taxing power—incon taxes, which were first levied in 18 to finance a military effort to preser the union—but unified action and sta sovereignty had been mutually excl sive from the beginning.

Tocqueville, although he did n see all the consequences of the contr dictions in the American federal forr did spot one of the reasons that tl central government was destined prevail and that the United States America would always be somethir different from what it said it was. "] America the Union's subjects are n states but private citizens," he wrot "When it wants to levy a tax, it do not turn to the government of Mass chusetts, but to each inhabitant Massachusetts. . . . It does not borro its power, but draws it from within. has its own administrators, courts, o ficers of justice, and army."

Before 1787—before the Constitu tion of the United States was writte —federal governments (Switzerlar and Germany were examples) ha been leagues or true confederations, which the central government dea with regional governments. In tl new United States, the central autho ity could deal directly with citizen and had the means to execute, with without state coöperation, the lav that it made. That was the key much of American history, and th was one of the things Tocqueville di cussed in his book. "Here the centr power acts without intermediary the governed, administering and jud ing them itself, as do national gover ments, but it only acts thus within restricted circle," he wrote. "Clear here we have not a federal governme

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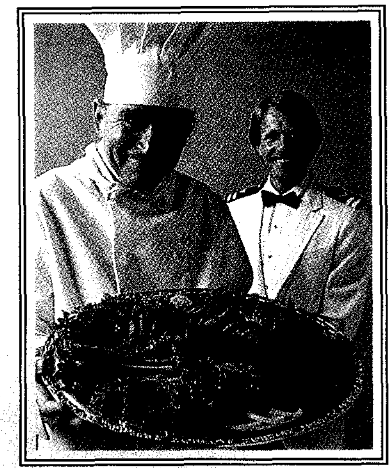

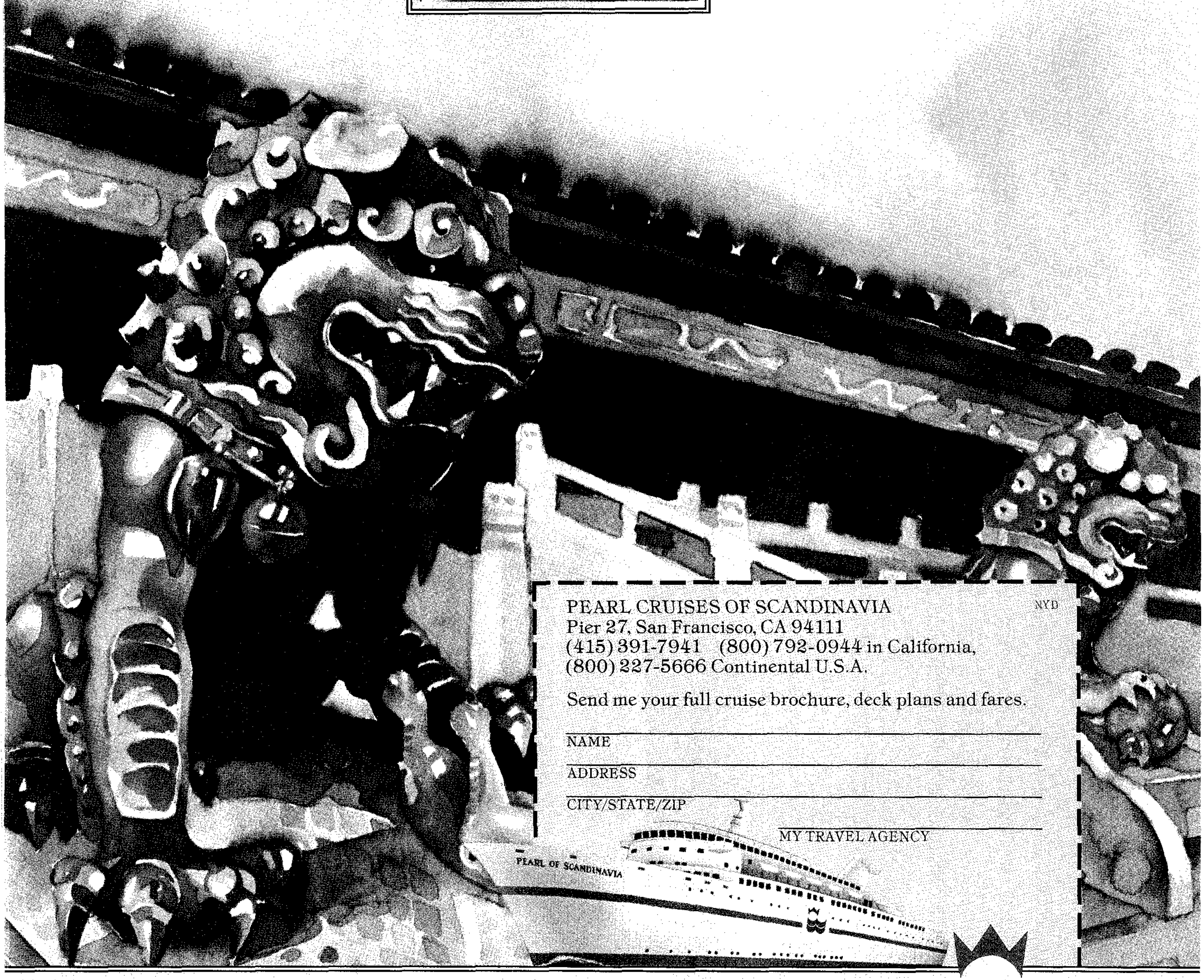

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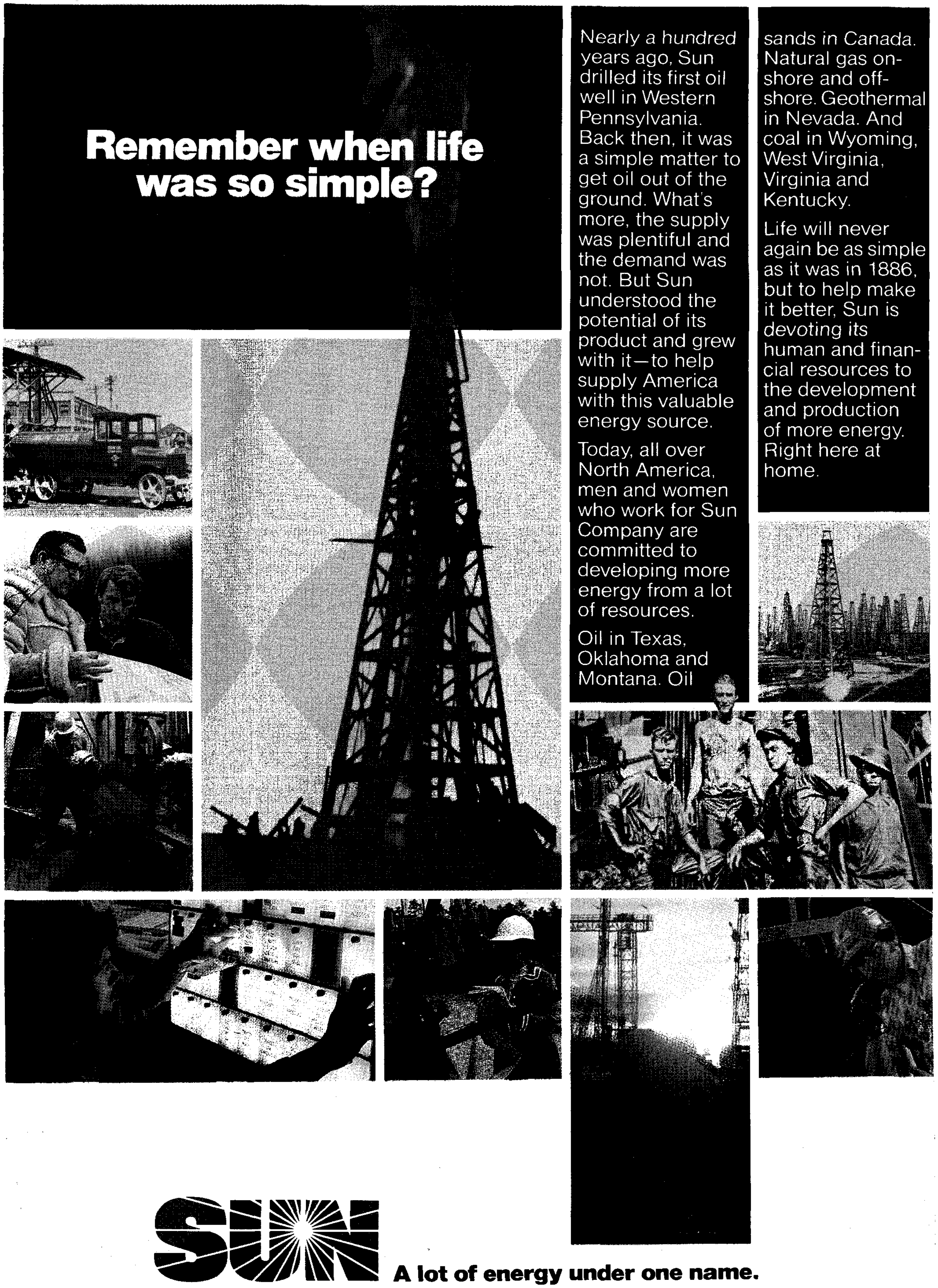

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ut an incomplete national governient. Hence a form of government as been found which is neither preisely national nor federal; but things ave halted there, and the new word › express this new thing does not yet xist.”

The word still has not come into eing. “American” will have to do. Vhat happened—and continued to appen, even as the United States peretually debated new federalism or ates’ rights—was that power and auiority gravitated toward the center as ie need for and individuals’ demands n government grew along with the ze and complexity of the nation and s commercial, social, and foreign inraction. The “restricted circle” of ie national government became less estricted.

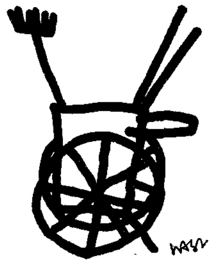
AS Beaumont and Tocqueville moved west, Beaumont wrote to is mother, “Canandagua is on the oad from Auburn to Buffalo.” He iisspelled the name of the town, 'hich is also the name of one of New 'ork’s Finger Lakes. It is Canandaiua, the white man’s version of “Kaandarque”—“chosen spot,” in the inguage of the first settlers, Seneca ndians. In 1779, Kanandarque was village of about twenty-three welluilt log cabins surrounded by the rchards and farms of the Senecas. 'hat fall, under orders from his comiander, George Washington, to disand the Indians, General John Sullian of the Continental Army marched is troops into the village and burned to the ground, so that the Indians ould not shelter British troops. In 794, Colonel Timothy Pickering, lso acting for George Washington, 'ho had become President, negotiated treaty with sixteen hundred Indians, iving them a reservation near Buffalo ı exchange for the land on the lake. Vhite settlers moved in and built a ourthouse that year.

When Tocqueville arrived, Cananaigua was a thriving town of five iousand people—one of the econom beneficiaries of the opening of the rie Canal, in 1825. The young 'renchmen were following the great 'ater trail that opened the Western 'ontier, making cities of Rochester, yracuse, Buffalo, Detroit, and Chiago, and channelling the commerce f the new nation through New York 'ity. Canandaigua was the seat of)ntario County, which, the year after ie canal opened, had established a oorhouse, according to a report in the *Ontario Repository*, published in Canandaigua on September 27, 1826:

> In obedience to a law of this state, the Supervisors of this county, at their last annual meeting, made provisions for a County Poor House establishment.
>
> A farm has been purchased, of very good land, containing upwards of 100 acres, and cost—$1,868.84.

There were ten thousand people in Canandaigua when I arrived, in 1979, and that population had hardly changed in a decade. My notes said, “Pretty town—*old* people.” I wrote that as I was walking along Main Street, past side streets of old houses leading down to Lake Canandaigua. Most of the town was pretty, anyway—all except a strip of bars and hamburger joints and little amusement parks along the lake. The center of town was dominated by a gray castle, which was built in 1855 as an asylum and later became the Grove Home for Senior Citizens. Its residents and the residents of dozens of less picturesque compounds for the elderly, most of the newer ones built and supported by government, moved slowly through the streets. A few days before, at Cornell University, in Ithaca, I had asked three young men who they thought should care for their grandparents and parents. They had answered with the same words I had heard in other parts of the country: “The government.”

“The government” served Canandaigua in many ways. George Ewing, who is the publisher of the local paper, the *Daily Messenger*, took me through his town, a place that had no particular economic purpose anymore, showing me a new hundred-and-eighteen-unit senior citizens’ complex, paid for by the State of New York; Baker Park, fifty per cent paid for by the federal government; a new sewage-treatment plant, to protect the clear waters of Lake Canandaigua, seventy-five per cent paid for by the federal government; a Veterans Administration hospital, run by the federal government and employing thirteen hundred local residents.



Ewing said that revenue sharing, a federal program that returns federal taxes to localities in block grants, “is what keeps local taxes down around here.”

Would the people of the town spend the money directly if higher levels of government weren’t collecting the taxes and then returning them as part of the financing of municipal projects?

“No,” Ewing answered. “I don’t suppose they would. I don’t think we’d build a sewer plant. No. I kind of suspect people here would rather keep their taxes down.”

“Americans have not come to grips with many things,” the former President, Richard Nixon, told me in New York City a few months later when I mentioned my conversation with Ewing. He was, it seemed to me, the modern counterpart of the former President Tocqueville had met, John Quincy Adams. “There is an acceptance that government should do these things, but there is a withholding of enthusiasm.”

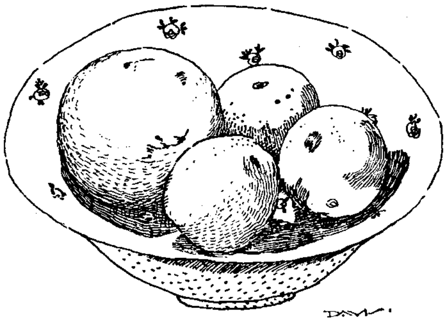
Whatever was being done—cleaning up lakes or taking care of the old—Americans did seem inclined to separate themselves from any appearance of dependence on government. That thought was reinforced by the day’s *Daily Messenger*. The local member of Congress—Representative Gary Lee, a Republican from Ithaca—had issued a statement proudly announcing that he had voted for a reduction of two and a half billion dollars in the increased federal budget proposed by President Carter. He was demanding that the President and government “pull the belt tighter.” The *Messenger* duly reported Lee’s public outrage, and noted that the amendment he supported would leave the budget at five hundred and twenty-nine billion eight hundred million dollars. Lee was in a grand tradition. Tocqueville, writing on the politics of his day, noted that critics of the federal government were viewed with favor—as they usually are—and “it was by promising to weaken it that one won the right to control it.” “The secret of American leadership is convincing Americans that what you want to do is in their self-interest,” Nixon said.

“The principle of self-interest properly understood,” Tocqueville said. “Every American has the sense to sacrifice some of his private interests to save the rest. We [the French] want to keep, and often lose, the lot.” It was a principle easier to see than to defend, and over two hundred years it explained a lot—particularly the spectacular expansion of what was becoming, for all practical purposes, a complete national government. The people of Canandaigua perhaps knew themselves well enough to understand the necessity for a system that did for them, or forced them to do for themselves, things that they might not do willingly on their own. "I kind of suspect people here would rather keep their taxes down." Who wouldn't? But who, having the political power to prevent it, would violate self-interest by trusting his or her old age to the three students I had talked with at Cornell? And when, along with their peers, would those three educated young men, filled with self-love, recognize that one day they would be not the children but the parents? Who would take care of them? If they have the power, they will take care of themselves—they'll do it by associating with others who share their self-interest. The sad warrens of the aged in Canandaigua seemed to be the beginning of a new kind of nation, with new needs and priorities, dictated by an aging population. Americans have been generous with their public and private money in seeking a cure for one of the nation's greatest killers, cancer—a mortal disease that survives after so many others have been eliminated—because it is in very few citizens' self-interest to die. But if the cure is found the nation will inevitably be aged and changed even more: a new nation will continue evolving as life expectancies increase with advances in medicine, as fewer children are born, because of innovations in birth control, and as immigration is restricted, because there is less need for unskilled labor.

While I was travelling, a commission appointed by President Carter issued a short report titled "A National Agenda for the Eighties." In a section called "Dependency: Children and the Elderly," *the commission projected* that Americans above the age of sixty-five would constitute half the dependent population of the country by the year 2000. Where will they live? They will be the people living in the new poorhouses of Canandaigua. "In the past, the family has assumed primary responsibility for caring for all dependents, young and old," said the commission's report. "But over the past two decades the American family has undergone a dramatic transformation. The most significant change affecting children and the elderly has been the increasing disappearance of their traditional caretakers. Women have entered the labor force in large numbers, reducing the time they can spend with children and old people. . . . The numbers of the young and the old will grow, and families—a rapidly increasing number of which *contain working women*—will be obligated to seek newer and more flexible means of maintaining care. In this search, private and public institutions must act as vital, sympathetic, and helpful allies."

In fewer words: The commission did not know what to do. But the vague principle of self-interest properly understood seems to explain what has happened in America and to offer a pretty good idea of what will happen next. "Blind sacrifice and instinctive virtues," Tocqueville wrote in the eighteen-thirties, were part of an "age . . . long past." That was not necessarily because Americans were terrible people—then or now. Often, new virtues replaced old. "It seemed like a good idea to raise our children to be independent," said Ellen Goodman, the Boston newspaper columnist. "But there were enormous implications to that independence. . . . We are a nation of leavers. We left to go West. Now we can't go West anymore, so we leave each other. I wonder how much things have really changed. Our ancestors left the old country or they moved West from New England—they left relationships for opportunity. Now people do the same thing personally, psychologically. They leave each other for real or imagined opportunity. Americans are living alone—it's the centrifugal force at the end of individualism."

Old people, parents and grandparents, restricted leaving: they were the enemies of independence. The teachers of the old values stood in the way of independence—geographical, financial, and social. Independence and *self-interest for each new generation* meant freedom—an unhampered ability to relocate, quit jobs, quit marriages and families, and move on. The individual was replacing the family as the basic unit of the society. National statistics shifted significantly: the average number of people in an American household in 1930 was 4.1; 1950 it was 3.4; in 1980, 2.8.



By 1980, in fact, twenty-three p cent *of America's households* we one-person homes, according to t Census Bureau. Most of those pe ple living alone were old; most them were women. They were wande ing around Canandaigua, no long mothers or grandmothers. The fede government not only took and distri uted more and more money to care those people but also gave them a s identity, new names—"senior ci zens," or just "seniors." They we individuals now, sharing self-intere And that self-interest was inevital leading to association around a pol ical agenda—not to do somethi themselves but to take a larger share the money collected by the gover ment. The political weight of th numbers would inevitably make t government their vital, sympathet and helpful ally. As more and mc Americans grew old in relatively go health—and older and older as me cal technology advanced—Ameri would inevitably become something had never before been: old.

AS Tocqueville travelled southw by steamboat from Pittsburgh Cincinnati, he wrote in his notebo "There is one thing that Ameri demonstrates invincibly of which was hitherto doubtful. This is that t middle classes are capable of go erning a state. I don't know if th would come off honorably from rea difficult political situations, but th are adequate for the ordinary cond of society, despite their petty passio their incomplete education, their vu gar manners. Clearly they can supp practical intelligence, and that is suf cient."

Then the surprised young aristoc underlined a title and wrote a sh essay to himself "Concerning Equal in America":

> It's not a question at this moment equality before the law, that kind is co plete in America. . . . In France, whate people say, the prejudice of birth still ex cises a very great power. Birth still for an almost insurmountable barrier betwe individuals. In France the professions st to a certain degree classify those that f low them. These prejudices are of all t most inimical to equality, because th create distinctions that are permanent a almost ineffaceable, even with the aid fortune and time. Those prejudices do exist in America. Birth is a distinction, b it doesn't classify those who have it, creates neither right nor incapacity, obligations toward the world or towa oneself. Classification by professions

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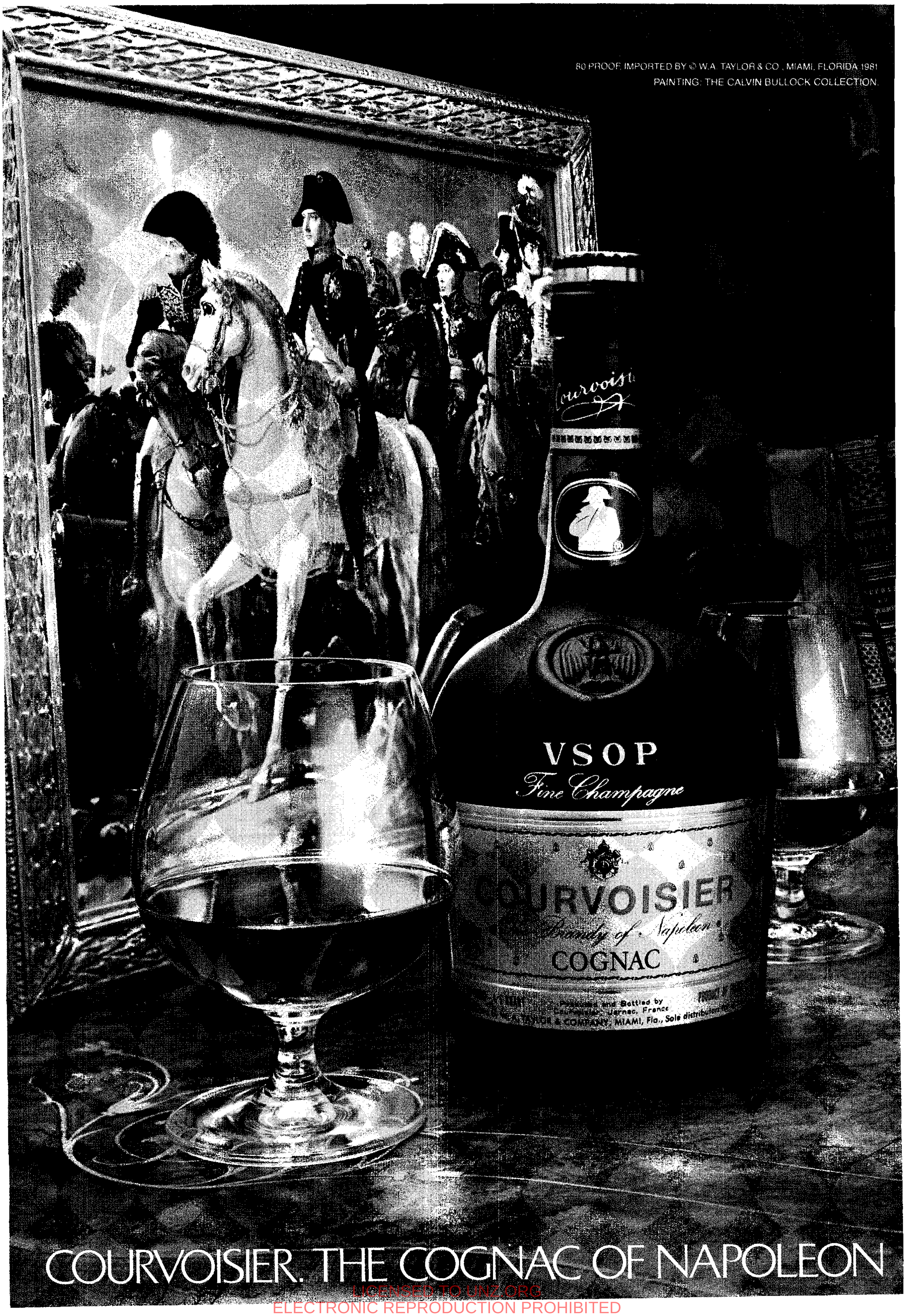
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ewise almost unknown. It does indeed
ablish some practical difference be-
een the position of individuals, and in
a difference of fortune is even more
ctive, but it creates no fundamental
quality, for it does not in any way
vent the intermarriage of families
at's the great touchstone).

When one wishes to estimate the equal-
between different classes, one must al-
ys come to the question of how mar-
ges are made. That's the bottom of the
tter. An equality resulting from neces-
, courtesy or politics may exist on the
face and deceive the eye. But when one
hes to practise this equality in the in-
marriage of families, then one puts one's
ger on the sore.

n sum then, men in America as with us,
arranged according to certain catego-
in the course of social life; common
its, education, and above all wealth
ablish these classifications. But these
es are neither absolute, nor inflexible,
permanent.

That settled in his mind, he arrived
Cincinnati. A "singular spectacle,"
wrote of the city of twenty-eight
usand that had sprung up in the
lderness along the Ohio River,
d he went on:

A city which seems to want to rise too
ckly for people to have any system or
n about it. Great buildings, thatched
tages, streets encumbered with de-
s, houses under construction, no names
the streets, no numbers on the
ses. . . . All that there is of good or of
in American society is to be found
re in such strong relief, that one would
tempted to call it one of those books
nted in large letters for teaching chil-
n to read; everything there is in violent
trast, exaggerated. . . .

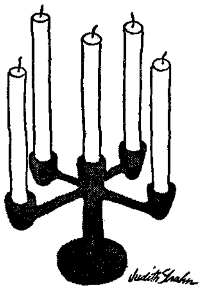
The Europeans, on coming to America,
t behind them, in large part, the tradi-
ns of the past, the institutions and cus-
ns of their fatherland. . . . In the last
ty years, from the midst of that new
iety has gone out another swarm of
igrants marching west, as once their
hers came to the coasts of New England
Maryland. Like them abandoning the
as of their fatherland together with the
l that bore them . . . A people absolutely
thout precedents, without traditions,
thout habits, without dominating ideas
n, opening for itself without hesitation
ew path in civil, political and criminal
islation.

The frontier: new laws, new insti-
tions, a new people? Tocqueville
y have been driven to enthusiastic
aggeration. But a lot was happen-
g, and it was happening very fast.
s it true," he asked a young lawyer
med Timothy Walker, "that a por-
n of the population of Ohio is al-
dy starting to move to the right
nk of the Mississippi?"

"Yes," said Walker, who had ar-
ed from Massachusetts earlier that
ar. "Here's what's happening.
hose who possess lands generally
ep them and remain here. But their sons go to seek their fortune further west, in the states where the lands are as yet uninhabited."

In Cincinnati, the Frenchman talked mainly with lawyers, and he chose his interlocutors remarkably well. Walker, who was twenty-nine years old then, was to go on to found Ohio's first law school. Salmon Portland Chase, just entering practice at the age of twenty-three, was to become Chief Justice of the United States. An older man, John McLean, had just been named an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court.

A hundred and fifty years later, there was another Cincinnati lawyer on the Supreme Court—Potter Stewart, whom I saw as I travelled through Washington. "In my lifetime, the courts have replaced the frontier," said Stewart, who had been appointed to the high court in 1958. "When this country was new, a nonconformist or someone who just wasn't making it could always go west. There was always space. Now there is no more space, and the courts have been called on to protect the rights of these individuals. The courts are trying to provide that space. Originally, the courts were established just to resolve disputes. Now there are more rights and new laws. Poverty law and environmental law were never heard of when I began. Now they are needed to provide the economic opportunity that the frontier was. There was no need for environmental law when there was enough water that you could dump anything into it."



Can the courts do that much?

"No," Stewart said. "They are inadequate. Society expects too much now. There are too many larger questions here—moral, social, political, economic. We have been given power beyond the ken of the courts. The courts became strong because of a default of the other branches of government."

"The power of the courts is becoming awesome, because they have become the only place the public can find decision-making," I was told by J. Vincent Aug, United States Magistrate for the Southern District of Ohio in Cincinnati, when I saw him in the federal courthouse there. "You cannot get relief anymore in the executive and legislative branches. Politicians are avoiding decisions on controversial questions. Judges may not want to make those decisions, but they don't shy away from them—especially federal judges, who have life tenure. So, increasingly, people who feel they're being pushed around turn to the law, or to the press."

What is "the law"?

"Enforced fairness," Aug said.

"It is of the essence of judicial power to be concerned with private interests and gladly to pay attention to trivial subjects submitted to its consideration," Tocqueville wrote in the concluding pages of the second volume of "Democracy in America," which was not published until 1840. "Such a power is therefore peculiarly adapted to the needs of freedom at a time when the ruler's eye and hand are constantly interfering in the tiniest details of human actions. . . . Private rights and interests are, then, always in danger unless the power of the courts grows and extends commensurately with the increase of equality of conditions."

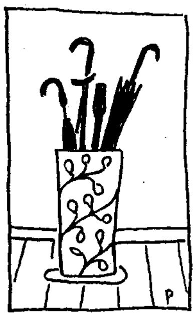
That power was growing and extending in Cincinnati when I arrived, on October 17, 1979. Fairness was being demanded and enforced in the city and around the country that day. Local newspapers were filled with stories of decisive, continuing, or threatened action by courts to order or prevent action by elected officials ranging from county commissioners to the President of the United States. In Cincinnati, which has a declining population now of about four hundred thousand, Common Pleas Judge Harry T. Klusmeier was reported to be ready to appoint a committee of "receivers" to take over the local jail, because elected officials in the city and Hamilton County had not complied with court orders to renovate the building. Those officials, for their part, blamed the voters, who had turned down special tax levies for the renovation. In Washington, Federal District Court Judge Oliver Gasch ruled, in a suit filed by twenty-five senators and representatives, that the President did not have the authority unilaterally to abrogate a defense treaty with another country, Taiwan. In Washington, a member of the President's Cabinet, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Patricia Roberts Harris, announced that she had asked the Justice Department to file a suit forcing the Chicago Board of Education to produce a plan, acceptable to her department, for racial desegregation of its public-school system. In San Francisco, Federal District Court Judge Robert F. Peckham ruled that California boards of education could not use standardized intelligence tests, because such tests had resulted in the classification of disproportionate numbers of black children as "mentally retarded."

"The miracle, mystery, and authority of the courts in basically political situations is growing, because it does not depend on the notion of judges as superhuman," I was told by Professor Laurence Tribe, of Harvard Law School, during my dinner with members of the Harvard faculty. "The authority is rooted in the common and earthy idea that everyone can get in—the conception of 'your day in court.' "

The days in court of all these citizens had begun a process of decision-making that often supplanted representative government. In the three cases where rulings had been handed down, the courts assumed, legally, the power of elected officials. Those decisions could be appealed, of course, but the final judgment would still be made by the courts—higher courts. If that was asking too much of the courts, as Stewart had said, they were still capable of dealing with it, at least in terms of providing some answer—right or wrong, but usable.

When I left Magistrate Aug's office in Cincinnati's Federal Courthouse, I stopped by Room 822, a courtroom. Tocqueville had visited a courtroom in the city in 1831. "I went today to view the Court of Common Pleas," he recorded. "The jury appeared to us to be composed of individuals belonging to the lowest class among the people."

There was no jury in Room 822. Three federal judges—Anthony J. Celebrezze, Bailey Brown, and Cornelia G. Kennedy—sat behind a high bench and in front of burgundy-colored velvet draperies. There were fourteen other people in the big room—four clerks, two attorneys, and eight spectators. The case number was 77-3452: Franklin County Welfare Rights Organization, Anna M. Peppers Individually and on Behalf of All Others Similarly Situated v. Ohio Department of Public Welfare and Other State Agencies. "Defendants appeal from the injunction prohibiting the termination of Aid to Families with Dependent Children benefits and Food Stamps without a due process hearing," the brief read.



Each side was allowed fifteen minutes of argument. The issue: Anna Peppers and others claimed that the state had cut off their welfare benefits without sufficient notice or chance to appeal, and the state countered by saying that established procedures had been followed and Anna Peppers and the others were ineligible for the benefits. The state's attorney also said that there was a backlog of thousands of people appealing welfare cutoffs, and that separate hearings for each one would mean long delays and, in effect, would mean that no one could be declared ineligible. Judge Celebrezze, who was presiding, upheld the decision of a lower court that had issued an injunction preventing cutoffs, and instructed the state's attorney, "You go back and tell the State Legislature that they're under court order and to hire more hearing officers. Say, 'Hey, you're going to have to allocate more money.' That's it."

That was it. The court simply ordered the elected Legislature of the State of Ohio to continue paying benefits and to hire more officers. The three judges in Room 822 had the power of the law, and the ability and willingness to act—and that's where Anna Peppers "and All Others Similarly Situated" had, sensibly, turned for relief.

Two blocks away, in the window of Batsakes Cleaners, on Walnut Street, was a poster showing a blank-faced young man holding a telephone. Under his picture were two words: "Luken Listens." Luken, it turned out, was Charles Luken, a candidate for the Cincinnati City Council. He did not need further identification, because he was the son of a congressman, Thomas Luken, and local voters presumably had a vague idea of who he was from the family name. "The sure sign of the decline of politicians is those slogans that say 'So-and-So Cares' or 'So-and-So Listens,' " Wilson Wyatt, a former mayor of Louisville, told me as I travelled through Kentucky, where Tocqueville had spent several days in December of 1831. "That's an absolutely meaningless phrase unless it means that So-and-So doesn't intend to do anything in office." Many professional So-and-So's in fact don't intend to do anything—at least, anything that might make voters mad. Politicians don't so much try to make friends as try to avoid making enemies. Making decisions can mal enemies. If you just "listen" ar "care," you may go unnoticed foreve you may be reëlected forever. Dec sions are for judges.

But those So-and-So's, a species democratic politicians, have been wi us for a long time. They were Cincinnati in 1831. "We have yield too much to 'Democracy' here," lawyer named Bellamy Storer to Tocqueville. Salmon Chase, the futu Supreme Court chief justice, said, "W have carried 'Democracy' to its la limits." The Frenchman had by th heard variations of that sentence e erywhere in the new republic. "Tl right of voting is universal," Cha went on. "Thence result, especially our towns, some very bad election For instance, the last four membe elected for the county of Cincinna are absolutely unworthy to occupy tl position to which they have been el vated."

"But how did they get themselv chosen?" Tocqueville asked.

"By flattery, something disti guished men will never do, l mingling with the populace, by ba flattery of its passions, by drinkir with it."

"Doesn't this excessive developme of the 'democratic' principle fright you at all?" Tocqueville asked Tim thy Walker.

"Yes," the young lawyer answere "I wouldn't say so in public, but b tween ourselves I admit it. I a frightened by the current that is carr ing us on. The United States, it seer to me, are in a crisis; we are at th moment trying out a 'Democrac without limits; everything is goir that way. But shall we be able endure it? As yet no one can say positively."

"Yet the State enjoys an immen prosperity," Dr. Daniel Drake, a me ical professor who was later to classi the diseases of the Mississippi Valle replied when Tocqueville asked tl same question. "The enterprises a great and favorable to the gener well-being. I have never heard of tl slightest resistance to law."

How could that be?

"If there were but one demagog in charge of our affairs, things wou doubtless go very badly," Dr. Dra answered. "But they control ea other, injure one another. . . . The effects resulting from the elections l the people are not as great as o might believe."

Dr. Drake, it turned out, kne

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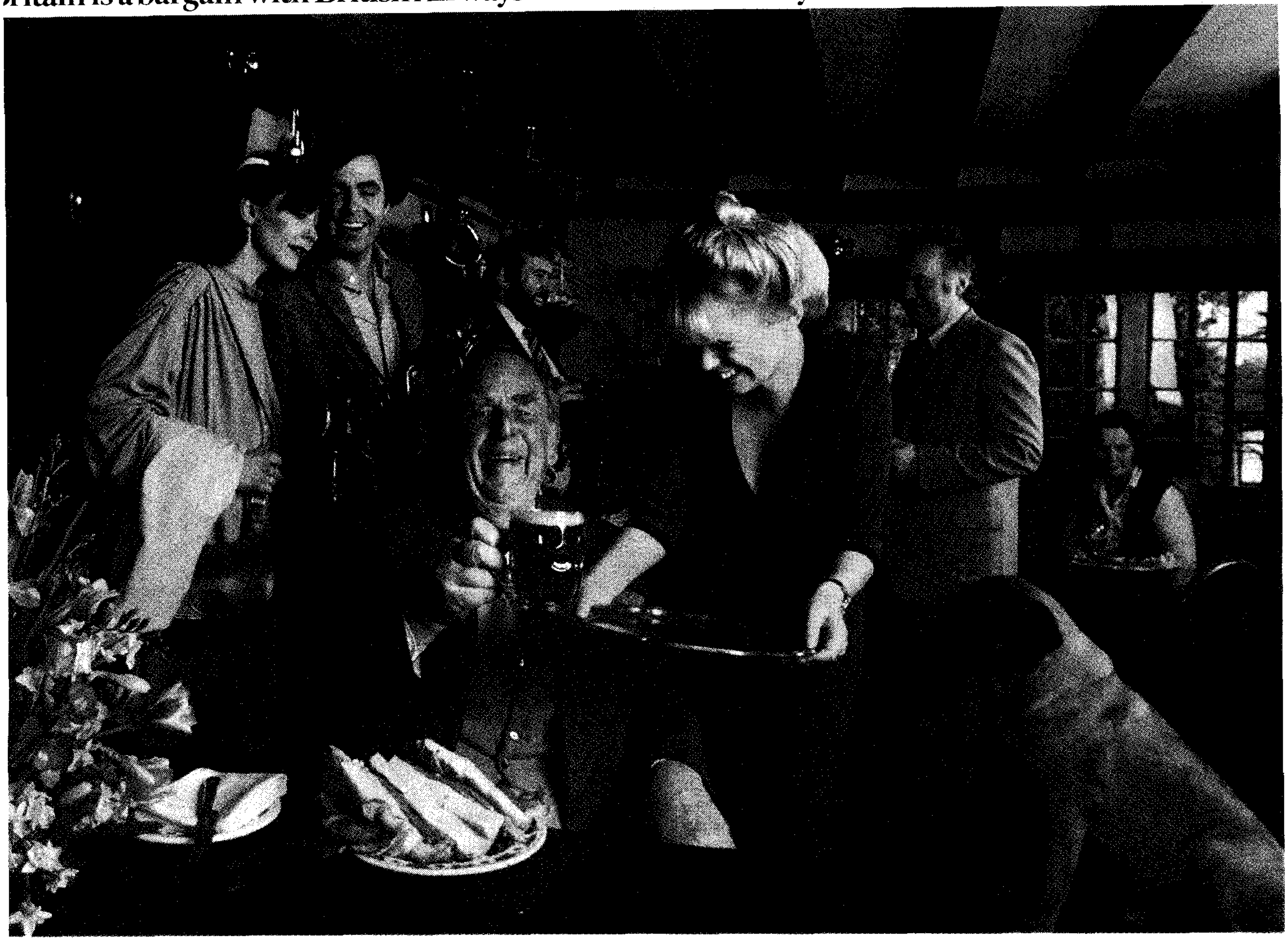

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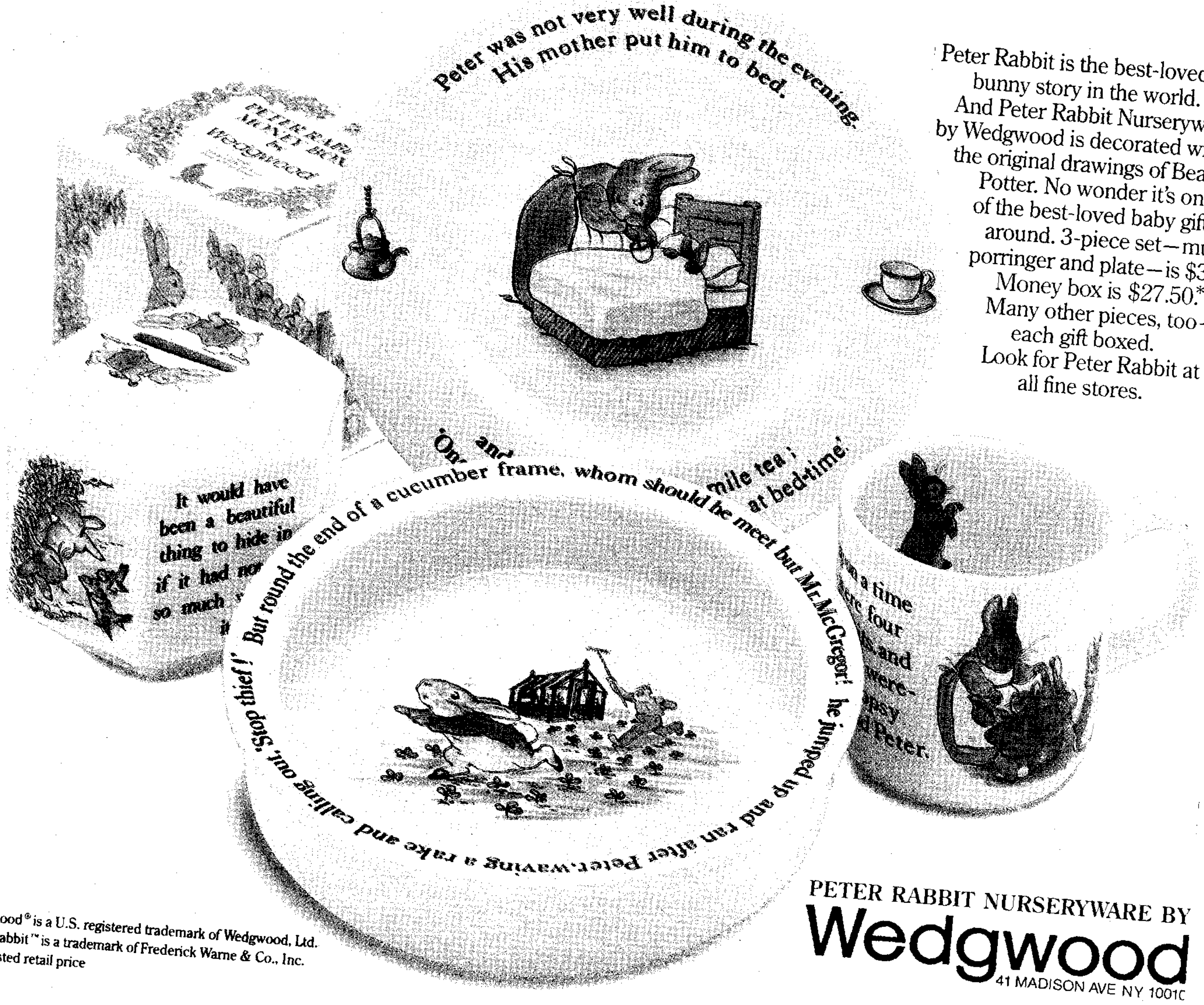
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ore than medicine. And the answer Timothy Walker's question was: es, we were able to "endure it," and uch more. The excess of democracy at concerned the gentlemen of Cinnati a hundred and fifty years ago volved less than a third of the adult opulation of the United States. For l practical purposes, only white ales could vote in 1831, and one ate, Virginia, still maintained financial qualifications for voting. The erwhelming majority of black men ere not allowed to vote for thirtyine years more. Women, white and ack, had to wait ninety years.

Democracy—even an "excess" of it -was not enough for a free people, ough. The very existence of the ontier was a liberating force; moving n became part of being an American. nd when the land was gone there ere still frontiers of freedom and ower. Walker was wrong when he ought he was seeing democracy ithout limits: men and women ound him were pushing on to find mits and then pushing those limits. otter Stewart was right: interpretaon of the law and the rhetoric of merica were the frontier. "Enforced irness"—Aug's words—had to go yond politics and government. "Deocracy" defined as political equality as not enough for many Americans. hey inevitably moved on to grander ontiers—toward social equality, toard economic equality. They went to urt.

Perhaps there had to be limits, but if n individual thought that the limit of e day was unfair to him, and had the ower to push that limit, he could try, nd sometimes he would succeed. It as in the courts that the individual nd that power. Tocqueville consided titling the second volume of his eat work "Equality in America." He cided against it. A century and a alf later, I don't think he would have esitated.

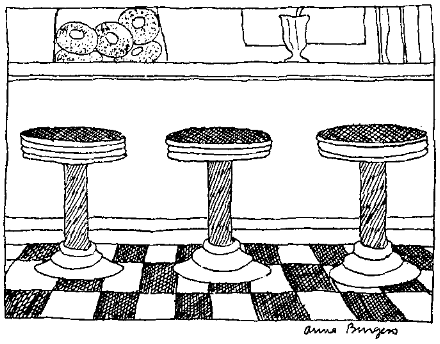
I asked a twenty-seven-year-old wyer, Darlene Kamine, who was an torney in the public defender's office Hamilton County and was chairan of the Young Lawyers Section of e Cincinnati Bar Association, this estion: Does the majority rule in merica?

"No," she answered. "Our system based on equal access."

She meant equal access to the levers power, to the state's power to enrce fairness—not equal access to the ting booth or to Luken and the her So-and-So's who will dutifully listen but each individual's access, through the courts, to the weight, the leverage of the law. J. Vincent Aug described the use of that access in talking about two of the cases before the federal court. In the first, a black man was fired when he missed several days of work because he was in jail. But, the man said, white men had gone to jail and kept their jobs. So, he contended, he was really being fired because of his race. In the second, a white professor at a local university who initiated and planned a course on black American history was not allowed to teach that course, because administrators believed that a black teacher was required. Both men sued, each demanding his own idea of fairness, and the courts were drawn further into areas of competence, into regulating, through legal precedent, what were once the ordinary decisions of everyday life. Now they are public decisions, and the courts, as Aug said, cannot shy away from the decision-making.

The system is cumbersome and enormously complicated, reducing political power but increasing the power of each citizen. As Darlene Kamine said, the majority does not necessarily rule; but Anna Peppers had the power to force the State of Ohio to hire new welfare hearing officers.

The way it works is beyond most of us. Darlene Kamine understood it, because she was trained to—she was an attorney, licensed to go where most Americans could not. So was Robert Newman, a Legal Aid Society attorney, who filed the lawsuit in a prisoner's name which led the Common Pleas Court into jurisdiction over the Cincinnati jail. They did not think of themselves as different or powerful—both are young and frustrated—but Kamine and Newman seemed to me to be supercitizens of some sort. They had power—more than they knew—because of their specialized knowledge. The system of democracy which they understood—perhaps "legal egalitarianism" is a better phrase—was not visible to Tocqueville, yet it was apparent to him: "Nothing could be more obscure and out of reach of the common man than a law founded on precedent. Where lawyers are absolutely needed, as in England and the United States, and their professional knowledge is held in high esteem, they became increasingly separated from the people, forming a class apart. A French lawyer is just a man of learning, but an English or an American one is somewhat like the Egyptian priests, being, as they were, the only interpreter of an occult science." Tocqueville also wrote, "There is hardly a political question in the United States which does not sooner or later turn into a judicial one." And: "It is at the bar or the bench that the American aristocracy is found."

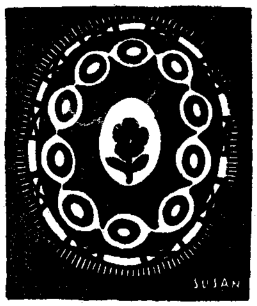


With their elevated and slightly mysterious rituals and a professional inclination to consider more than one self-interest—since they were always available for hire by clients with opposing self-interests—American lawyers, Tocqueville believed, might make up an aristocracy in the traditional terms he best understood. Lawyers, he wrote, are "naturally strongly opposed to the revolutionary spirit and to the ill-considered passions of democracy." And: "The legal body forms the most powerful and so, today, the only counterbalance to democracy in that country."

It didn't work out exactly that way, partly because the revolutionary spirit faded as the conditions of men's lives became more alike and the passions of democracy were channelled into lust for equality. Lawyers, with a knack for benefitting from any condition or from changing conditions, certainly became an élite group—like Egyptian priests—but their role seemed to extend rather than to counterbalance democracy. "We dedicated ourselves to a powerful idea—organic law rather than naked power," Justice Stewart said at the end of our conversation. "There seems to be universal acceptance of that idea in the nation." The Justice waved at the shelves of books behind him—yellow, red, and black volumes recording Supreme Court decisions back to 1790—and said, "They reflect nothing more than what was on the mind of contemporary America. Those decisions are a reflection of American morality with a time lag."

There was one more thing I wanted to know before I left Cincinnati. How had Tocqueville's idea of intermarriage as a test of equality held up over the years?

A check of the city records and of newspaper announcements of some four hundred marriages in Cincinnati over a five-week period at the end of 1980 indicated that there was at least one strong pattern of class intermarriage. Young men and women were marrying people they met in college or while working at rather good jobs, regardless of how or where each of them grew up or what the parents of each did for a living. That was, of course, at a certain level of achievement—the young lawyer whose widowed mother worked as a receptionist marrying the urban planner who had attended the area's best private schools. They were, dozens of them, marriages of education, of ambition, of real and potential achievement. Beyond that, there was significant religious intermarriage, with Protestants and Catholics more likely to choose partners outside their faith and upbringing than Jews were—but Jews were doing it, too. What there was not, to judge from addresses and photographs, was racial intermarriage. Cincinnati was a city two-thirds white, one-third black, with a racial equality—resulting from necessity, courtesy, or politics—that by Tocqueville's standards existed on the surface and deceived the eye.



"NOTHING is more rare than to encounter a house of brick in Kentucky; we didn't see ten in Tennessee, Nashville excepted," Tocqueville wrote in his notebook during the ten-day, three-hundred-and-seventy-mile journey from Louisville to Memphis in the awful winter of 1831-32. "The [log] cabin of the Kentucky and Tennessee country . . . attests the indolence of the master even more than his poverty. You find a clean enough bed, some chairs, a good gun, often books, and almost always a newspaper, but the walls are so full of chinks that the outside air enters from all sides. . . . Nothing would be easier than to protect oneself from bad weather and stop the chinks, but the master of the place is incapable of taking such care."

Why? He asked one of the masters, a man named Harris, who lived off the primitive road from Nashville to Memphis, and the American answered, "Slavery. We are habituated to doing nothing for ourselves. There are no farmers in Tennessee so poor that they do not have one or two blacks."

"We made the acquaintance there of a kind of man and a way of life that we had no conception of," the traveller wrote to his father. "This part of the United States is peopled by a single type of man only, the Virginians. They have retained the physical and moral character that belongs to them; they form a people apart, with national prejudices and a distinctive character."

Nashville became a city of four hundred and fifty-five thousand people, Memphis a city of six hundred and sixty thousand. The "Virginians"—Tocqueville saw the frontier being pushed back by two distinct groups, Virginians and New Englanders—were no more. "There is no 'South' anymore. That's all a game," said John Seigenthaler, publisher of the Nashville *Tennessean*. "There are no regions left in the country. Sixty-five per cent of the new starts, subscriptions, we get at the newspaper are people coming from other parts of the United States. It's absolutely insane to talk about the values of the frontier or of an agrarian society. What we do here is try to bring in industry from the North."

And sell a little, too. Nashville sold country music to the rest of the nation; Memphis sold Holiday Inns—fifteen hundred and forty almost identical inns along the roadsides of America, built after the first one, in 1952, was successful in that city.

"The roads, the canals, and the mails play a prodigious part in the prosperity of the Union," Tocqueville wrote in his notebook in Tennessee. "America, which is the country enjoying the greatest sum of prosperity ever yet accorded a nation, is also the country which, proportional to its age and means, has made the greatest efforts to procure the easy communication I was speaking of. . . . There is not a cabin so isolated, not a valley so wild, that it does not receive letters and newspapers at least once a week; we saw it ourselves."

The distinctive character of the Virginians, the men and women from Southern coastal communities who settled a quarter of the country, could not survive in an environment of roads, information, and ideas running along lines that, almost invariably, went from North to South and fro East to West. In "Democracy i America," Tocqueville wrote, "A they mingle, the Americans becom assimilated; the differences which climate, origin, and institutions had created among them become less grea They all get closer and closer to on common type."

That one type was not destined t be the Southerner. Fatally weakene by its dependence on slavery, the Vi ginian nation was inevitably sliced u by lines of communication and, on day, absorbed in the America mingling. Trying to break away fro the United States in civil warfar thirty years after Tocqueville passe through, was a logical but bloodil futile Southern response. Now, mo than a hundred years after that wa regional resistance was reduced t words—the romantic, bitter sermo of the evangelical preachers I hear everywhere along the road from Louisville to Memphis, and the complain of a generation that knew it was bein overwhelmed as surely as other Southerners had been overwhelmed in battl in the eighteen-sixties.

"Give us a chance," said Ann Rickey, a civic leader in Memphis, durin lunch at that city's Tennessee Clu "We have no chance to survive as place with the pictures, the information all coming from someplace els We can't compete without alternativ channels of communication."

"The information—the news an the ideas—all comes from New Yor and Washington, and Los Angele too," said Michael Grehl, the edito of the Memphis *Commercial Appea* "Their views are not congruent wit ours, but what can we do again them? It's happening with everythin I look forward to the day when th whole country will be fed pap from a underground kitchen in Nebrask We'll fight it to the bitter end."

The end is near. "It used to b enough for Memphis to be what always was, the shopping center fo everybody from Tupelo, Mississipp north to here," Grehl said. "But that not good enough for the new peopl The people coming here from Ne York and Pennsylvania want something different. They want it to b more like what they're used to. Grehl, though, like most American also belonged to the new people; h came south from Chicago by way c Alaska in 1957 to work for and eventually become editor of the *Commercial Appeal*, one of seventeen newspa

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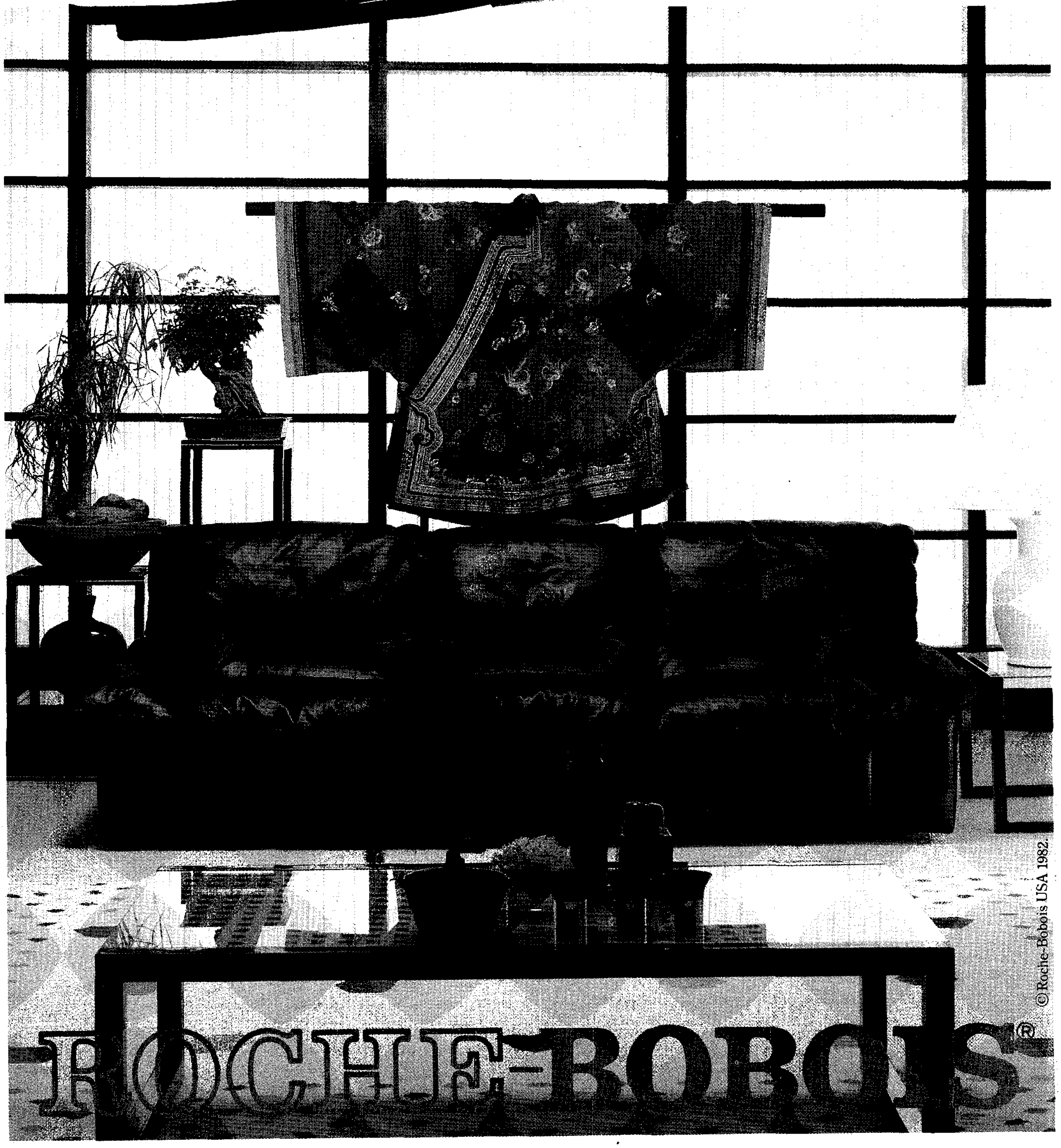

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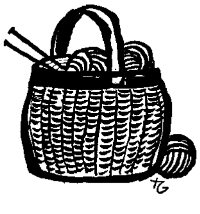
Grehl's complaint that Americans want what they're used to certainly helped explain the success of Memphis's most famous commercial enterprise, Holiday Inns. The company's success was based on providing practically identical boxy rooms—even the ight switches seemed to be in the same spots, so that travellers could turn hem on without thinking about which city or state they were sleeping in that night. The inns were a multiplying ribute to the fact that Americans get what they want. America is a mass market—and Americans want it that way. "Who runs America?" said William Safire, the *Times* columnist, repeating a question I had asked him. 'The consumer. The consumer. The consumer. The consumer is king!" Nashville and Memphis were neither as isolated nor as helplessly manipuated as some of their more thoughtful citizens argued; both places played a part in creating and satisfying and profiting from the mass appetite. If Nashville was the home of America's country-music industry, Memphis was he home of the industry's most successful alumnus, Elvis Presley, a true hero of mass culture. Nashville was he home of Andrew Jackson, President when Tocqueville was here, and nore than three hundred thousand people each year visit the house where he lived, the Hermitage. More than ten times as many—more than three million—visit the city's twin monuments of country music, Opryland U.S.A. and the Grand Ole Opry. And n Memphis two million visit Graceland, the house where Presley lived and died.

"There is an irresistible force within democracy—movement toward the broadest possible base of selection," said Michael Jay Robinson, a professor of media studies at George Washngton University, in Washington. 'And it's not only in politics that you see that. In a real democracy, there would have to be an inevitable rise of a great popular culture. Any system of entertainment, for instance, that is directly tied to public response is going to have more and more universal appeal. A democratically based mass culture would tend to drive out other forms and ideas wherever it went."

Tocqueville and Beaumont would have been appalled by that thought. They *were* appalled, again and again. 'We spend our life enduring howling of which one has no conception in the old world," Tocqueville wrote of American singing. "It resembled what one hears in the booths at a fair," he said of one of New York's finer orchestras. "Tocqueville and I laughed like the blessed," Beaumont said after visiting the American Museum, on Broadway, and discovering that its main exhibit was stuffed birds. "The fine arts are here in their infancy," Beaumont wrote to his family. "The commerce and industry which are the source of riches do not at the same time produce good taste."

"So far America has had only a very small number of noteworthy writers, no great historians, and not a single poet," Tocqueville wrote in "Democracy in America." He added, "The inhabitants have a sort of prejudice against anything really worthy of the name of literature, and there are towns of the third rank in Europe which yearly publish more literary works than all the twenty-four states of the Union put together."

The Americans maintained their prejudices. "We get to them from underneath," said Ted Ashley, a former chairman of Warner Brothers, who had been responsible for the packaging and selling of more than a hundred television series produced over the years by Warners. "Once you establish that you will be able to sell entertainment to the public unencumbered by government, what happens is inevitable. I'm free to sell anything I want to as many people as possible, so I stick to the fundamentals of common-denominator mass entertainment. The first two fundamentals, always, are: one, you identify with the hero; two, you know what's coming next. Cartoons, fantasy, and action-adventure have the potential for reaching everyone, or almost everyone. Drama and other forms that are more complicated depend on compatibility of emotional experience. You may be eliminating part of the audience, and that is exactly what you're trying to avoid in mass entertainment."



"The style will often be strange, incorrect, overburdened, and loose, and almost always strong and bold," Tocqueville said of the literature he thought would develop with democracy. "Short works will be commoner than long books, wit than erudition, imagination than depth. There will be a rude and untutored vigor of thought with great variety and singular fecundity. Authors will strive to astonish more than to please, and to stir passions rather than to charm taste."

That, in general, is probably true. Certainly it was true within the context of the structured and mannered work of aristocracies with which the Frenchman was comparing American writing and howling. But Tocqueville may have underestimated the American skill, in both production and marketing, at making vigorous, strange, and incorrect styles into accepted forms. "Traditionally, not very much entertainment has crossed national borders," Ashley said. "But a hell of a lot more American stuff has, because when it comes to reaching masses of people we're years and years ahead of anyone else. Technically, we can dazzle them from time to time. But it is probably more important that, because we are almost always trying to reach *all* the people, we have found common-denominator values that no other society can match."

Ashley, who had succeeded in it, was describing a business dedicated to understanding, exploiting, and accelerating a tendency that Tocqueville wrote about, prophetically, a hundred and fifty years before:

> What I say about the Americans applies to almost all men nowadays. Variety is disappearing from the human race; the same ways of behaving, thinking, and feeling are found in every corner of the world. This is not only because nations are more in touch with each other and able to copy each other more closely, but because the men of each country, more and more completely discarding the ideas and feelings peculiar to one caste, profession, or family, are all the same getting closer to what is essential in man, and that is everywhere the same.

Those are simply more graceful words for "lowest common denominator." These same ways of behaving, thinking, and feeling are most likely to be transmitted through mass entertainment—in films, on television. "Television as entertainment or just for passing time seems to me infinitely more important than attempts to use it to shape opinions," said Stanley Hoffmann, the Harvard professor of government, who is chairman of the university's Center for European Studies. "The medium's impact is in shaping mores." And it was Tocqueville's conviction, repeated throughout his work, that "it is their mores, then, that make the Americans . . . capable of maintaining the rule of democracy." There came a day when technologies made it possible and profitable for the Americans to begin broadcasting their mores—their habits, their customs, their everyday ideas—to every corner of the world. The films and television series of Hollywood and the Holiday Inns of Memphis (there were two hundred and one Holiday Inns in other countries by the end of the nineteen-seventies), the Nashville sound and the sounds of American English, and Coca-Cola, bluejeans, sweatshirts, shaking hands, majority rule, and freedom of the press seem to appeal to something essential in men and women. The ideas and things of America—many of them developed in the direct contact between seller and buyer—do sometimes seem irresistible.

"I do not think the intervening ocean really separates America from Europe," Tocqueville wrote in the second volume of "Democracy in America." "The people of the United States are that portion of the English people whose fate it is to explore the forest of the New World." Their fate was also to explore the wilderness of cultural democracy, to create a democratic culture. Americans made the direct link between what people want and what they can get. The commerce, as Beaumont noted, may not produce good taste, but it is powerful stuff. It may be irresistible stuff. It bridges intervening oceans—some of the stuff does that literally and electronically, from communications satellite to communications satellite. The people of the world could one day become that portion of the American people whose fate it is to live farther from the center of cultural democracy than Memphis or Nashville does.

"NOT a white but has the right to maltreat the unhappy person in his way and to thrust him into the muck crying: 'Get out of the way, mulatto.' " Thus the French consul in New Orleans, M. Guillemin, explained the law and custom of the American city to his countryman M. de Tocqueville on the first day of 1832. When I arrived, a hundred and forty-seven years later, a descendant of the mulattoes was the mayor of the city near the Delta where the Mississippi River meets the Gulf of Mexico.

The mayor, Ernest Morial, is the son of a cigar maker and a seamstress who traced their ancestry not to slaves but to Creoles, early settlers of mixed blood. He was testifying before a travelling congressional subcommittee on the day I arrived in his city. "You must provide a higher level of funding," Morial said to the members of the House Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Crime.

It was hard not to notice that as some black Americans—and despite his light skin Morial said he was black, in a city whose population was fifty-five per cent black—completed the rise from gutter muck to political control of local governments, the chemistry of national government and international commerce was sometimes making the power of local government more apparent than relevant.

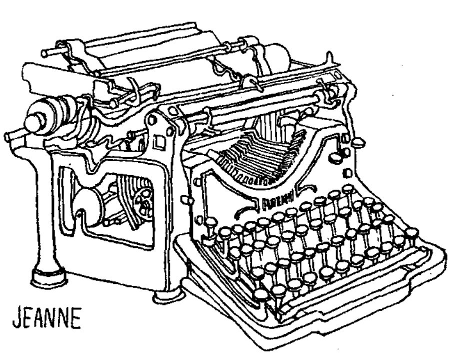
"Children—they treat us like children, like their slaves," said Brod Bagert, a white lawyer who was then a member of the New Orleans City Council, and who was angry about red-white-and-blue signs announcing "Jobs for Your Community"—the same signs of the central government's presence which I had seen back in Albany. "They treat us like dirt. We're the American people, but you'd never know that when you have to go to Washington to beg."

Washington, actually, was coming to New Orleans—in the form of congressional committees and the flow of news, at least. The city still had two newspapers when I was there (they merged in 1980), and over that period—three days—in February of 1979, the *Times-Picayune* and the *States-Item* were chronicling the daily interaction with the federal government, usually as reported by the Associated Press:

> WASHINGTON (AP)—Any state raising the speed limit higher than 55 miles per hour will lose its federal highways funds, Transportation Secretary Brock Adams said Wednesday.

> WASHINGTON (AP)—The nation's largest single supplier of home mortgage funds said Tuesday it will more than triple its urban loan program to spur investments in inner cities.
>
> The Federal National Mortgage Association decision to increase its participation in the loan program by $500 million was made public by Vice-President Walter F. Mondale.

> WASHINGTON (AP)—The Carter administration is considering forcing gasoline stations to close on Sunday as part of a program to reduce oil consumption and build public awareness of the energy crisis.



> NEW ORLEANS—A series of studies designed to improve the city's transit system will be paid for with a $300,000 grant from the Urban Mass Transit Administration, Mayor Ernest N. Morial said today.

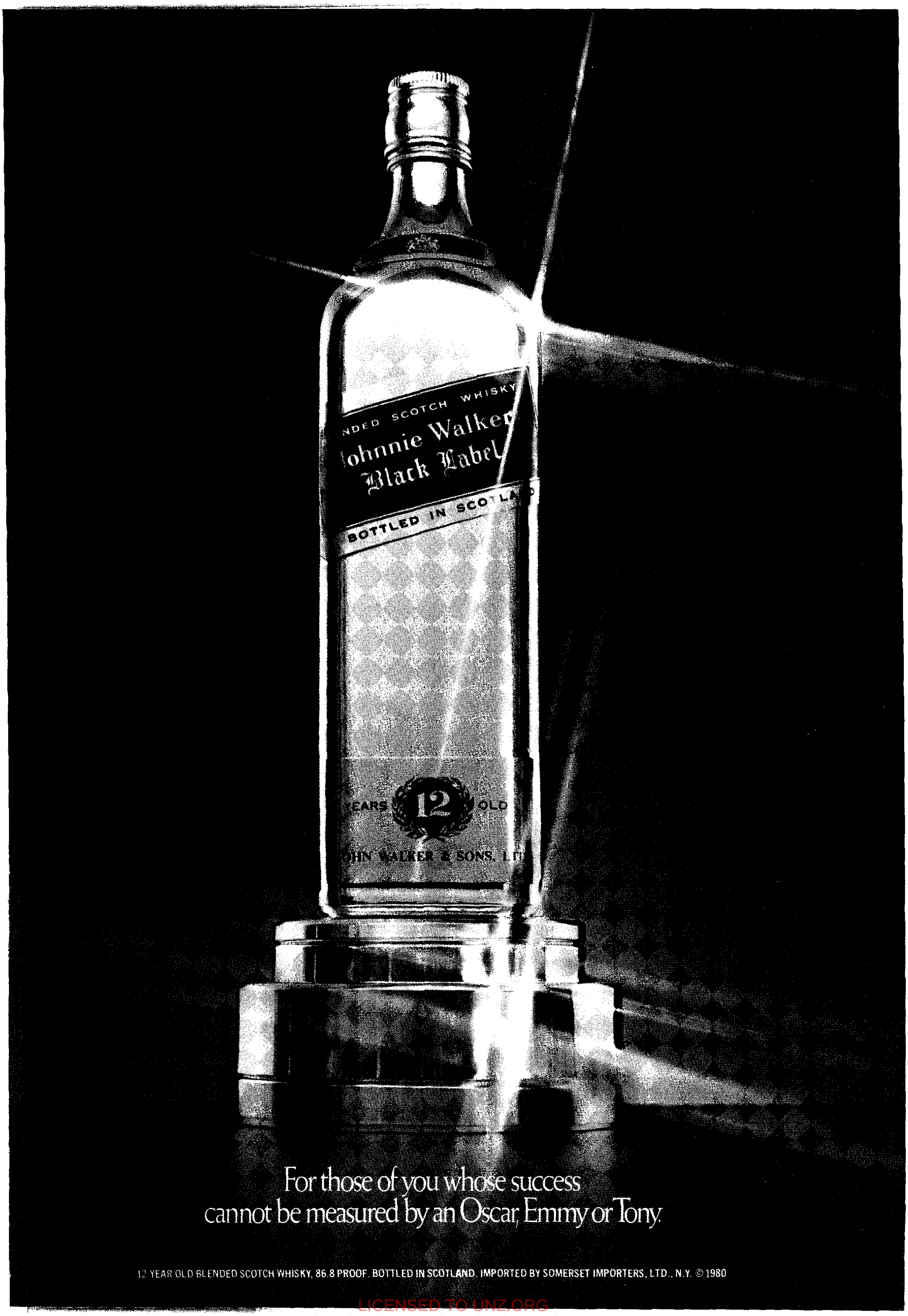
The most interesting story about the governed and the governors, though, was not from Washington but from a small town in the Delta just south of New Orleans—a place called Pointe a la Hache. The story, on the front page of the *Times-Picayune*, began:

> A representative of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration Wednesday said Louisiana would be cited for non-compliance with the national shellfish standards if Plaquemines Parish did *not* close the harvesting areas east of the Mississippi River.
>
> Parish oyster growers were told that the bacteria count in waters from the Mississippi River which breached levees during high water times, such as now, are polluting the oysters and making them unfit for consumption.

The article went on to say that parish officials were complaining, bitterly, that one federal agency, the Food and Drug Administration, was ordering them to close up the beds but that another, the Fish and Wildlife Service, was prohibiting still another, the Army Corps of Engineers, from repairing levees on the river. The story continued:

> Darrell Sercovich of Buras, owner and operator of D. D. Sercovich Oyster Growers, said if action taken by either the state or federal agency "causes me to go out of business or lose business I intend to file suit to see where we stand once and for all."

The federal government does things. Good things: the Army Corps of Engineers has traditionally been responsible for the maintenance of the country's coastlines, protecting them against erosion and protecting inland areas against flooding; the Fish and Wildlife Service is responsible for protecting the natural habitat of migratory species, including the birds and the water life of the marshy wetlands of the Mississippi Delta; the Food and Drug Administration is responsible for protecting Americans against poisoned or tainted foodstuffs. Of those agencies, only the Corps of Engineers existed in 1832, when it was assumed that state and local governments—or the people of an area—would do those good things in their own self-interest. It didn't invariably work that way. There was always the option of mov-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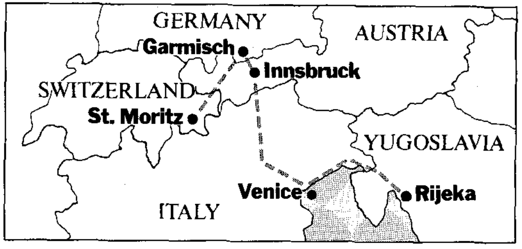

That's part of the beauty of a vacation in Alpine Europe. Everything is so accessible, so you can see it all and never feel hurried—or harried. All of the sights, the culture, the festivals and the arts and activities are concentrated in one region not much larger than the state of New York. And getting around in the Alpine region is as simple as going around the block.

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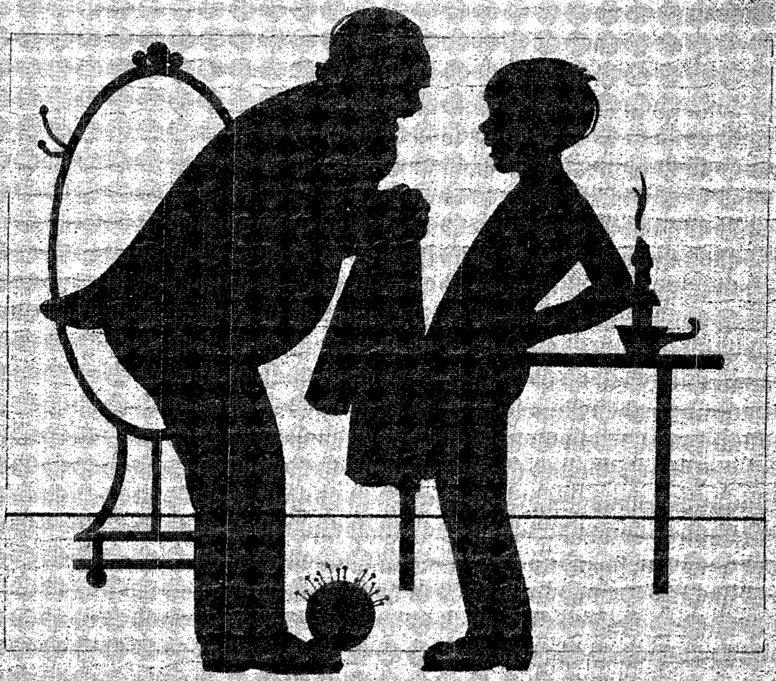
HAMISH DOBSON manages one of Scotland's finest woolen mills. Not a textile mill, mind you, a woolen mill. This is a man who believes that material without wool is immaterial. If you can imagine a man constructed entirely of tweed, there you have Hamish Dobson.

And had Hamish's son not been at least as stubborn as his father, Dobson's cloth might not exist today.

It all began one Sunday morning in July, when the lad outright refused to put on his jacket. "That jacket happens to be made of the finest wool in the world," roared Hamish, "and you *will* wear it."

"That jacket is too hot," his son fired back. "And *nobody* wears wool jackets in summer, dad. Except you."



"They don't?" The man was genuinely surprised. No one had told him.

"They don't," his son replied. "I'm sorry, Dad" he added.

"Well, they *will*." So Dobson went to work, determined to invent a woolen cloth that his son would find suitable, for even the warmest weather.

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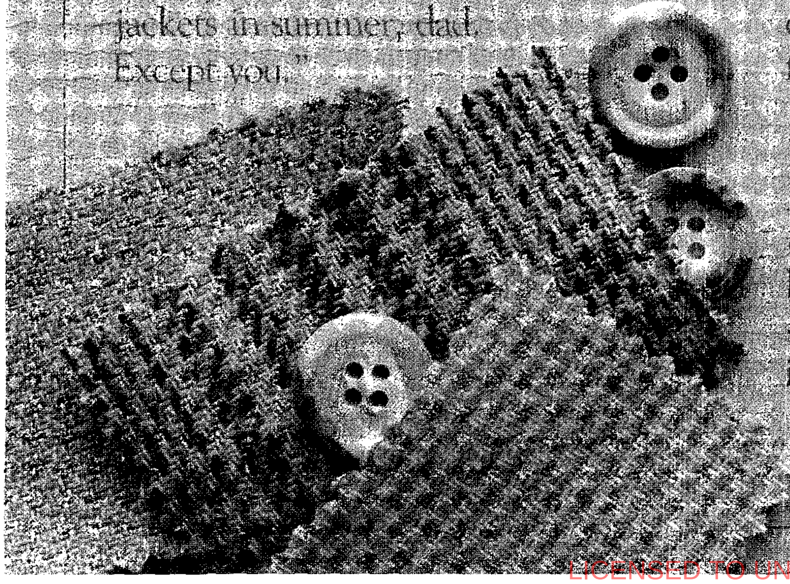

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ng on if nature or man had spoiled the and or the water. And there were eople who stayed behind in Cananaigua, New York, or other older laces and just would not tax themselves to finance some public improvements. And there were black people, lmost always receiving as few good hings as possible. Eventually, of ourse, there would be a public outcry, ften organized, demanding that government take action to protect land, or water, or health, or, sometimes, people. Democratic affairs of state seemed omething like the affairs of matter nd energy: there was a First Law of Democracy analogous to Newton's Third Law of Motion; namely, that or every action there is an equal and pposite reaction. The cries—the reacion—would almost inevitably rise oward the highest level of government, which was the level with the reatest taxing power. The people who planned, inspected, enforced, and ecorded all the good works made up he spreading federal government.

It was before that federal government that more and more Americans ffered their pleas and made their demands. On the day Morial pleaded for more money to fight crime, other Louisianans, in Washington, drove uge tractors across the grassy Mall, ehind the Capitol of the United tates. They were part of a demonstration organized by the American Agriculture Movement, a national association of farmers demanding higher ederal subsidies for the crops they rew back home.

The farmers of the land and the armer of the sea, Darrell Sercovich, he oysterman, were at the same time ugging at the two levers of power hat often seemed most useful to the itizens of the modern democracy: ublicity and lawsuits. Modern communications technology—especially elevision—tends to make the governor and the governed the same size as hey present their messages to the public: the antagonists, both sides, usually et twenty seconds on a nineteen-inch elevision screen, and viewers are free o choose between them. In court, all men are theoretically equal—and, often, practically so. If the jurisdictional onflict involving the Army Engineers, the Fish and Wildlife Service, he Food and Drug Administration, nd the livelihood of Darrell Sercovich was to be resolved, it would robably be resolved by a judge—a ederal judge, appointed by the President of the United States with the advice and consent of the United States Senate.

Instinctively, those angry citizens decided institutionally to deal with the federal government. Ernest Morial and officials of Plaquemines Parish had very little to do with all this. Indeed, local government appeared to be collapsing around me as I walked through Morial's charming city, still dominated, visually, by the history and architecture of French and Spanish colonial periods. The elements of the governments of the city and region were turning on themselves, concentrating on struggles among themselves. "STRIKES EXPECTED BY MONDAY" was the lead headline in the *States-Item;* the paper reported that both the policemen and the sanitation workers of New Orleans planned to walk away from their public duties in five days in a dispute over wages and fringe benefits. More than two hundred Louisiana welfare workers, employees of the state's Office of Family Security, were off the job, demanding that the state Department of Health and Human Resources provide more financial aid to pay for their overtime work. In Jefferson Parish, the city's southern neighbor, bus service was shut down, because drivers were striking for more money, and the parish's ambulance drivers had scheduled a strike for the next day.

The front pages were filled with stories about the employees of government, who seemed to constitute a class with interests quite separate from those of the general public and to be fighting among themselves over the division of public revenues. Inside the newspapers were stories of struggles between ethnic groups for private resources. The night I arrived, "the influx of Vietnamese refugees" was cited during a hearing of the Mayor's housing committee at City Hall as a reason for the displacement of local blacks from scarce housing and from low-income jobs. "Next Monday, the sixth and final public hearing will be held on how to increase housing for low-income and minority persons," the *States-Item* reported.

"New Orleans is a patchwork of peoples," Étienne Mazureau, a lawyer who was born in France, told Tocqueville. "Not a country in America or Europe but has sent us some representatives." That was still true a century and a half later: by the early nineteen-seventies, New Orleans was more than half black, and at the end of that decade a new immigrant group came to the city: the Vietnamese—families displaced from their homes, eight thousand miles away, because the Americans had sided with them in a war in Southeast Asia. Four years after the last Americans had been driven out of Vietnam, four columns of the New Orleans telephone book listed people named Nguyen, the Vietnamese equivalent of Smith.

Many of the new immigrants, like millions before them, were finding opportunity in America. But the resources of the country did not seem unlimited, as they had in the early nineteenth century. "Everybody works," Tocqueville wrote home to his father, "and the mine is still so rich that all those who work rapidly succeed in acquiring that which renders existence happy." The resources of New Orleans seemed rather well defined now, and the black majority within the city limits didn't have many of them beyond the subsistence level provided by government. They were put in their place by *New Orleans*, a glossy monthly magazine selling for a dollar and a half a copy. The February issue had a hundred pages; the only clearly black faces in the entire publication were two waiters seen serving white patrons in an advertisement for a restaurant named Pat O'Brien's.

"There's a story around here that someone offered a job to a black man and the man said, 'That's too tough—give it to a Vietnamese,'" said Laurance Eustis III, a local mortgage broker. "I don't know whether that's true, but I do know that the Vietnamese aren't used to getting something for nothing from the government, and they really work. Within six months, they've learned enough of the language and saved enough money so that they're coming to my place looking to borrow the money to buy a house or start a business."

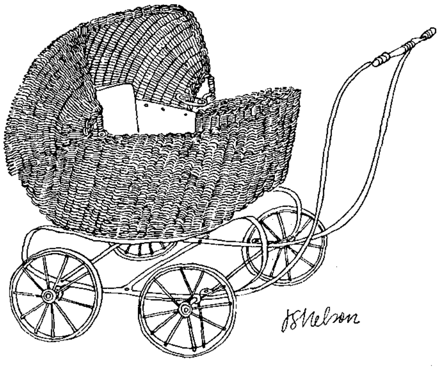
"The blacks will totally dominate local politics in a very short period of time," said James Glassman, the founder of a local weekly newspaper named *Figaro.* "But they won't be involved in anything else. The business life of the city is closed to them. There is literally nothing much for them to do here—New Orleans has the highest percentage of people living below the poverty level of any large American city—because the old families who dominate business life didn't want the city to grow. Now it's like a banana republic, and there are only jobs like being waiters in the restaurants. There's no place here for poor people to move up to. The political power will give black people nothing but impressive titles."

"Nothing but impressive titles"—Glassman's phrase was meant to be an exaggeration. So, I suppose, was the talk I had heard from brothers and sisters on the radio as I drove through Newport, Rhode Island, listening to them angrily describe a colonial policy of elevating talented blacks into impressive positions to remove potential leadership from the dismal mainstreams of American black life. But how much exaggeration? How much truth? In New Orleans, a long time before, Tocqueville had heard another version of the same hard thinking, in his conversations with Guillemin, the French consul, about the free blacks and their descendants then in the city —the men required to state "*Homme de couleur*" on legal documents, whatever the actual shade of their skin. The shadings of talent were not covered in official forms.

"Free, they can hope for nothing," Guillemin told Tocqueville, according to Tocqueville's notes. "Yet among them, I know men of virtue and of means. It's in isolating itself thus obstinately from all the rest that the aristocracy of the whites . . . exposes itself to danger on the American continent. . . . If without giving the negro rights, it had at least taken in those of the colored men whose birth and education most nearly approximated its own, the latter would infallibly have been attached to its cause, for they are in reality much closer to the whites than to the blacks. Only brute force would have remained for the negroes. By repelling the mulattoes, however, the white aristocracy gives the slaves, on the contrary, the only weapon they need to become free: intelligence and leadership."

By the time I arrived, majority America, white America, seemed to have heard Guillemin; it had taken in Ernest Morial, a man of virtue, who now held the impressive title of mayor. That had not been accomplished until late in the country's second century; and there had been black riots before the federal government adopted laws with names like "the Voting Rights Act of 1965," and before court interpretations of phrases like "affirmative action" began elevating substantial numbers of black men and women into the world of political titles. It took centuries and the full force of the federal government to overcome local law and custom in New Orleans and give Morial his title. Whatever the relationship between events and circumstances, M. Guillemin was a prophet: the "only weapon" of real black revolt had been removed. And there was, in this city and others, "brute force." Laurance Eustis, pointing toward one of the city's poor black neighborhoods, said, "The projects out there are filled with dangerous people. Savages—young guys with nothing to lose." But random crime and occasional riot only disturbed the peace; they did not disrupt the established order.

And brute force was available to both sides. More than three-quarters of the city's police were white—"Our trained rednecks," Councilman Bagert called them, adding, "They treat the blacks like animals"—and New Orleans had the highest number of investigations of police-brutality complaints of any city in the United States. The investigations—more than four times the number made in New York City, with twelve times the population of New Orleans—were made by the federal Justice Department. The complaint papers could be filled out on Camp Street, in the federal courthouse there. It looked to be a dangerous place. Armed guards and television cameras scanned the huge, columned lobby; citizens who entered were forced to pass through a metal detector. Perhaps the security was simply a tribute to the power in the building. One of the institutions that had changed American race relations was inside: the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth District. "Powerful?" said Judge Robert Ainsworth, Jr., who had sat on that court since 1966, the beneficiary of one of the lifetime appointments that, for better or worse, make judges different from other politicians in America. "I don't feel powerful. But no one seems to these days. I think that's because no one can get anything done by himself."

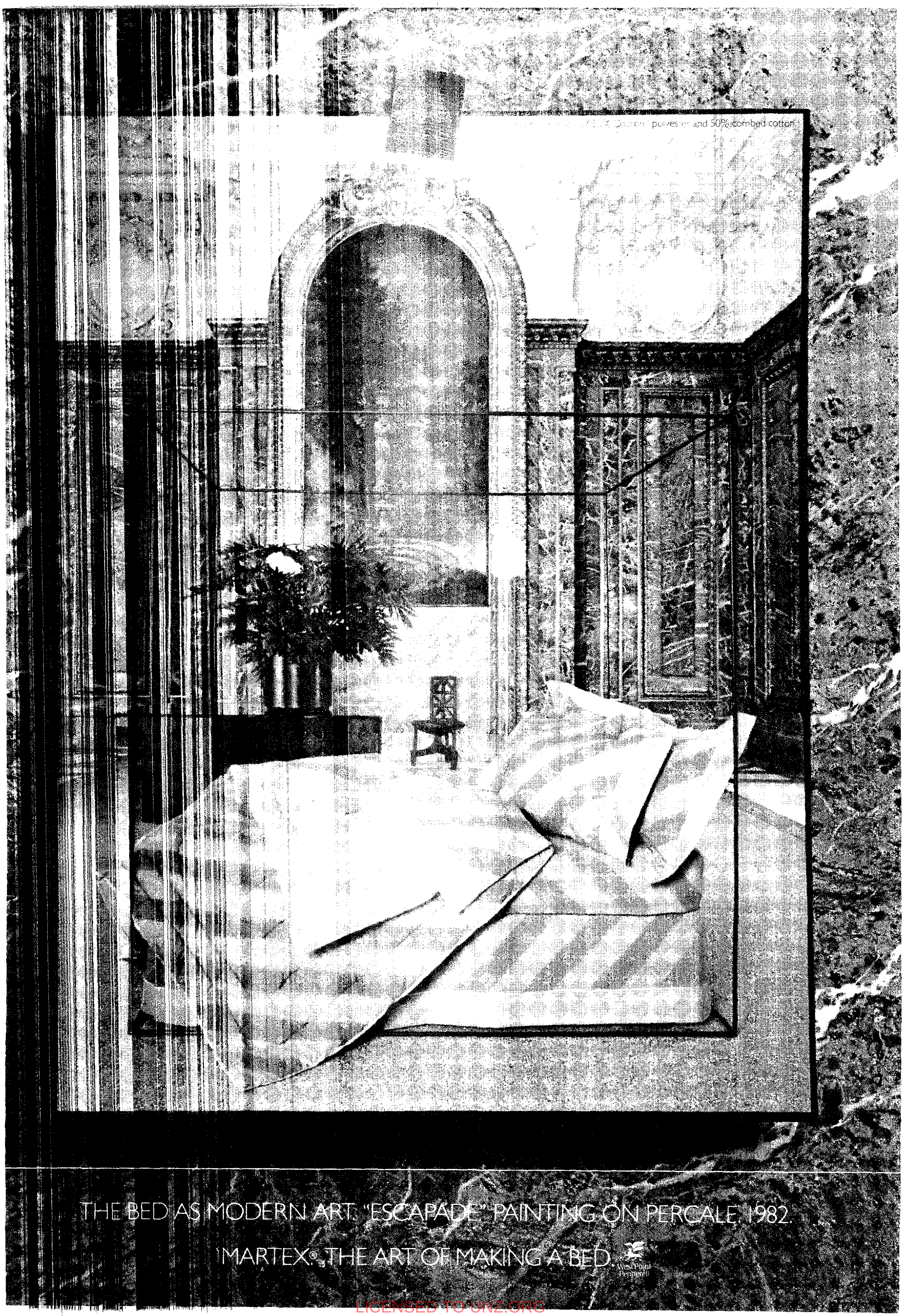


That frustration was built into the American system. Democracy was supposed to give people power—or, perhaps, a sense of empowerment, the sense that, in some small degree, each individual had control over his or her own life. But, realistically, how much power could I have, or should you have? "The power of association," to use the phrase that Tocqueville returned to repeatedly in his notebooks and in "Democracy in America," was the result—"an appeal to individual powers working in concert." Individual Americans weren't supposed to be literally able to do anything by themselves then. Now each American has greater empowerment—each individual modern American has more power, or potential power, over public affairs than each one had a hundred and fifty years ago. There are many reasons for that, but one of the principal ones is individual access to the Court of Appeals and the greater power and role of that court. The expansion of the judicial role, particularly on the federal level, sometimes seems to give citizens more rights than the political system can process. Things can be done that individuals and institutions can't seem to get done.

How did the courts get the power they have today?

"The legislative and executive branches failed in their jobs." In saying that, Judge Ainsworth, who had been a Louisiana state senator for almost two terms, was stating the obvious. But it was that obvious fact—the failure of elected public officials to distribute the benefits, real or desired, of democracy equally to all the citizens of the democracy—that had, for most practical purposes, led to a relatively peaceful revolution in the United States in his professional lifetime.

The problem was race, the problem was black Americans thrust into the muck. Black Americans, formally and informally, by law and custom, were denied some of the rights of citizenship and many of the rewards of industry. In Louisiana, when Ainsworth was a legislator, complicated and deliberate tradition prevented *les hommes de couleur* from voting, from holding public office, from going to better public and private schools—al-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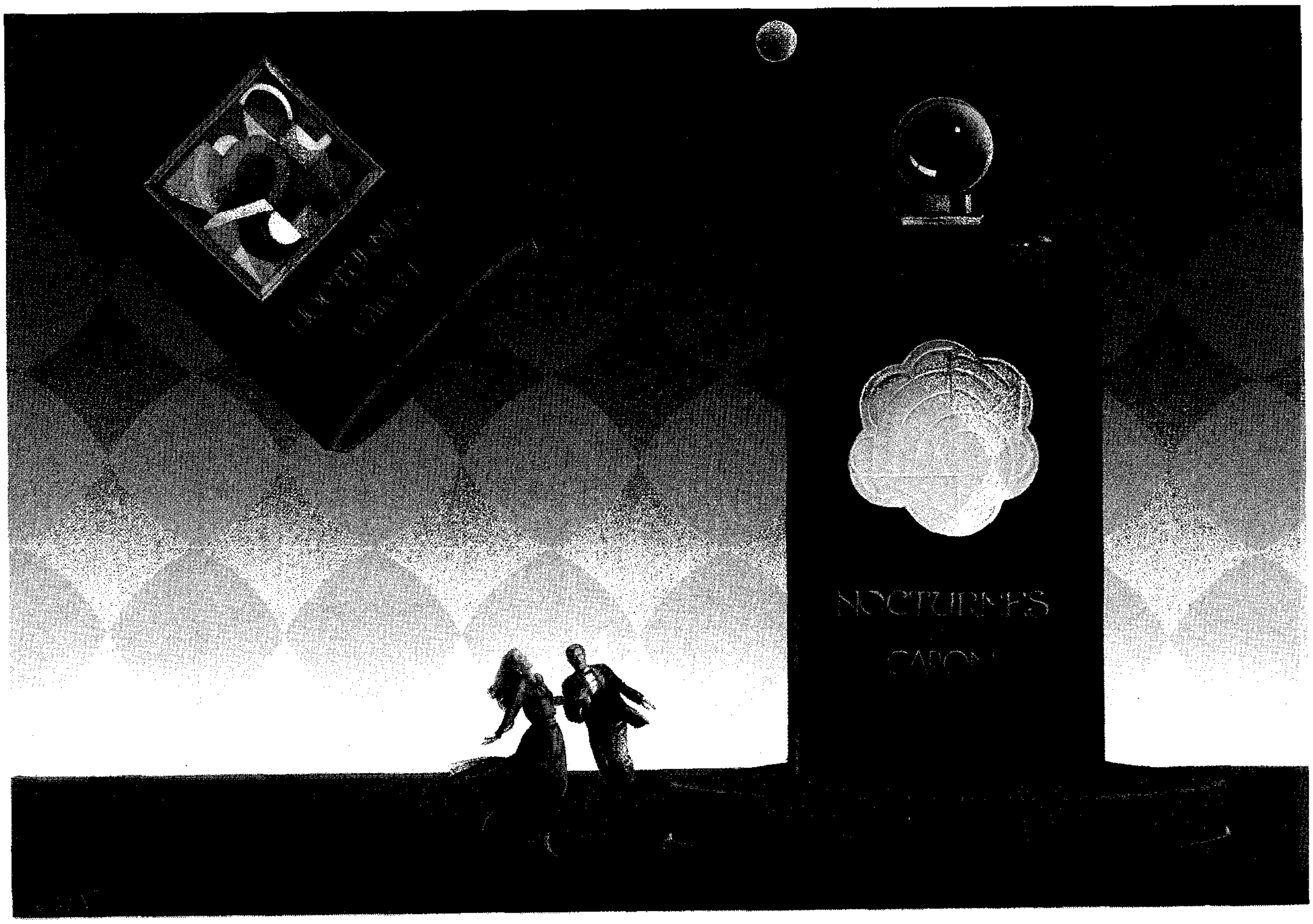
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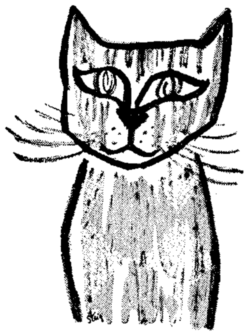
ost exclusively white schools. It was irtually impossible for a black man or oman to win—to win the political ower or the education to compete for fluence or money with white men nd women. The restrictions were ore formal in places like Louisiana, the South, but they were no less real other parts of the country.

In Philadelphia, Tocqueville had alked with the city librarian, John Jay mith, and made some notes that were imilar to the cases presented to the ifth Circuit Court of Appeals more han a hundred years later.

> Mr. Smith, a very able and well-in- ormed Quaker, said to us today that he as perfectly convinced that the negroes ere of the same race as we, just as a lack cow is of the same race as a white ow. . . .
>
> We asked him if the blacks had the ights of citizenship. He replied: Yes, in w. But they can't present themselves at he polls.
>
> Why so?
>
> They would be maltreated.
>
> And what becomes of the reign of law in his case?
>
> The law with us is nothing if it is not upported by public opinion. Slavery is bolished in Pennsylvania . . . [but] the eople are imbued with the greatest preju- ice against the negroes, and the magis- rates don't feel strong enough to enforce he laws favorable to them.

The political system had failed for he descendants of America's slaves. or almost a century, that system, re- ponsive to what was undoubtedly the ajority will, had ignored—when it id not promote—society's legal and ocial racism. And the magistrates, hrough lack of strength or will, had one the same. In 1892, a man named omer Plessy, whose skin was white ut who had a black great-grandpar- nt, tried to sit in the "Whites Only" ection of a train in New Orleans and as arrested when he refused to move. our years later, after two appeals, the nited States Supreme Court ruled hat the conductor who refused to seat lessy was right and so was the Loui- iana law directing railroads to "pro- ide equal but separate accommoda- ions for the white and colored races." t was not until the late nineteen- hirties that the high court began to uggest that there should be some uestioning of whether "separate" fa- ilities were always actually "equal"— ut legal separation itself was not then ddressed by the court. That didn't appen until the nineteen-fifties.

In Topeka, Kansas, a minister amed Oliver Brown, who was black, ttempted to enroll his seven-year-old aughter in the third grade of one of the city's all-white elementary schools, legally segregated under Kansas law. She was turned away, and he sued, with the backing of other local black parents and an "association," the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. On May 17, 1954, the Supreme Court ruled, "Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal." In 1955, a year after the Court issued its decision in Brown v. Board of Education, it ruled that municipal, county, and state governments must carry out the desegregation of schools "with all deliberate speed." With even more speed ("It all began with Brown v. Topeka," said Judge Ainsworth), the courts, particularly federal courts, began to be overwhelmed with class-action suits attempting to force government—usually local and state government—to do what it did not want to do or to prevent it from doing what it did want to. Trivial things and profound things—the Fifth Circuit had ruled on the case of a Florida man who sued to force the government to allow him to use food stamps to feed his cat (he lost) and on the cases that moved Congress to guarantee full voting rights for black Americans.



"Class actions became a critical part of the political process," Ainsworth said. "When I became a judge, someone couldn't just come in and enjoin the government from building a highway, but you can now. You used to have to post a bond to pay for the damages if you lost the case. No more. In one of my cases, road construction was stopped through a park in San Antonio, Texas, and the state lost millions of dollars because of that. One of the problems of the courts' political, governmental role is that the courts can stop anything, but they can't start anything. We are making law, there's no doubt about it—and there is already too much law."

He handed me a copy of a speech by the vice-chancellor of the University of Alabama, Richard Thigpen, and said, "Read this."

"We have seen a proliferation of lawsuits across this land which is unprecedented at any time in our history or indeed the history of any civilized nation," Dr. Thigpen, a professor of law, had said, pointing out that between 1970 and 1977 civil-case filings in federal district courts had increased by forty-nine per cent.

"We should be proud of that overload," another judge told me later, in a statement that, for a moment, struck me as silly. "Americans are exercising rights they never had before. Americans are freer. America is more democratic," he continued. He was G. Mennen Williams, an associate justice of the Michigan Supreme Court and a former governor of that state. That, I realized, was true and obvious: the overuse of the courts was a management problem resulting from the rights explosion that followed the 1954 desegregation decision, but if clogged courtroom calendars were the price of Brown v. Board of Education, it was one of the greatest bargains in American history—the best buy since the country picked up New Orleans and what eventually became thirteen states from France for fifteen million dollars in the Louisiana Purchase.

The political problem was the centralization of authority that inevitably flowed from the appeals process. Because representative democracy—the republic—was deliberately unresponsive in the matter of black Americans, self-interested individuals found a mechanism to begin constructing a new political system, judicial appeals became the politics of the day, and the appellate process became the process of governing. There were national answers to local questions; then there were fewer and fewer local questions.

More and more, the questions of the day were answered by individual interpretations of a document of fewer than five thousand words which was written, by a committee, almost two hundred years ago. "Americans love their Constitution," said Gilbert Bochet, who was the French consul in New Orleans when I was there. "What an illusion—that something written in the eighteenth century could thrive in the late twentieth century. What is called American democracy is a thing of the past. In Africa, for instance, American democracy is seen as a reaction to European aristocracy—a white man's affair. That's what Tocqueville saw here—the reaction to aristocracy."

I wondered. Perhaps it did begin that way. But Tocqueville, I suspect, saw more than either Bochet or I saw. He must have, because he wrote that "the Constitution of the United States so contrived things (and this was its master stroke) that the federal courts, acting in the name of the laws, should never have to deal with any but individuals."

The document that Bochet read was a compact among thirteen sovereign governments, and it was an illusion now. The document that Tocqueville saw became a contract between a national government and millions of individuals. It was the reason that Darell Sercovich believed he had to go to federal court to find out where he stood once and for all. It was the reason that Ernest Morial, with his impressive title, was forced to plead for his city before the nation and government of the white American majority.

PEOPLE were dancing in the streets when I arrived in Baltimore. A hundred thousand people were cheering. The mayor, William Schaefer, was at City Hall, shouting into a microphone, "Baltimore is the No. 1 city in the nation! . . . There is pride! There is togetherness!"

Actually, Baltimore on that day—October 18, 1979—was No. 2, in baseball. The night before, the Baltimore Orioles had lost the seventh and deciding game of the World Series, by a score of 4–1, to the Pittsburgh Pirates. The people had turned out for a parade to honor their losing players.

"It's a city with an inferiority complex," said Jon Katz, the editor of the Baltimore *News American*. Even more than other old American cities, Baltimore, with a population drop from 905,787 in 1970 to 786,775 in 1980, is condemned to live in the shadow of Washington, because that's where it is. The capital is only forty miles south of Maryland's largest city. Katz's newspaper, in fact, had just published a series of articles describing in detail large-scale purchases of Baltimore town houses at depressed prices by Washington investors who were speculating that local real-estate values would rise as more and more people commuted to jobs in the Washington area. In addition, the Orioles, like the real estate, had just been bought by a group of Washington investors.

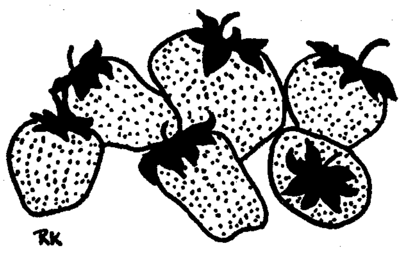
No wonder Mayor Schaefer had ordered that no fat policemen be assigned to the city's Memorial Stadium during the World Series games; he wanted national television audiences to believe that Baltimore cops were all fashionably slim. After one of the games, hundreds of Oriole fans had attacked a television sportscaster, Howard Cosell, outside the stadium, because they believed he was making fun of their team and their city.

The street attack seemed to be something of a Baltimore tradition. Peter Hoffman Cruse, who was the editor of the Baltimore *American* in 1831, told Tocqueville of attacks on a local journalist who was not considered anti-British enough during the War of 1812. Watching the horse races at the city's Central Course, Tocqueville witnessed a scene that he recorded in his notebook on October 29, 1831: "A Negro having taken the liberty of entering the arena with some whites, one of them gave him a volley of blows with his cane without this deed appearing to surprise either the crowd or the Negro himself."

A few days later, Tocqueville and Beaumont met one of America's most precious relics: Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was ninety-four years old, and was said to be the richest man in America. Tocqueville wrote in his notes:

> He possesses the most vast domain existing to-day in America. The estate on which he lives contains 13,000 acres of land and 300 Negro slaves. He has married his granddaughter to the Duke of Welesley. He is a Catholic . . . he is very erect, has no infirmity, his memory is uncertain. Still, he converses very well. . . .
>
> We spoke of the government of the United States. Charles Carroll seems to show regret for the old aristocratic institutions of Maryland. In general, everything in his conversation breathed the tone and ideas of the English aristocracy, combined sometimes in original fashion with the ways of the democratic government under which he lives, and the glorious memories of the American Revolution. He ended by saying to us: A mere Democracy is but a mob. The government of England is the only one that suits us, said he; "if we get along with ours, it's because each year we can push our innovators into the west."

The Carrolls, though they were Catholic and were originally Irish, had served England, King and aristocracy, and their rewards had been great. Charles Carroll's grandfather, also Charles Carroll, raised a sma army for King James II toward th end of the sixteen-hundreds and wa granted thousands of acres in th colony of Maryland. He was appointe attorney to the Calverts, the propr etary rulers of the royal colony nort of the Potomac River. That Charl Carroll, known as the Settler, came America in 1688, and in 1737 h grandson was born—Charles Carro of Carrollton, who would, before h fortieth birthday, pledge his life an fortune to American independen from England.



The Signer's oldest son was name again, Charles, and he was known Charles Carroll of Homewood. Hom wood, one of the family's vast estate later became the campus of Joh Hopkins University, in Baltimore. I the fifth generation of American Ca rolls, Charles Carroll of Doughorega was born. He had eight children, o of whom, Robert Goodloe Harp Carroll, became a cavalryman in th Confederate Army. Robert Goodl Harper Carroll's first son, born 1873, was named Charles Carroll; h became a gentleman farmer. His so Charles Carroll, Jr., born in 190 became a lawyer and spent sixtee years as a member of the Marylan Legislature.

Charles Carroll III was born 1932, and his son, Charles Carroll I was born in 1954. The three of us m for dinner in Baltimore to talk abo their lives and the story of the fami since Charles Carroll IV's grea great-great-great-great-grandfath signed the Declaration, on August 1776.

Charles Carroll III was a divisio manager of the Chesapeake & Poto mac Telephone Company. Charl Carroll IV was a medical student the University of Maryland. Th elder Carroll also had three other chi dren—one a salesman for a parts div sion of General Motors and the tw others still in school. His wife, Ann Johnson Carroll, was a speech teach at a private school.

The father graduated from Prince ton University—while he was ther he was converted from Catholicism Episcopalianism—and served as lieutenant in the Army. "I think we' fairly ordinary people," he said. "Ob viously, we are not poor, but I woul not say that we were rich, either. W are, I think, middle upper class." took that to mean that the Carrol were doing just fine, since many even the richest Americans ofte

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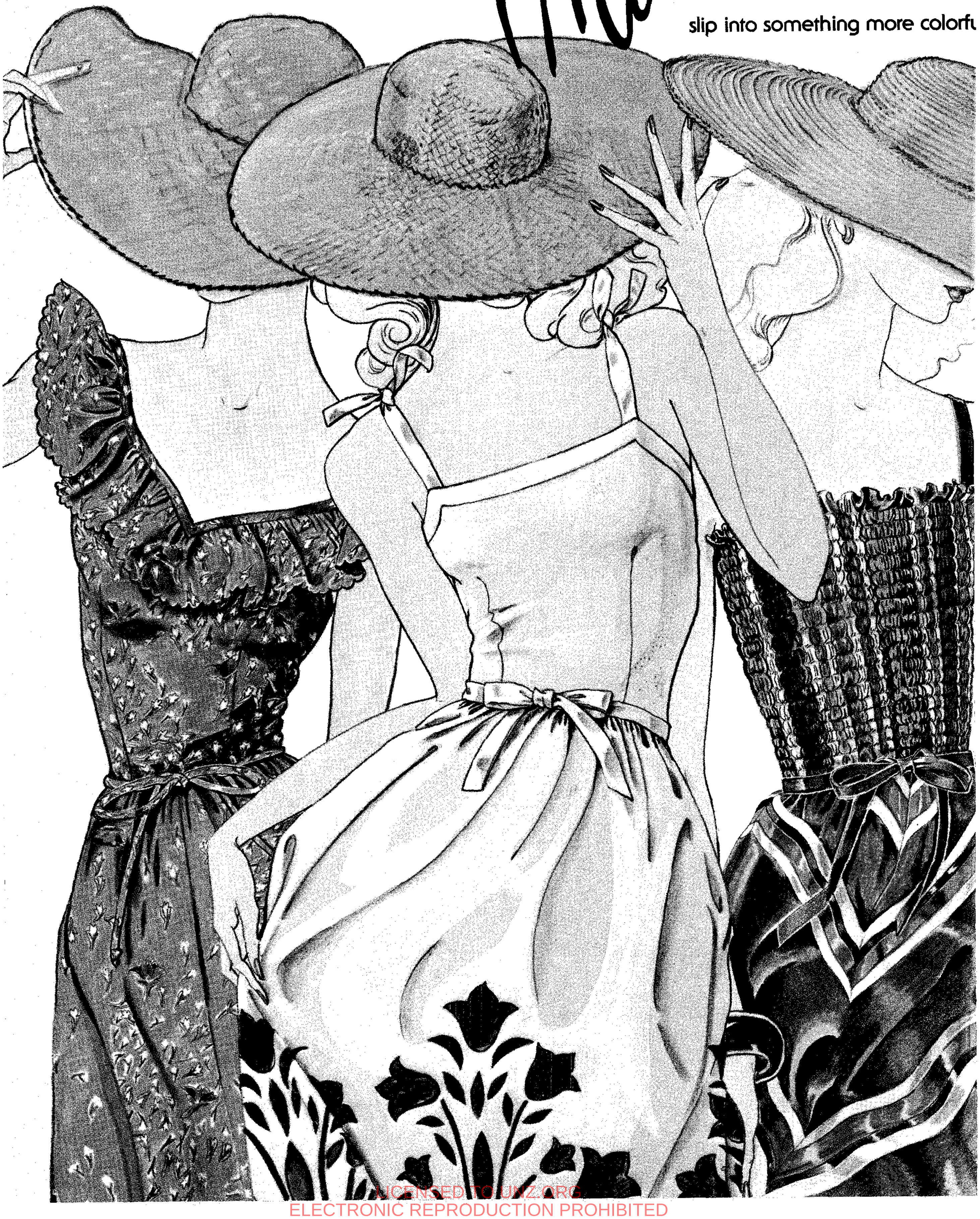


eemed comfortable identifying themelves as middle class. “Work was a ater development in the family,” he aid. “My father’s generation was eally the one that broke the mold and aced up to the fact that working was ecoming necessary.”

Where had the money gone?

“Beats the hell out of me,” Carroll aid. “Maybe the fact that people veren’t working had something to do vith it—that and the tax laws. There vere a number of children in a couple f generations. There was also a time vhen some of the family—especially vomen—went back to Europe when hey realized that there really wasn’t oing to be an aristocracy in America. They married minor nobility; I have ousins who are Belgian diplomats. t’s exciting for me to think once in a vhile about the Signer. But it doesn’t mpress anyone, and it doesn’t have ny impact on my life.”

“I have to be very careful about nentioning it,” said his son, Charles Carroll IV. “The response is very nixed, and I don’t need that ‘Oh, ou’re a blue blood.’ ”

That was the way America had vorked for one family—the richest amily in the country at its founding. n the ninth generation in America, a on became a telephone-company executive, and his sons were selling autonobile parts and studying medicine at public university—not even the best nedical school in the state. The best chool, which had no room for a Caroll, was the Johns Hopkins Univerity School of Medicine—part of the niversity built on one of the old Caroll estates. Johns Hopkins, in fact, vas one of the best medical schools in he world, and had been almost since s founding—with a grant from a ocal Quaker merchant, who gave it even million dollars and his name.

“We pick the best,” said Dr. Richrd S. Ross, dean of Johns Hopkins chool of Medicine. “We have thirtyve hundred applicants each year for a undred places. The admissions comnittee does not know anything about amilies or family finances. The reuirement is proved hard-sciences abily. It is more competitive than it used o be, but it is fairer. It was different n the old days—or, at least, I’ve been old stories about how they got in here hen. The dean interviewed everyody, and he just said, ‘O.K., you can ome; you can’t.’ This was an élite nstitution in every way. Now it’s a omplex, automated, computerized reiew system. In an attempt to be totally fair, we put an awful lot of emphasis on numerical properties.”

As Dr. Ross talked, it became obvious that he was not entirely happy about the processes and regulations enforcing fairness and honesty. “Yes, I am an angry man,” he finally said. “This school has been here to train leaders—people capable of thinking creatively, people who will make the medical advances of the future. The government keeps putting on more and more regulations. There was a time when the attitude was to trust a place like Hopkins. Now we have to fill out forms, we have to have the right piece of paper at the right time to prove we’re not doing anything wrong. The regulations are all based on the assumption that all medical schools are the same. The government can’t differentiate between research medicine and general practice, between Johns Hopkins and Harvard and run-of-the-mill medical schools.”

How much does the school depend on the government?

“Too much,” he said. “We’re dependent on federal money—mostly research money. It makes up about half our budget. A couple of years ago, the government decided that we had to accept third-year students educated in foreign schools and that those students couldn’t be denied admission on the basis of academic qualifications. That’s what happens when you deal with the government. They were lobbied by the parents of all the Americans who went to foreign medical schools because they couldn’t get into even the second-rate ones here.”

The federal action he was referring to—he almost sputtered as he talked about it—was Public Law 94-484, an amendment to the Health Professions Educational Assistance Act of 1976. The wording empowered the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to “equitably apportion a number of positions adequate to fill the needs of students described in subparagraph (B) among the schools of medicine in the States,” and provided that “a school of medicine shall not be required to enroll a student described in subparagraph (B) if the individual does not meet, as determined under guidelines established by the Secretary by regulation, the entrance requirements of the school (other than requirements related to academic qualifications or to place of residence).”

The law, as it was written, seemed to do pretty much what Dr. Ross said it did—force Johns Hopkins and other institutions to accept students who do not meet its academic qualifications.

“But we beat them on that one,” Dr. Ross said.

How?

“We hired a smart Washington lawyer and he got that out of the law.”

The incident, not worth the attention of the overwhelming majority of Americans, was instructive of an ordinary American cycle two hundred years after Charles Carroll pledged his sacred honor to independence. Democratic pressures had been building up for years over the “unfairness” of medical education. Physicians, after all, were the highest-paid Americans, and only a few people—eight thousand a year—could become physicians. Those fortunate few were selected by medical schools according to criteria and qualifications that the leaders of the profession itself deemed reasonable. Many, many more were excluded, and the most energetic of those left home—left the United States—in an attempt to win the same rewards and benefits outside the established channels of the American medical profession. Over a period of time, those who felt excluded—students at foreign medical schools, and others who were rejected in the United States—were able, by single-issue and single-minded determination, to bring enough political pressure on elected officials to persuade the government to take action. Publicity was a major weapon—distributing information about medical-profession income and physician shortages, arguing that the profession itself was limiting entrance to insure the wealth of its members. The campaign worked: laws, regulations, and financial incentives were created to expand the profession. The number of graduates in American medical schools increased from eight thousand to more than fifteen thousand between 1965 and 1980. But an élite institution, distinguished by a record of unquestioned excellence, was able to block at least one of the incursions on its privilege by retaining—what else?—a lawyer capable of operating within the gray world that Tocqueville had called “an occult science.”

But the natural law of egalitarian gravity had not been changed by Johns

Hopkins' small victory. "We have no formal quotas for admission," Dr. Ross said. "But we do try to build each class as representative of the entire society. We have enough diversity to satisfy the government's requirements. The next graduating class, for instance, will have thirty-four women in it."

Is there a price for meeting those requirements for diversity?

"Yes," he said. "A medical school that has to admit people by group or by region inevitably loses quality. If all medical schools have to be the same, medicine and health care suffer in the name of fairness. A society is enriched by institutions that emphasize excellence."

It is an old dilemma of democracy. "Fairness," as seen by Dr. Ross or by Magistrate Aug, in Cincinnati, or "equal access," as defined by Darlene Kamine, in Cincinnati, is indeed not the best tool with which to carve excellence—at least, not the excellence associated with a medical leader, or, for that matter, a political leader. But the excellence of a society is in the eye of the beholder. And if systems like the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, geared to produce leaders, could not also produce black physicians and women physicians of any color those systems were inevitably going to be modified or dismantled in a surging democracy.

"There is indeed a manly and legitimate passion for equality which rouses in all men a desire to be strong and respected. This passion tends to elevate the little man to the rank of the great," Tocqueville wrote in "Democracy in America." He continued, "But the human heart also nourishes a debased taste for equality, which leads the weak to want to drag the strong down to their level and which induces men to prefer equality in servitude to inequality in freedom. It is not that peoples with a democratic social state naturally scorn freedom; on the contrary, they have an instinctive taste for it. But freedom is not the chief and continual object of their desires; it is equality for which they feel an eternal love; they rush on freedom with quick and sudden impulses, but if they miss their mark they resign themselves to their disappointment; but nothing will satisfy them without equality, and they would rather die than lose it."

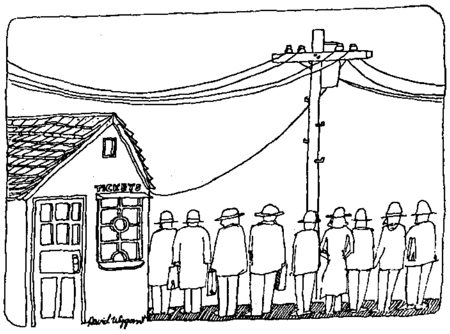
Tocqueville's notes after meeting Charles Carroll reflected his own struggle to understand the meaning of what was already obvious in the United States. "All the ways and habits of mind of Charles Carroll make him completely resemble a European gentleman," wrote Tocqueville, who was, of course, one himself. "Probably the great proprietors of the South, at the time of the Revolution, were much on this model. This race of men is disappearing today, after having furnished America her greatest men. With them is being lost the tradition of the better born; the people is growing more enlightened, knowledge is spreading, a middling capacity is becoming common. The outstanding talents, the great characters are more rare. Society is less brilliant and more prosperous."

"Do you not regret that it should be thus?" Tocqueville asked John H. B. Latrobe, a young Baltimore lawyer and author.

"Yes, from certain points of view," Latrobe answered. "This class was, in general, a nursery for distinguished men for the legislature and the Army. They formed our best statesmen, our finest characters. All the great men of the Revolution, in the South, came from this class. And yet I am brought to believe that, taken altogether, the new order of things is better. The upper classes with us are less remarkable now, but the people is more enlightened; there are fewer distinguished men, but a more general happiness."

Three years after that conversation, Tocqueville wrote:

> What do you expect from society and its government? We must be clear about that.
>
> Do you wish to raise mankind to an elevated and generous view of the things of this world? Do you want to inspire men with a certain scorn of material goods? . . .
>
> Are you concerned with refining mores, elevating manners, and causing the arts to blossom? Do you desire poetry, renown and glory?
>
> Do you set out to organize a nation so that it will have a powerful influence over all others? Do you expect it to attempt great enterprises and, whatever be the result of its efforts, to leave a great mark on history?
>
> If in your view that should be the main object of men in society, do not support democratic government; it surely will n lead you to that goal.
>
> But if you think it profitable to tu man's intellectual and moral activity t ward the necessities of physical life and u them to produce well-being, if you thi that reason is more use to men than geniu if your object is not to create heroic virtu but rather tranquil habits, if you wou rather contemplate vices than crimes ar prefer fewer transgressions at the cost fewer splendid deeds, if in place of a bri liant society you are content to live in o that is prosperous, and finally, if in yo view the main object of government is n to achieve the greatest strength or glo for the nation as a whole but to provide f every individual therein the utmost wel being, protecting him as far as possib from all afflictions, then it is good to mal conditions equal and to establish a dem cratic government.



After Tocqueville listened t Charles Carroll's somewhat dim vie of the democracy he had helped creat the Frenchman was pulled aside b James Carroll, a younger relativ who said, "You musn't exaggerate th inconveniences that 'democracy' h for us. No doubt in a mass of detail in a great number of particular case the people doesn't show commo sense. Yet on the whole the machi goes and the State prospers. Certain universal suffrage has its dangers, b it has this advantage that with it the does not exist a single class hostile the others. There is a general satisfa tion spread through the nation. . . . still produces more good than miser It spreads throughout the whole soci body an activity and a life that anoth government would not know how create."

There was the answer: Whatev mark, great or small, the America would leave on history, they kne what they were doing.

I don't think I showed any emoti during my dinner with the Carrolls— I tried not to—but I was thrille What was democracy? What w America? Whatever else it was, it w a system that worked in such a w that the richest man in the count couldn't be sure that his sons and h sons' sons would be able to get into t best schools and get the best jo We knew what we were doing wi the Carrolls: we were trying to ma room for the Reeveses.

—RICHARD REEV

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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[*Headline in the Chicago Tribune*]

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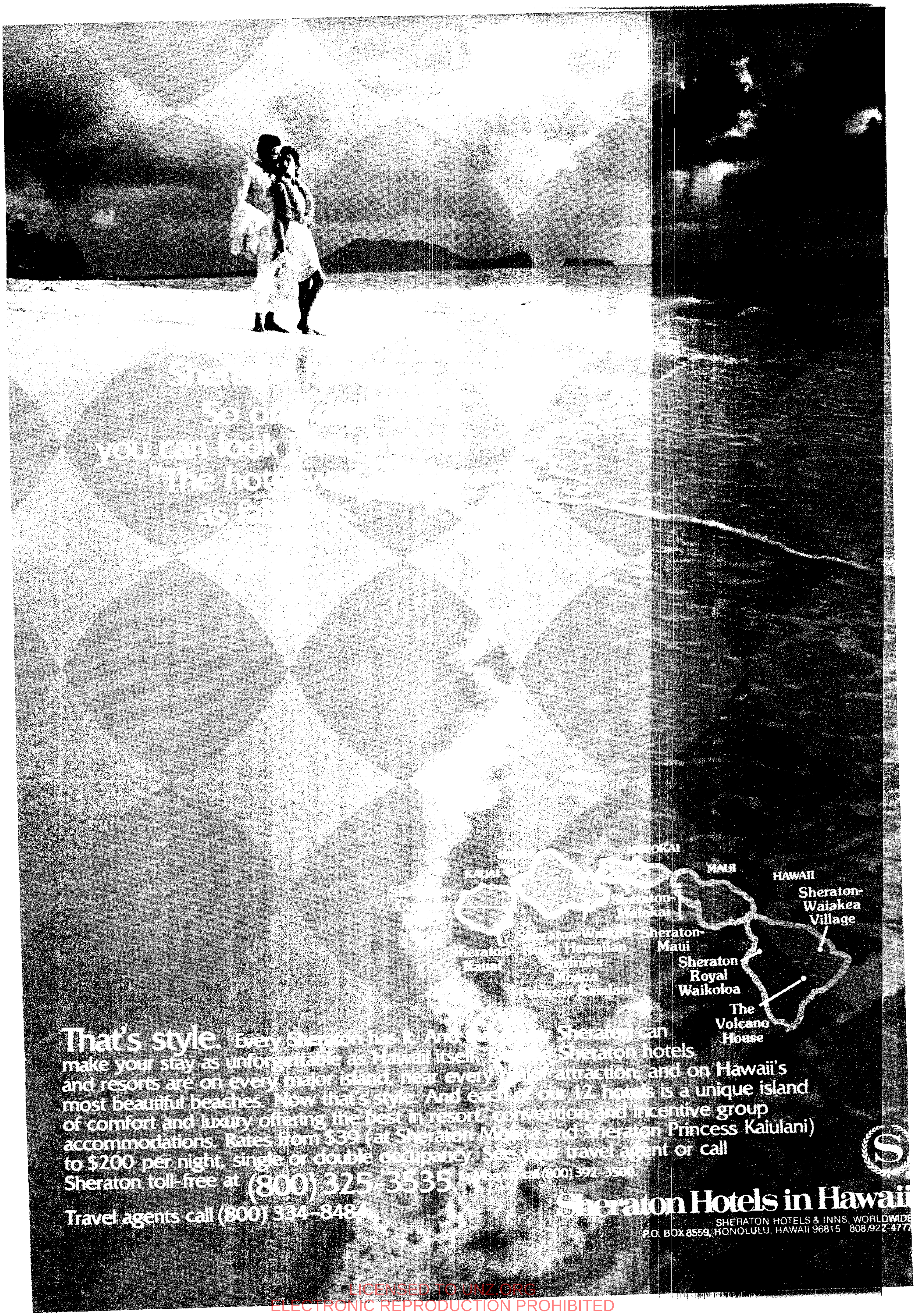
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ALOHA

A Reverence for Life

R. Peterson

America's first governor of Japanese extraction, Hawaii's George Ariyoshi, with wife Jean.

"Aloha," ancient Hawaiians said as they met or left one another, or as they simply, fondly, expressed thanks, love, and appreciation to one another for being.

Alo—*to face;* **ha**—*the breath of life. Aloha* implies reverence for life, and for the *mana,* the power, the spirit, that life implies. With that concept in mind, let us begin to explore *Hawaii nei.*

"ALOHA!" the red-white-and-blue sign leading into Customs proclaims to foreigners arriving at Honolulu International Airport: "WELCOME TO HONOLULU, HAWAII, U.S.A."

Even in the terminal, haunting, twangy steel guitar riffs cause palm trees, hula girls, and flowers to sway through Everyman's Vision of Paradise.

Then, an island girl, a *wahine,* with long reddish hair, inviting eyes, and an enchanting smile, approaches you, drapes a garland of orchids 'round your neck, and with a kiss of sincere affection says "Aloha." And now you begin to understand the spirit of Hawaii.

THE LEI: FORM, FRAGRANCE, AND SPIRIT

When you receive a lei, it's more than a circle of flowers and fragrance accompanied by a kiss. The lei-giving tradition is as old as Hawaii itself; from the time the volcano goddess Pele's sister Hiiaka is said to have presented the first lehua leis to her sisters on a beach in Puna, these garlands have become art, custom, and ornament.

In ancient times, leis took the form of head wreaths and necklets as well as the long circular or open-ended strands we know as leis today. They were used originally as offerings to deities in the sacred dances and chants of Hawaii. A lei worn in a dance was never given away; it belonged to the goddess of the dance.

In the old Matson steamship days, tossing a lei overboard was a custom introduced by the West; if a tossed lei returned to shore, it was thought, the visitor would return to Hawaii.

Today the custom of presenting leis belongs to everyone. In authentic Hawaiian tradition, it begins with an attitude, a spirit of thankfulness as each blossom is picked, then strung one by one so each will shine at its most brilliant — it may take a thousand blossoms to fill a lei. When presented to a friend, stranger, or beloved, it is a symbol of beauty, made with care and given with love. With a real Hawaiian lei, no blossom, leaf, or recipient is insignificant.

THE MEETING PLACE OF EAST AND WEST

It is the meeting place of East and West, the very new rubs shoulders with the immeasurably old. And if you have not found the romance you expected, you have come upon something singularly intriguing. All these strange people live close to each other, with different languages and different thoughts; they believe in different gods, and they have different values; two passions alone they share, love and hunger. And somehow as you watch them, you have an impression of extraordinary vitality.

—William Somerset Maugham, commenting on Honolulu in *The Trembling of a Leaf,* 1921.

"The meeting place of East and West..." If the writer were not Maugham, he'd be attacked for resorting to cliché. But worldly Maugham wasn't the first or last scribe to say such simplistic, catch-all things about the people of Hawaii as a group. Recent favorite sobriquets refer to "the golden people," "a social rainbow," and "a preview of ultimate world man." Even James Michener, who authored the epic *Hawaii,* titled his last chapter "The Golden Men" and alluded to "a man at home in either the business councils of New York or the philosophical retreats of Kyoto." All are "melting pot" and "color blind" generalities, but what else can one say about the only state in the United States, or for that matter in the world, where every racial group is a minority, and where most of these minorities originated in Asia and Polynesia, rather than in Europe or Africa?

For both political and economic purposes Hawaii's multi-racial citizens and immigrant aliens have unified. *In toto* they belong to a group consciousness called "localism," an identity that somehow gives "local boys" and "local girls" a kinship rare in other crazy-quilt communities. And with each new generation, with each sexual shuffle of the *local* gene pool, this island society is creating hundreds of splendid mutations. As Honolulu humorist Tom Horton once asked in a gossip column published by *The Honolulu Advertiser:* "Where else but in Hawaii would nice Japanese girl, Jeanette Sylva, married to nice Portuguese boy, make her nightclub debut as Natasha the belly dancer at the Asakusa on Kapiolani, and be introduced as the 'Queen of Egypt' by a Chinese bandleader, and come out dancing to 'Hava Nagila'?" And in what other city of only 700,000 residents can you blink at—in the same quarter mile of road—ethnocentric shingles, signs, and neons advertising, among other enterprises, H. Yasumoto Tailor, the Portugal Pacific Sausage Company, Knights of England Imported Pianos, the Aloha Plumbing Co., Goto Fishing Supply, Mama's Mexican Kitchen, Uptown Saimin and Fountain, and Burger King? And they are all just around a Kalihi corner from the Dutch Girl Pastry Shop, Park's Korean Foods, Hoy Tin Chop Suey, St. Theresa's Rectory, the Konko Mission of Honolulu, and the United Puerto Rican Community Association.

D. Cornwell

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Ethnic variety and cooperation permeate even Hawaii's corridors of power. Hawaii's four-man delegation to the U.S. Congress now includes two Japanese (Inouye and Matsunaga), one Hawaiian (Akaka), and a *haole* (Caucasian) from Texas (Heftel). And though Hawaii's Governor is Japanese (Ariyoshi), the Mayor of the City & County of Honolulu is an Anglo-Saxon from California (Anderson), and the chief executives of Kauai, Maui, and Hawaii counties are, respectively, Filipino (Malapit), Portuguese (Tavares), and Japanese (Matayoshi).

Politically and socially a *local* high point was reached in November 1974 when George Ariyoshi, the son of a former *sumo* wrestler and *tofu* maker, was elected Hawaii's governor and thus became the first Oriental person ever to hold such a high post in the United States. Ariyoshi's election marked what one Honolulu newspaper reporter called "The American Dream realized."

MODERN HAWAII: PRIMEVAL BEAUTY, COOLING TRADEWINDS

When the first Polynesian dug-out canoes were beached on Hawaii's shores—probably during the 6th Century, at or near South Point on the Big Island of Hawaii—these islands were as close to being an unspoiled Eden-Shangrila-Bali Hai as had ever been discovered on earth.

D. Cornwell

. . . we rejoice in life as a gift of the land, the aina *. . .*

'The Gathering Place'

Today, that primeval beauty lingers, even in corners of the most heavily populated sectors. On Oahu, "The Gathering Place," you can spend a morning groping through mist-shrouded rainforests dense with rainbows and jungle tangle, and that very noon, but a half-hour's drive and 25 miles away, your party of island-hoppers might find themselves chasing mongooses across desert-hot and jagged lava shelves.

In the greater Honolulu area alone there are more nature trail hikes than a hardy backpacker can negotiate in a few hurried months; and fringing Oahu are more than 130 sandy beaches, few of them ever seen by tourists.

'Sheltered Bay'

Honolulu — Ho-no-loo-loo. **Hono,** *a bay;* **lulu,** *sheltered.* The name of Hawaii's capital explains why Honolulu and Oahu have been the business, political, and cultural center of the Hawaiian Islands since the early 1800s. Until Pearl Harbor was made navigable early in this century, Honolulu's harbor was the only protected body of water of its size within 2,000 miles of Hawaii.

Unless you are one of the rare few who first land at Hilo on the Big Island, your first Hawaiian experiences will take place in and about Honolulu, where 80 per cent of Hawaii's more than 900,000 people live, work, and play.

Honolulu and Waikiki Beach are the only places in Hawaii most people have heard about. Perhaps 99 out of 100 first-time tourists begin their tours of Hawaii at Honolulu International Airport and spend their first night on Oahu in one of the more than 25,000 hotel rooms at Waikiki, "the most famous beach in the world."

Waikiki has been praised as "one of the most well-planned and executed visitor destinations on earth." Many tourists return year after year to the same places where they met and danced away romantic island nights among the swaying palms and tiki torches. They always find that Waikiki offers an ever-changing and seemingly endless variety of commercial entertainment attractions.

'The Valley Isle'

But Hawaii also offers places where you can lie back and do as the locals do. Try, for example, Maui. Like voyagers of old, present day visitors to Maui might well believe that a magician has cast his spell over the island. It is not difficult to accept the local assertion that *Maui no ka oi,* or "Maui is the best."

Maui, with its 728 square miles, is the second largest island in the Hawaiian archipelago and is only about 70 statute miles — or 30 air minutes — southeast of Oahu. Like Oahu, Maui began as two separate volcanic peaks that fused together thousands of centuries ago as lava bubbled and flowed down their respective craters. West Maui broke first from the ocean floor and became serrated into several mountains. This dormant crater area is enveloped by the Iao Valley and Puu Kukui, a 5,788-foot summit that is the second rainiest peak in Hawaii (with about 400 inches of rainfall a year).

J. Carini

. . . for we are keiki aina, *children of the land . . .*

East Maui, the larger land mass, was formed during three distinct periods of volcanic activity centered at Haleakala, the legendary "House of the Sun" volcano. Gradually, lava flowed westward from Haleakala and cooled against the base of the West Maui volcano. The low-lying isthmus that joins the two peaks today gives Maui its nickname, "The Valley Isle."

Although whaling ships have long disappeared from Lahaina, this colorful waterfront town preserves the spirit and architecture of the salty 1800s. This is

J. Carini

. . . our smiles reveal the mana, *the spirit of life . . .*

ALOHA

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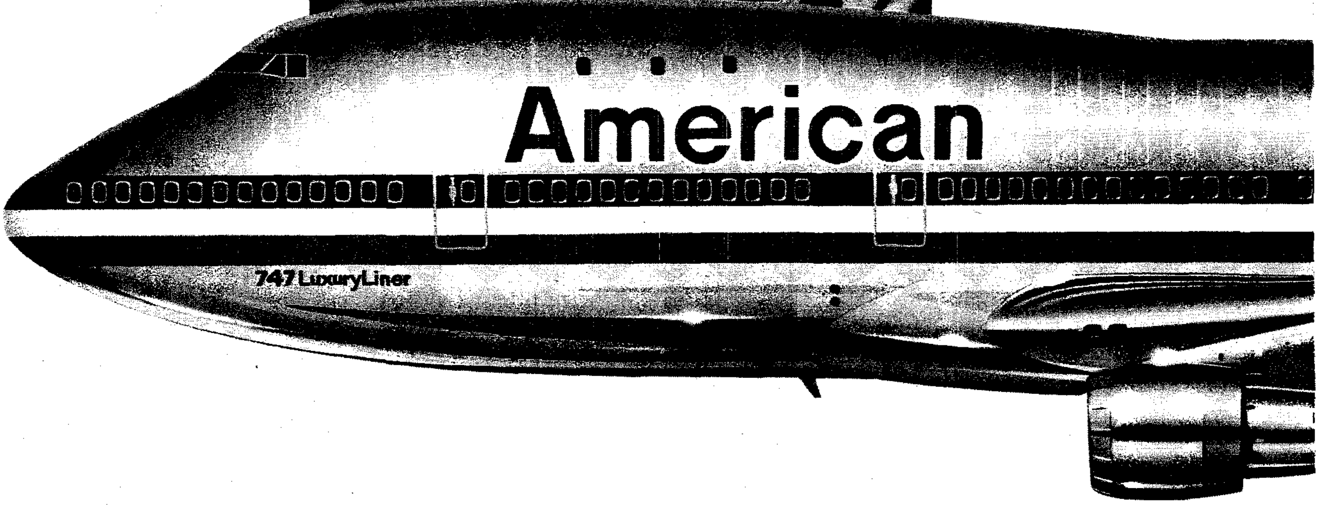

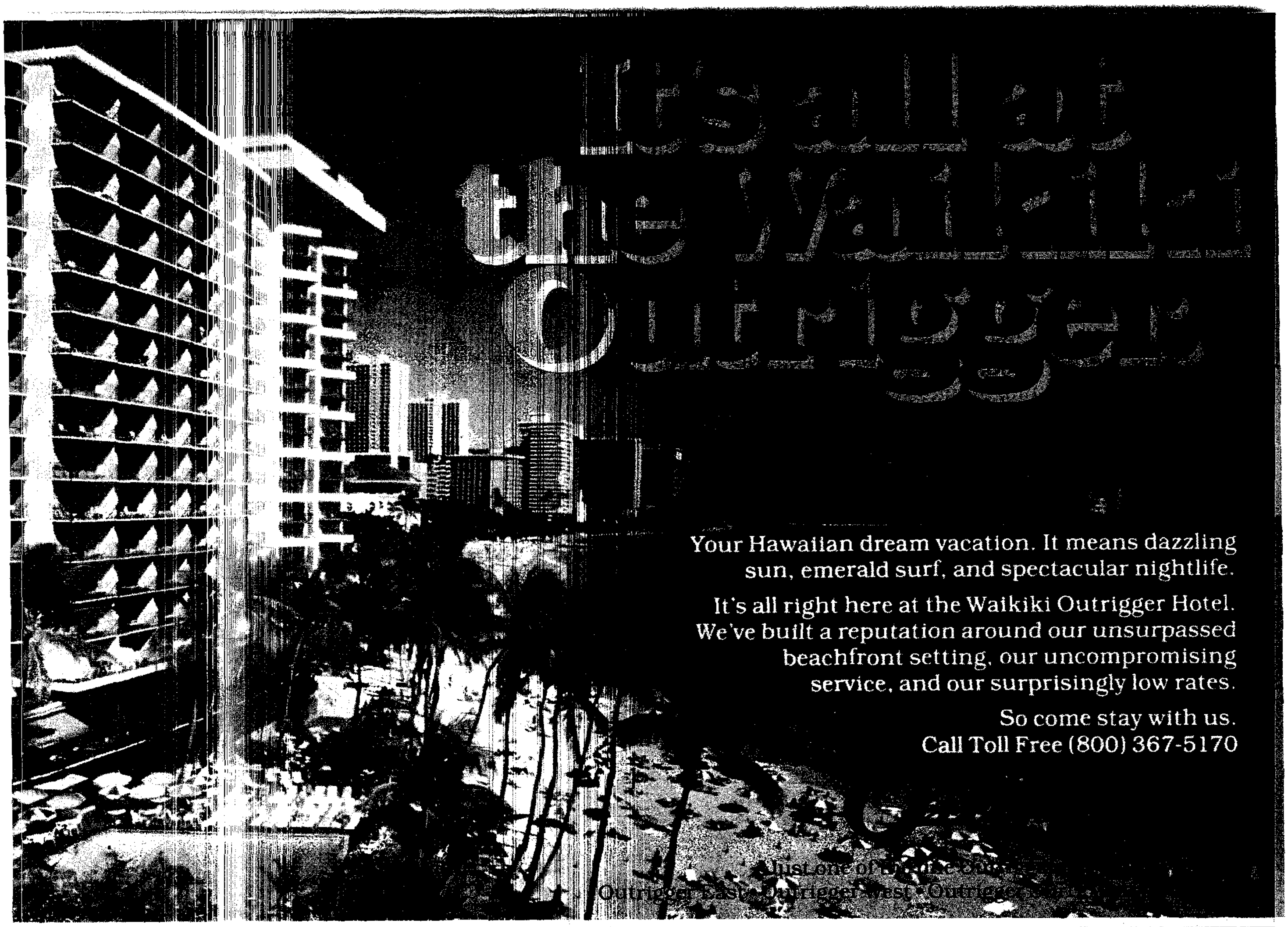
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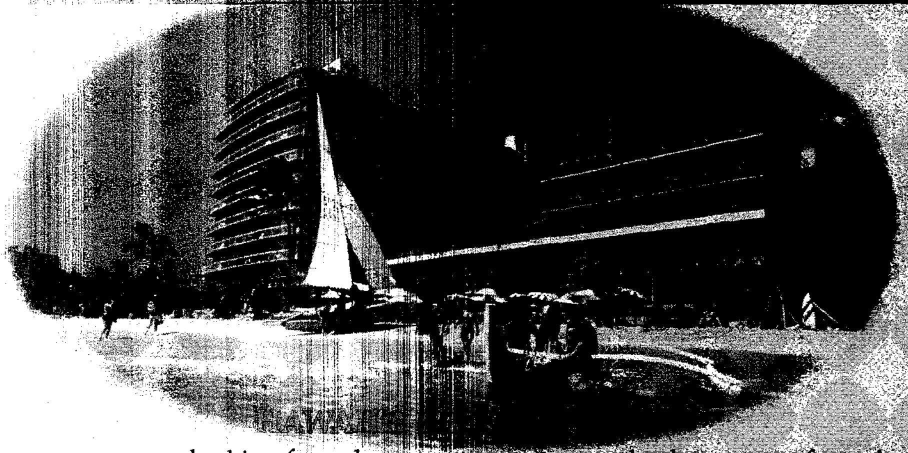
KI BEACH



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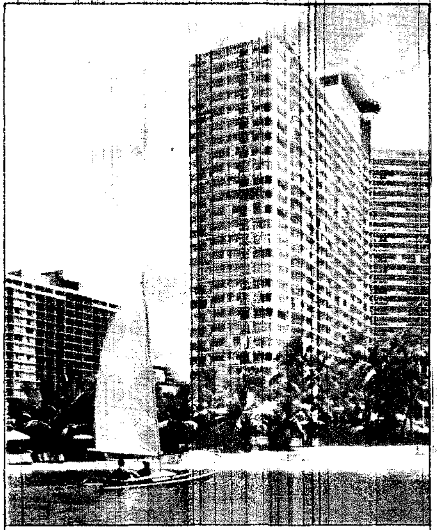

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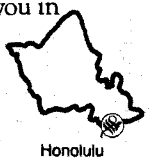
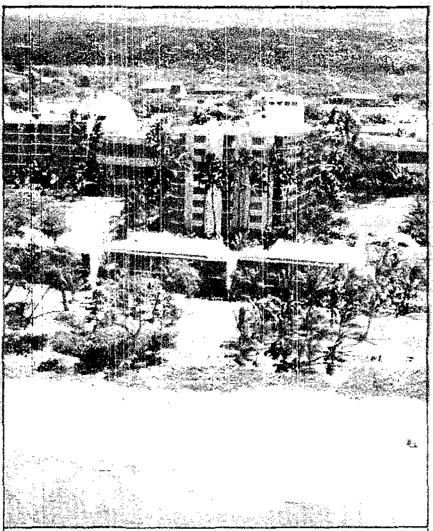
on Oahu is the Hawaii of your dreams, all in one extraordinary hotel on glamorous Waikiki Beach. Tennis? This is *the* tennis resort of Waikiki. Swimming, sunning, sailing? Two freshwater pools, and all the blue Pacific. Dining, wining, surveying the scene? Award-winning Champeaux's restaurant, and dancing at Annabelle's, 30 stories up at the Top of the I. Shopping? Steps away, a world-famous international shopping center. Meetings? Waikiki's best location. And lapping you in luxury every minute, fabled first-class Westin service.

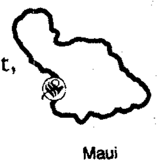


MAUI

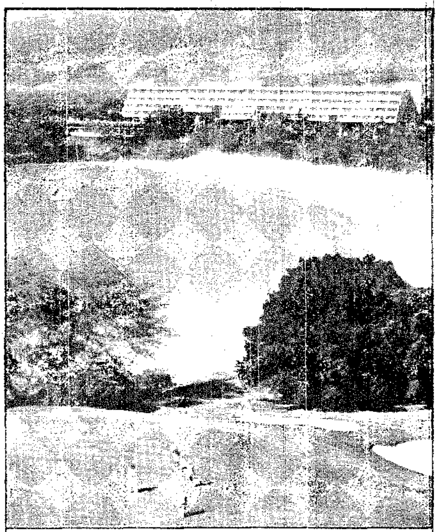


THE WESTIN WAILEA BEACH

on Maui — where whalers, kings and warriors have made history — is on a secluded tropical beach, at the foot of lofty Haleakala. It's a gem of a resort, where you may swim in ocean or pool, play tennis, sail, wander through terraced tropical gardens, try your game on two championship golf courses. Dining at Raffles' is like a trip to Singapore. Dancing at the Lost Horizon is dreamy. Rooms are spacious, with spectacular views of mountain or ocean. A truly first-class resort, and Maui's finest.



BIG ISLAND



MAUNA KEA BEACH

on the Big Island — Hawaii — is very special. This gracious hotel, on its own silvery beach on the sunny Kohala coast, has captured the serenity of a bygone day. You're surrounded by exotic art treasures of the Pacific. The cuisine is a gastronome's dream. Here you will store up precious memories — of lazing in the sun, landing a fighting marlin, golfing on a Robert Trent Jones course, seeing an active volcano close up. Accommodations are superb, service is impeccable. Just as you'd expect from Westin. Because Westin Hotels are first-class. Worldwide.

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WESTIN HOTELS
Hawaii

L. Lueras

. . . the real beauty, the natural beauty of these isles . . .

where modern Hawaiian history began and where much of its drama now unfolds.

Lahaina is ideal for walking tours. The same narrow streets where Mark Twain and Herman Melville walked a century ago are now brightly lined with dozens of gourmet restaurants, nightclubs and specialty shops.

Kaanapali Beach Resort, occupying 500 of Maui's most beautiful acres, appears to be several resorts rolled into one. The hotels along the three-mile stretch of Kaanapali Beach provide more than 3000 rooms. More than 900 condominium rental units are also available. Visitors to Kaanapali, once the playground of Hawaiian royalty, are apt to remark that their visions of Hawaii have come true: the crystal clear ocean, the sunny, white sand beaches, the soft, fragrant Hawaiian air of dreams of paradise are all here. Visitors are welcome guests at the two Royal Kaanapali Golf Courses, the North Course and the South Course.

Southeast of Lahaina, where the southern slope of Haleakala meets the sea, Wailea Resort occupies more than 1500 acres fronted by a series of intimate beaches, and backed by the lush forest that blankets much of the slope. Between beach and forest lie two golf courses considered among the best in the world, the Wailea Blue and Orange. Wailea also offers 11 tennis courts. The mood at Wailea is low-key, in keeping with the tempo of life many visitors seek in Hawaii.

Northwest of Lahaina, warmed and protected by a gigantic pineapple plantation, the rolling terrain of Kapalua Resort slopes gently up from the shore to the dramatic backdrop of the West Maui Mountains. Visitors will see stunning ocean views from every part of the resort. Kapalua's facilities include 10 tennis courts and two championship golf courses, both designed by Arnold Palmer.

'The Friendly Isle'

Hawaii's fifth largest island, Molokai is primarily agricultural, and development has been limited. In fact, the resort at Kepuhi Beach, near the northwestern tip of the island, has Molokai to itself. Kepuhi is a beautiful beach by day or night, and on clear evenings strollers on the beach can see the lights of Oahu across the 25-mile Kaiwi Channel. The resort includes the championship Kalua Koi Golf Course. Near the resort, Molokai Ranch raises antelope, deer, giraffes, and other exotic animals for sale to zoos and game preserves, and offers tours of this part of the ranch. The Great Molokai Mule Train Ride winds down the same steep path that Father Damien took in 1873 to Kalaupapa Peninsula, where his "efforts in alleviating the distresses and mitigating the sorrows" of lepers became legendary. But perhaps what most attracts visitors is Molokai's friendly people, for which the island is nicknamed "The Friendly Isle."

'The Big Island'

If you like wide-open spaces, hop over to one of the world's newest places, the Big Island of Hawaii.

So complex is the island of Hawaii that no nickname embraces all of it at once.

Call it the "Orchid Island" for the wild purple blossoms that grace roadsides of Puna and Hilo. Call it the "Volcano Island," for half of it is alive, with myriad fissures steaming and two mountains eager to erupt. But also call it the "Big Island," for it is so huge that each of its five districts is larger than any other island in the Hawaiian chain.

A rough diamond in shape, Hawaii thrusts four capes to the tradewinds a hundred miles apart. If time permits, you should explore the island counterclockwise, starting from Hilo. You'll experience a meaningful sequence of its varied climates, landscapes, peoples, and adventures: humble flowers in Hilo; plantation towns in Hamakua; giant valleys in North Kohala; cattle ranches in Kamuela; oasis beaches and first-class resorts in South Kohala, featuring challenging golf at several courses; coffee hills and coastal resorts in Kona; startling green sand at Ka‘u, and finally, active Kilauea Volcano in Puna — epitome of Hawaii's past and future.

'The Garden Isle'

At the heart of the island of Kauai, the oldest and lushest of Hawaii's populated isles, is a wonderland of vegetation and fauna unique in the world. Here, a mile high, a long, narrow depression called the Alakai Swamp lies suspended amid the mountains. From its sides fall thin, jagged ridges and deep, verdant valleys and canyons. At its eastern end is Waialeale, the wettest spot on earth, where almost 500 inches of rain fall annually. At the other end are the precipitous ridges and valleys called Na Pali, the cliffs. And knifing across the isle's west and north shores is the remarkably roseate Waimea Canyon.

Kauai boasts some of the most beautiful beaches in the world, including beaches fronting hotels in Nawiliwili, Wailua, and Poipu. Many visitors have called Poipu Beach one of the most perfect beaches in the world.

On Kauai's southernmost point, Poipu is the sunniest of the island's resort areas. Its several luxury hotels and condominiums all front the shoreline. Visitors enjoy scenic spots such as the Spouting Horn, a water spout in the shoreline rocks of an old lava flow. Brennecke's Beach, at Poipu, is renowned for its bodysurfing waves.

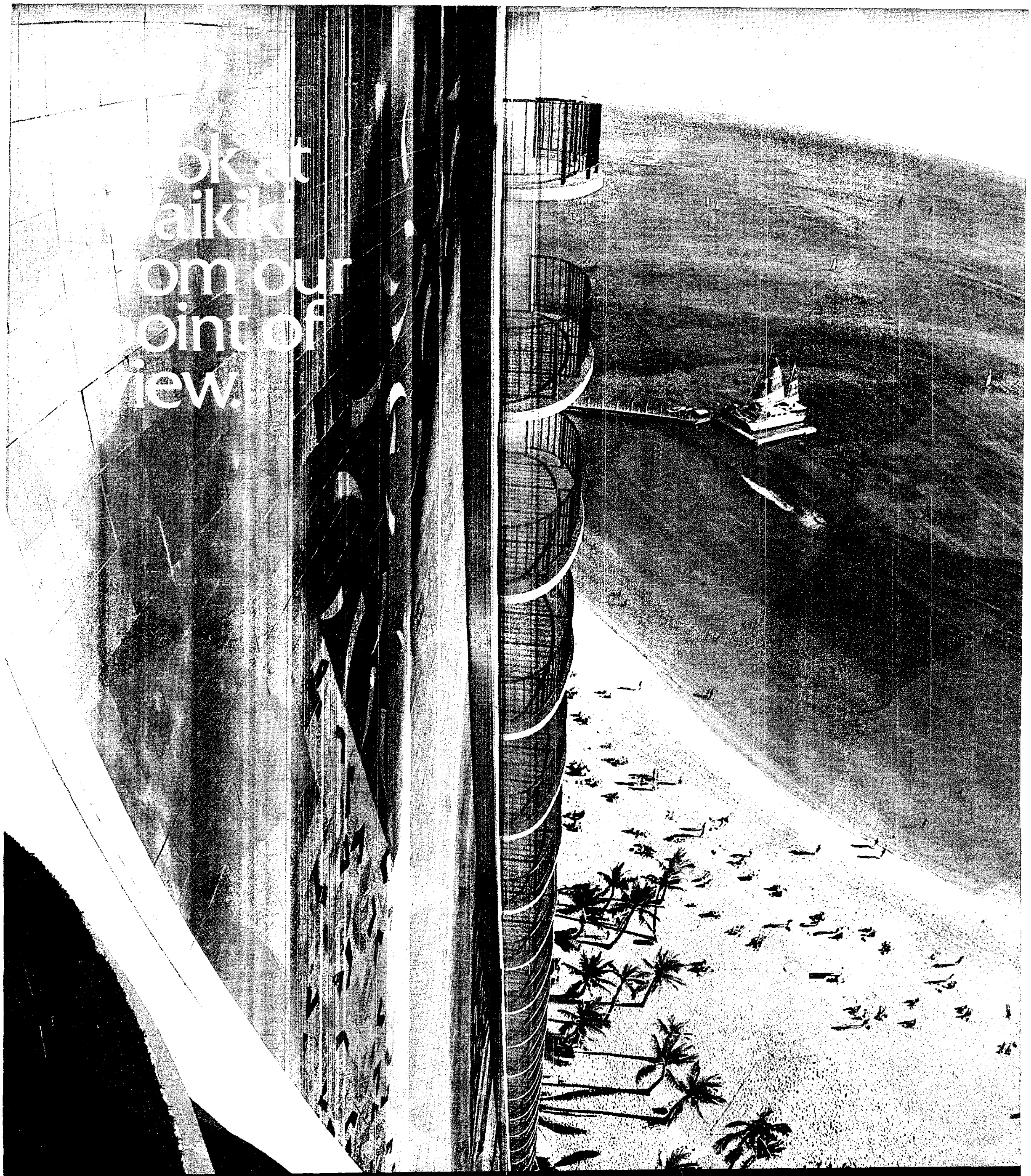
A string of resort hotels and condominiums runs along Kauai's eastern shore, from Wailua to Kapaa, featuring the Wailua Golf Course and the modern Coconut Plantation Marketplace, a resort shopping center. The Wailua River carries tour boats to the Fern Grotto, a favorite wedding site.

Princeville Resort, at Hanalei on Kauai's north shore, is an experience in getting away from it all. Its peacefulness and natural beauty lead to a very easy lifestyle. The beautiful beaches surrounding Princeville provided the setting for the filming of *South Pacific*. Visitors to Princeville enjoy 27 holes of golf on courses that will grow to 45 holes by the time all phases of the resort's development are completed.

These Kauai places, strikingly and simply beautiful, are places apart, like all of Hawaii used to be and like much of Hawaii still is.

D. Cornwell

. . . as natural as each beautiful smile in Hawaii . . . The Isles of Smiles.



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All the wonder of Waikiki is just steps away. But wait till you see it from our point of view. The Hilton Hawaiian Village. A world apart.

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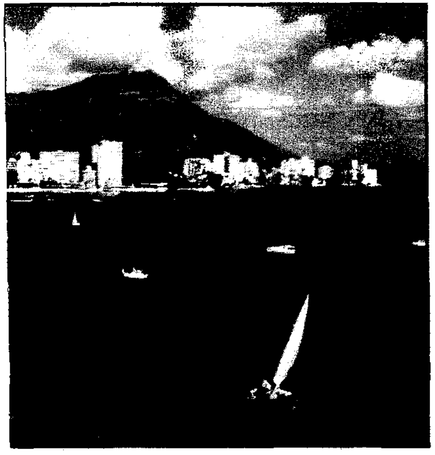
There's only one place in the world like Hawaii.

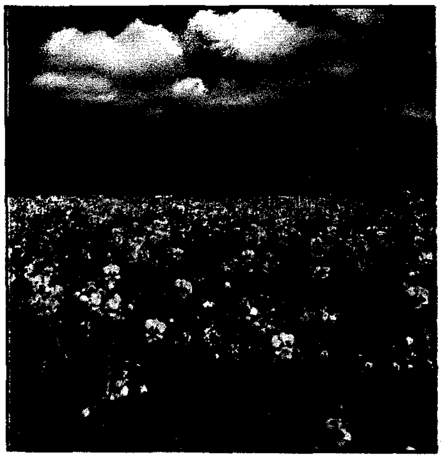
And Hawaii is five different places.

Oahu



Kauai

Maui



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And we can turn five beautiful islands
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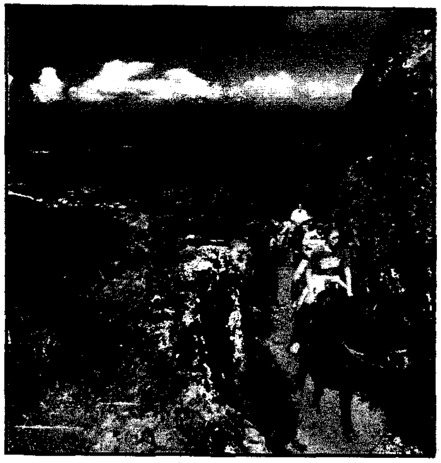
Hawaii

Molokai



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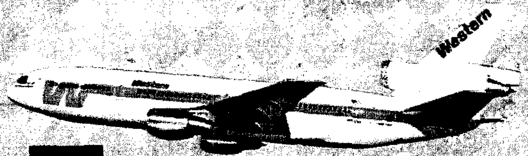
Say you want to have as much fun getting to Hawaii as you'll have when you get there.



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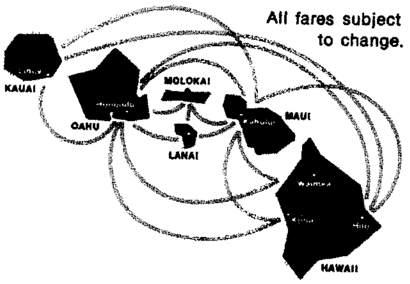

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HI82

LEADING THE WAY IN PACIFIC ECONOMIC GROWTH

Each year, millions of people come to Hawaii, yet few of them take the time to notice that Hawaii is more than just a great place to visit. It's also a great place to work.

The Islands are the most international of all the states. They are the center of Pacific activity and a conduit for commercial enterprises, transportation fleets, communication channels, and professional services of all kinds.

What makes Hawaii such a great place for business? One factor is that Hawaii is the only sizeable land mass for thousands of miles, midway between Asia and the Americas. But there's more. Hawaii's ethnic mix, although of every racial type, is most heavily Polynesian and Oriental, giving the state strong ties to those areas of the world.

Frank J. Manaut, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of Bancorp Hawaii.

Beyond the advantages of human resources and geographic position, Hawaii also offers first-rate facilities and services. These advantages attract many businesses that are making Hawaii either a base or a regional headquarters.

As Hawaii's largest financial institution, Bank of Hawaii plays a prominent part in the Islands' economic progress. The bank has more than $2.4 billion in assets, 60 branches throughout the five major islands, and 10 branches on other Pacific Islands. In addition, there are representative offices in Hong Kong, Manila, and Tokyo, plus a branch in the Bahamas.

Bancorp Hawaii, Inc., Bank of Hawaii's parent company, also has a finance company, and equipment leasing and data processing subsidiaries.

Despite its size, Bank of Hawaii has retained a closeness to the people of the Islands. No business, bank or otherwise, can be successful in Hawaii without becoming a part of this unique community. Involvement is fundamental to island life, and it is a motivating force at Bank of Hawaii.

This feeling of community can perhaps best be described by the Hawaiian word that Bank of Hawaii employees use in describing themselves: *Ohana.*

Ohana means extended family. The family of Bank of Hawaii. The family of the State of Hawaii.

John D. Bellinger, Chairman, President and Chief Executive Officer of First Hawaiian, Inc.

First Hawaiian Bank, chartered in 1858 by King Kamehameha IV and the second oldest bank west of the Rockies, has served Hawaii's businesses, governments, and people during the Monarchy, the Republic, 60 years as a Territory, and two decades of statehood.

In the beginning, the bank's primary functions were serving the needs of the Pacific whaling fleet and helping small, new sugar plantations get started. At the turn of the century, the bank helped commercial pineapple planting grow to the point that at one time it provided 80 percent of the world's commercial pineapple. During World War II, when Hawaii was the nerve center of the Pacific, the bank's major function was supporting the military. In the postwar years, the growth of tourism and of many new types of manufacturing, the expansion of new crops for both home consumption and export, and the tremendous expansion of trade in Hawaii and the Pacific Basin have constantly changed the bank's orientation.

The number of visitors to Hawaii (never above 25,000 per year before World War II) has increased dramatically. Today, we have nearly 4 million overseas visitors a year and some 56,000 hotel rooms on all the islands to serve them. Over one-fourth of the labor force owes its jobs — directly or indirectly — to the visitor industry.

Manufacturing produces goods that sell both locally and overseas for more than $1.5 billion annually — the output of oil refineries, garment factories, concrete products firms, plastic plants, a steel mill, food processors, and other industries.

Agriculture ranges from export items like papayas, macadamia nuts, anthuriums, orchids, and guava to items for local consumption like beef, poultry, dairy products, and a wide variety of truck crops. Aquaculture, producing prawns, oysters, and shrimp, is a rapidly growing new activity.

First Hawaiian Bank has the only full-service trust division in Hawaii, and First Hawaiian, Inc. (the parent company) has subsidiaries in consumer finance (including a 21-branch consumer finance company in Japan) and in equipment and vehicle leasing. Its assets amount to nearly $2 billion, making it one of the larger, more successful bank holding companies in the United States.

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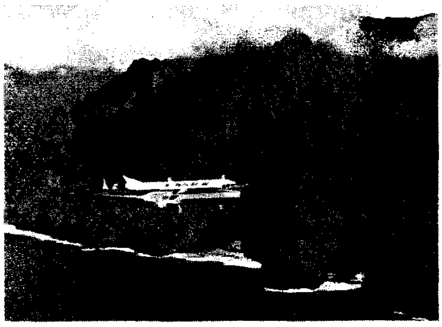

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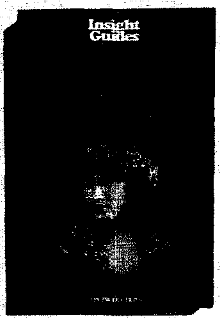

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All entrants must be 18 years of age or older. One entry per person. Drawing closes midnight June 30, 1982. All winners will be notified by July 31, 1982. Sweepstakes void where prohibited by law.

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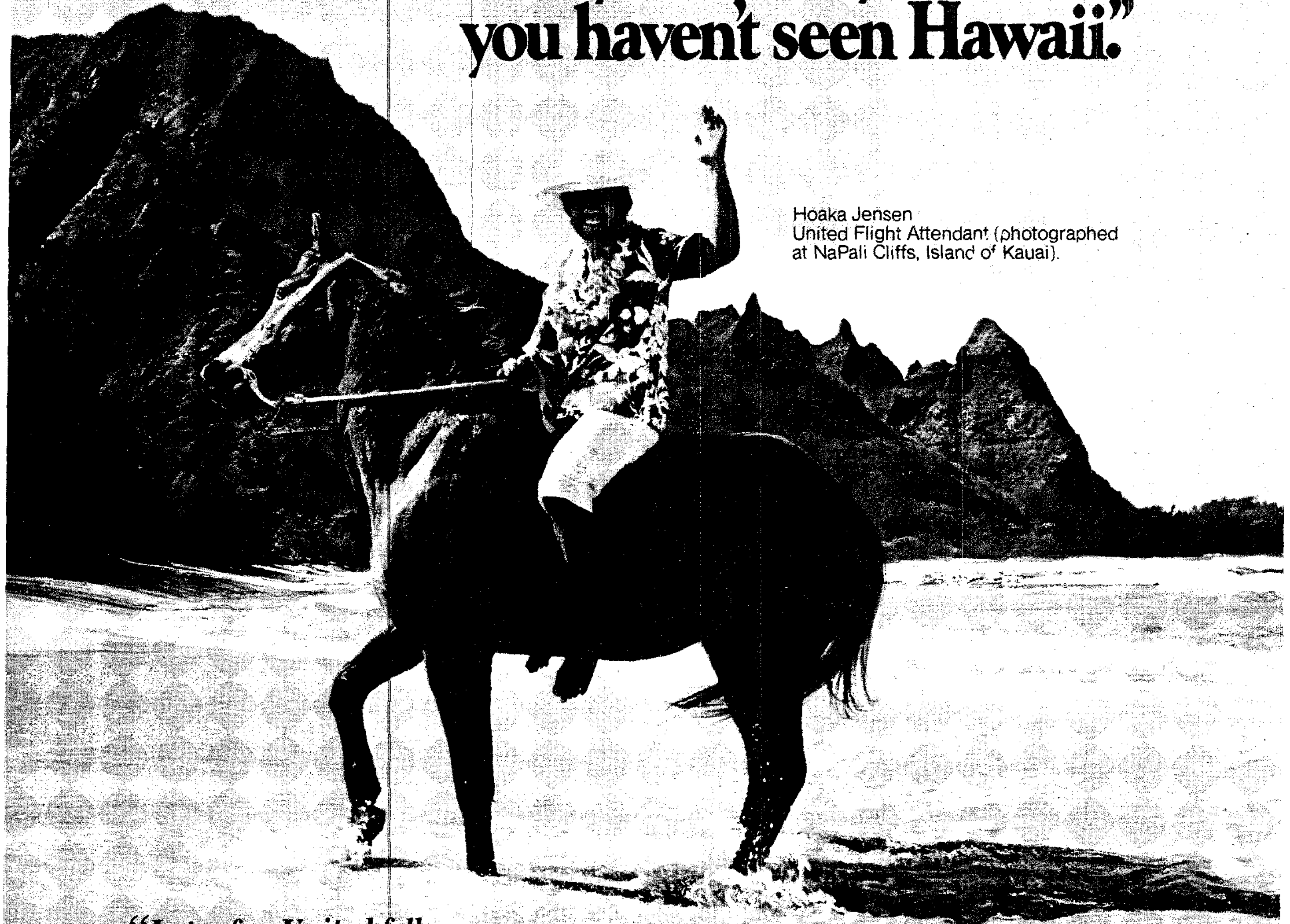
*A Raincheck (to a maximum of three) will be issued if, between 9:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. on any given day of your stay this year, it rains more than four hours at your hotel. Rainchecks must be validated by Princess Tours for redemption during the 1983 calendar year. Air fare excluded.

"United knows, if you've only seen Honolulu you haven't seen Hawaii."



Hoaka Jensen
United Flight Attendant (photographed at NaPali Cliffs, Island of Kauai).

"Lots of us United folks grew up in the Islands. We can tell you about all the special spots away from the 'big city'."

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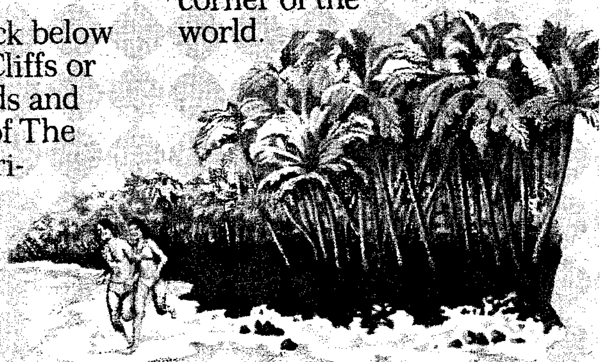

Our
little corner
of the world.

Fly the friendly skies of United.

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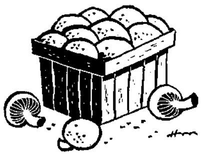
POLAROID

“I WONDER exactly how old this house is,” Frieda Dunn said. Drink in hand, she had seated herself on the old sofa with the scratchy upholstery, which had once been mauve but had faded to the color of bargain tuna fish. Frieda sat with her legs crossed, and the nervous way she swished the top leg back and forth reminded Didi Thomas of the way a cat swishes its tail just before it bounds away.

The house, in Rhode Island, was the one Ted and Didi rented every summer so that they could get away from New York City and spend a month near Ted's parents, and the Atlantic Ocean, and the group—now all knotted with marriage and divorce—of cousins and friends with whom Ted had spent the summers of his childhood. This was the second summer Ted and Didi had brought Charlie with them. He was their only child, eighteen months old. That evening, he had been bathed, diapered, and put to bed early on account of the party the Thomases were throwing, which was getting off to a slow start.

Frieda continued to pursue the subject of the house. “Just think,” she said, “it must have survived the hurricane of whenever.”

Cousin Bruce finished yawning and then said, “ ’38. Of course, we don't know how much of it is original. The fireplace, probably.” They all looked at the fireplace, as if it might have something to add to the discussion. They could hear the ocean dashing itself against the coast. Outside, a neighbor's bug light crackled, fricasseeing another moth. It was so humid their breaths condensed as a sparkling dew on the screens that covered the open windows. On the mantel over the fireplace was an old-fashioned Polaroid camera. Didi picked it up and began to pull the lens out into picture-taking position. She figured pictures would help to break the ice. She imagined them passed from hand to hand, everyone shrieking and hooting at how they looked. But her friends shrank from the lens as from a thing diseased.



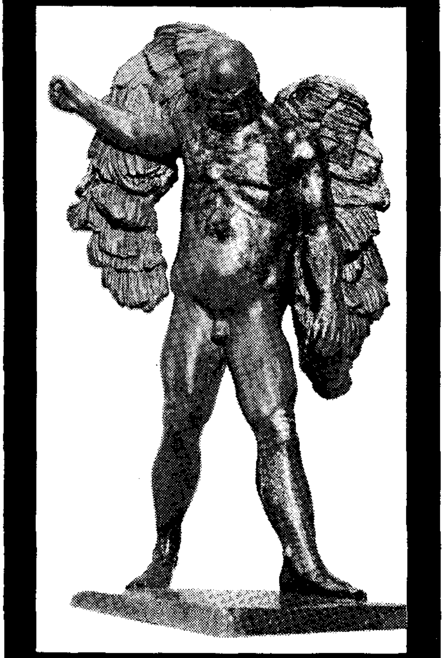
“Oh Didi, put that thing down,” said Georgie Bailey.

Cousin Mavis put her hands over her face. “Please,” she said. “Take someone else. I'm so unphotogenic. Or, I don't know, maybe I'm just ugly. But I hate to have my picture taken.”

“Now, now,” said Didi, “relax.” They were relaxed; she was the one in hot water. “I have to take some pictures sometime, or I won't have anything to remember you all by. Jeff?” A desperate appeal. Didi scarcely knew Jeff Watson. The few times they had found themselves together, at parties, or at the beach, they didn't have much to say to one another, though Didi had seen Jeff talking easily and even flirtatiously with other women. It was just that when he was around Didi a kind of tension developed between them, a resistance that was almost palpable. Her carefulness always seemed to drag on his spontaneity.

Jeff had a wife, Jo Ann, who was much loved locally. Ted said that when he was a little kid Jo Ann Porter was this other, even littler kid, who was sometimes around and sometimes not. Nobody paid much attention to her. Then time passed and—kaboom—there was Jo Ann Watson, a virgin and very young bride, all ablossom with social skills: a wizard at bridge, a formidable opponent at tennis, and now a voluptuous mother of two, who put store-bought filters on her cigarettes and watched football on TV with the men, blew cigarette smoke out her nostrils, and said things like “He was offside,” or “Fourth down and goal to go—they might kick.” Jo Ann never wore makeup, and her swimsuit was modestly skirted, while Didi's was cut in what the saleslady had called “the Saint-Tropez style.” On the evidence provided by Jo Ann, Didi had concluded that the reason she and Jeff did not have much to say to one another was that she probably looked like an unathletic, narcissistic, overly intellectual dilettante to him. Sometimes that was how she looked to herself. Didi watched the World Series every fall, but every fall she had to ask Ted again how many innings there were in a game. So it took a little courage for her to face Jeff Watson with the camera and say, “I don't have a picture of you yet.”

Jeff was leaning against the mantel. He looked at the other guests. Then he looked at Didi, and slowly straightened up. He began to shift his weight back and forth from one foot to the



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other, like Bjorn Borg waiting for a serve, to indicate to Didi and to the others that, by God, he was ready for anything—even this. He had on a striped railroad engineer's hat, and a red cowboy's neckerchief. He removed the hat for the photograph, and held it in both hands, over his abdomen, as if he were posing for an old-fashioned, formal picture. "Hold it!" he said. He took off his glasses.

Didi fiddled with the focus, and tried to get him properly framed. "I'm terrible at this," she said. "I'm always cutting off the tops of people's heads." Didi felt she was taking forever; the silence in the room was intense. It was Jeff who got her off the hook. He unbuttoned his shirt, and then, when nobody laughed, he took his shirt all the way off and removed his undershirt, too. Still only a few nervous sounds. Then, perhaps, Jeff had a vision. Perhaps he saw all the other guests as slot machines—jam-packed with laughter and ready to pay off—because next he unbuckled his belt and pulled it through the loops of his jeans. Didi settled on one knee; a new steadiness took control of her shutter finger. Jeff noticed it and paused. Didi looked up. "If you think I'm going to chicken out, *you're* mistaken," she said, surprised at her own sudden boldness. She looked for him back in the camera.

Jeff stripped easily. With no fumbling and no apparent embarrassment, he stepped from his jeans and then from his shorts. Charmingly, he forgot the neckerchief. He held out his arms to the camera as if he were about to embrace an old pal. "Ta da!" A white flash, and with an explosive roar of appreciation the party burst wide open.

Someone snatched the undeveloped print from Didi's hand while she was still beaming gratitude at Jeff.

"Here it comes! It's coming out!"

"Let me see."

"Oh, my God! Full frontal!"

"Nice tan, Jeff."

"Nice tan my eye!"

Jeff got dressed casually, ignored by the crowd that had gathered to watch his image emerge, as from a fog, onto the pale square of film. He did not look at Didi, and she did not look at him. Neither did she look at the picture. The Chesterfields arrived, and Cousin Grosvenor, and the Schwabs.

THE Polaroid reminded Didi of the New Year's Eve she'd spent at the Pick and Shovel Tavern, in the

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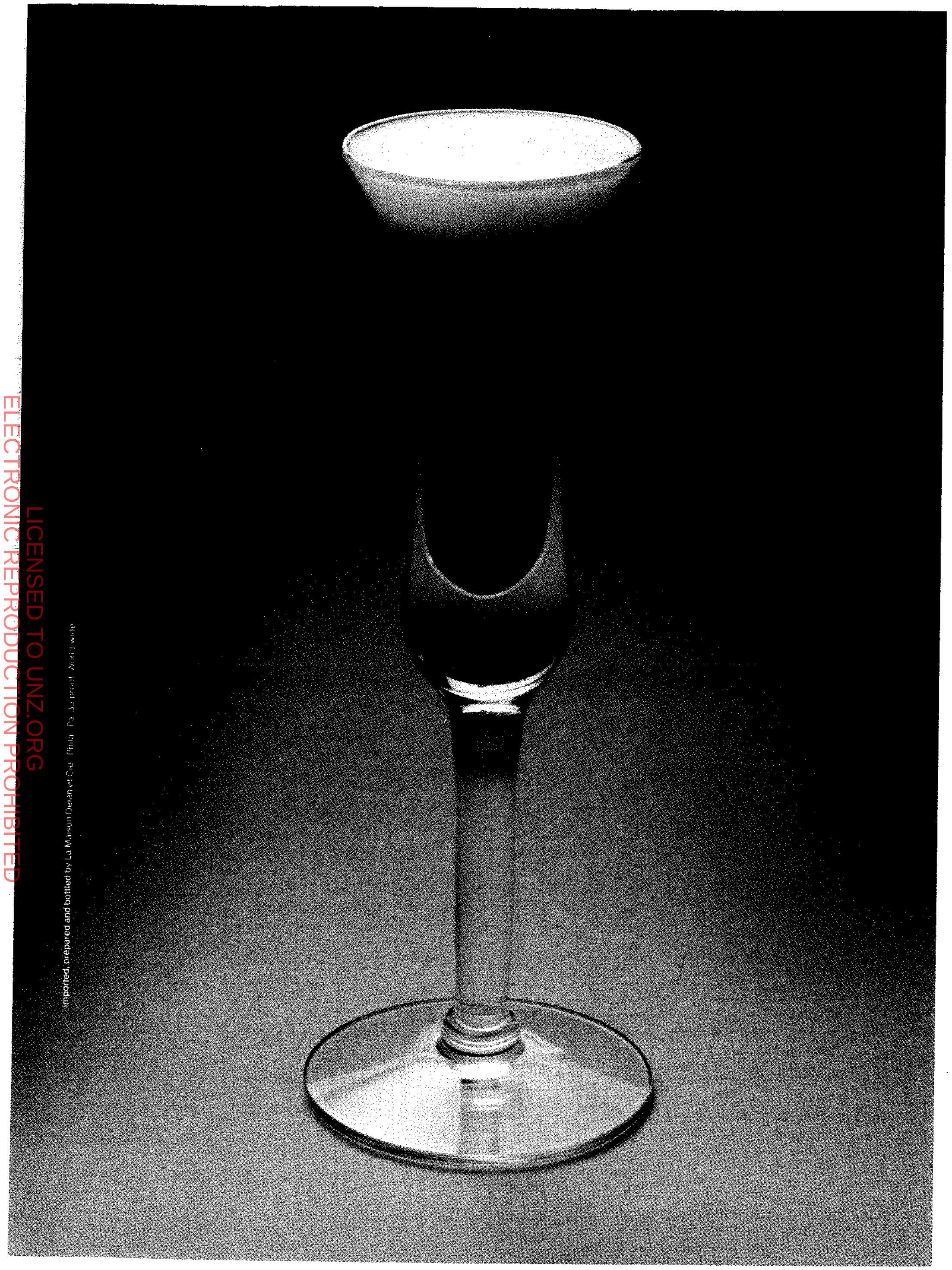

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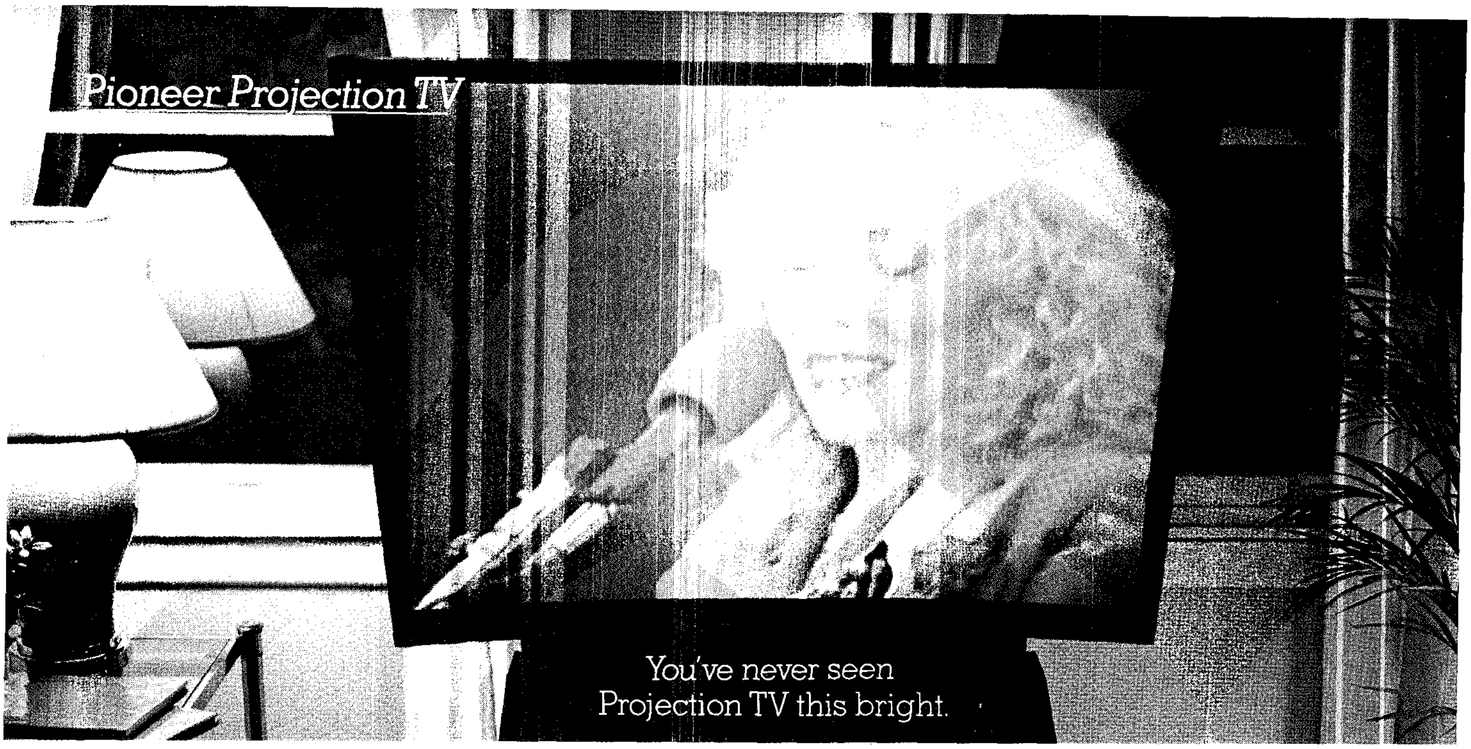

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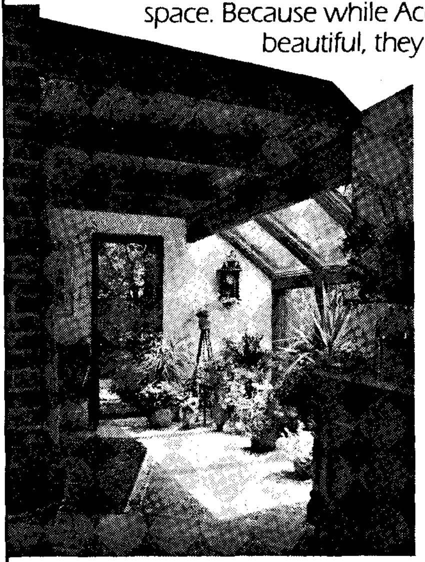
mountains, in the state of Washington, where she'd grown up. "It was the only New Year's Eve I ever really enjoyed," she said. By now, the picture had gone the rounds and been put on the mantelpiece.

That morning, she told them, she'd hiked up to Mowich Lake on snowshoes with a group of friends from the University of Washington. Uncouth as apes, they had stomped all day through a pristine landscape. The weather had been beautiful—cobalt-blue skies and blinding white snow. Even their shadows were bright and pale blue. The sun was low when they got back down to the main road. Didi's legs were so stiff she could not step up into the cab of the pickup truck. She had to be hoisted in, laughing helplessly, by Chris Bates and James Thorenson. No one wanted to go home and go to bed early on New Year's Eve.

"So we decided to stop off down the road at the Pick and Shovel," Didi went on. "It was really a redneck place. You know what I mean? No varnish on the floor and the lights glaring and not very many people—not even on New Year's Eve. Just a few old regulars getting drunk in front of the television set at the bar. Some Christmas tinsel hanging from the light fixtures. We all drank a lot of beer, and so eventually, of course, I had to go to the bathroom.

"There was this mural of Adam and Eve painted on the wall. Very crude. Eve looked like Daisy Mae." Didi gestured with a scoop of both hands, and all her listeners nodded intently. "And blond hair in a beehive hairdo, and she was naked except for high heels. Adam, on the other hand, was a wimpy little guy, sort of like a drone next to a queen bee. He was naked, too, except for this carved wooden fig leaf over his private parts. And I was looking at this, and I even saw where someone had written with a pencil, 'Don't touch this fig leaf,' but I didn't pay any attention. I just naturally looked under it to see how good the painting was, and, like, this half-time buzzer went off?" Her voice lifted the last of the statement into an unspoken question.

Didi waited for it to sink in. Then, when the wave of groans had subsided, she continued in a slightly louder voice. "For one wild moment, I thought I'd climb out through this little window above the toilet. But no." She nodded philosophically. "I had to go out the way I came in. The



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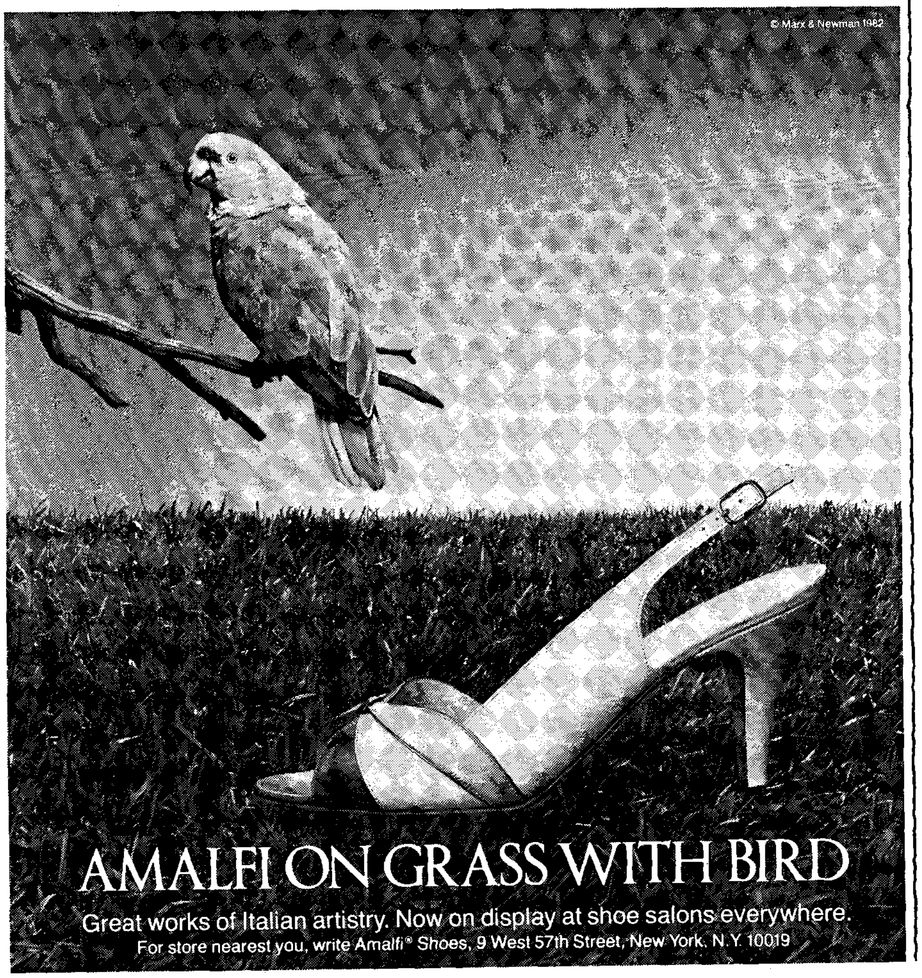

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waitress took my picture with a Polaroid."

"Do you still have the picture?" Jane Schwab wanted to know.

"Oh, no. I think I finally threw it away," said Didi. "It was a horrible picture of me. For some reason, I looked like I was sneezing."

A NICE lie. The truth was, she'd burned the picture, and every other picture she'd taken of that outing—burned them in anger and humiliation after Chris Bates told her over the phone, long-distance, that he wanted to go his own way in life. Didi left Seattle partly to forget about him, and partly so that she would not know when he did not call back to say he'd changed his mind.

In New York City, she met Ted. A mutual friend brought him over one night. Both men were half drunk and on a spree. They told Didi to put on some shoes and come along—they were going to find the Jack Daniel's distillery and dive into one of the vats. They kept talking in fake Irish brogues. Ted held his hands in front of Didi's face as if he were showing her a six-pound roast. "And have ye ever seen a sculptor's hands?" he asked her. "Would ye look at *these*, now. A sculptor's own hands."

"Have you ever seen an editorial assistant's toe?" Didi replied. She showed him one, hers, sticking out through a hole in the sock she was putting on.

His sculptures, slapped together out of plaster and painted wild colors, confused Didi. They seemed to be a repudiation of something she could not see and did not suffer from. This warp in Ted's art was like a deviation in the orbit of a planet by which the existence of another, unknown planet is suggested. Didi tried not to think about it. They got along so easily. He liked opera, and art films, and junk food, and was the only man Didi had met in years who didn't smoke dope.

One day, Ted asked Didi if she'd like to go with him to the Bronx Zoo. She said yes, even though she meant no. It had been her experience that men got sappy when they went to zoos. They bought you cotton candy and took you by the hand and dragged you running across expanses of mown grass. But the day at the zoo with Ted turned out to be O.K. For one thing, the weather was too cold and blustery for cornball romance. To keep warm, they had to spend as much time as possible in the zoo's fancy birdhouse,

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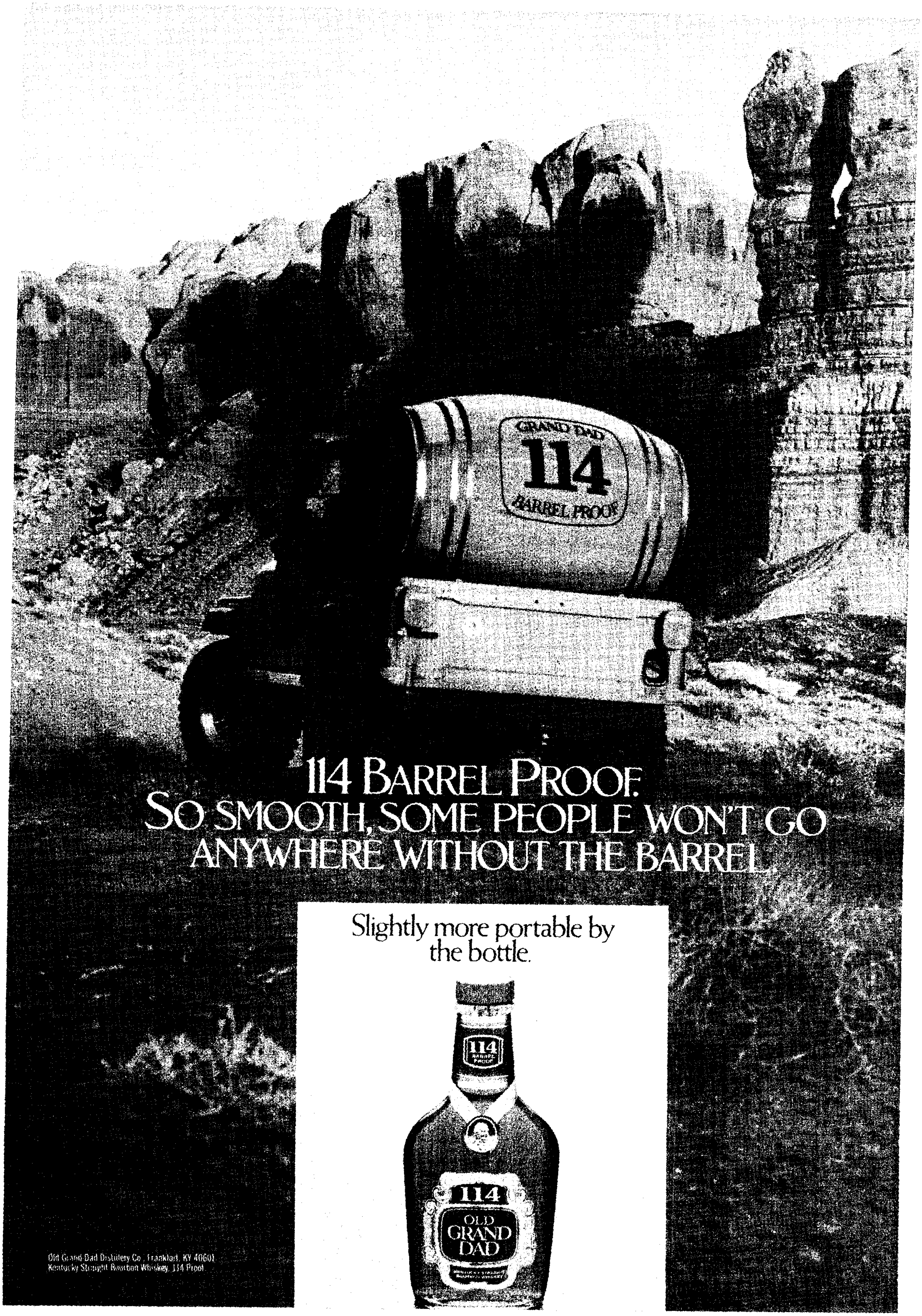
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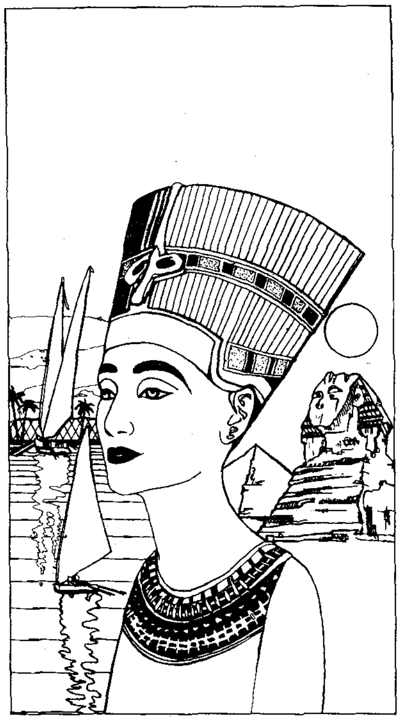
where Ted concentrated more on the birds than on Didi. You would have thought he'd never seen a bird before, the way he stopped and appraised the workmanship of this quetzal and that finch. Only the toucan seemed to Ted to be really well imagined and perfectly realized.

Later, outside the birdhouse, Ted and Didi huddled away from the March wind at a Plexiglas window that looked in on the brown bears' cave. Two of the brown bears were having sexual intercourse. It came close to being miraculous, as if a pair of water beds had been caused to get up and dance. Ted and Didi watched respectfully.

In the end, it was Didi who got happy at the zoo. Ted was very handsome. She sent pictures of him to her family on the West Coast, and all her aunts sent back letters gushing with praise. She and Ted never quarrelled. Didi's oldest and best friend met him and said, "Boy! He's right for you." Ted would never have to worry about money—his ancestors had seen to that. If Didi did not like his sculptures, well, that could easily be dismissed as ignorance on her part about modern art.

THE Chesterfields told a funny story about their Labrador retriever and a woodchuck. Then Ted suggested that they play poker. They all drew cards and sat at one of four tables, according to suit. As it happened, Jeff and Didi both drew diamonds. Didi tried to act casual about it. She hoped she would play well, and send Jeff home with an image of herself—as one of fate's favorites, smiling over her stacks of chips.

But she found that she felt as awkward as ever around Jeff—awkward, and somehow short-circuited. Having beheld the man naked, she now found it difficult to back off and get to know the cardplayer in the funny hat, who was seated to her left. It seemed ridiculous to ask him where he was from, or what he did for a living. Like looking at your watch in the middle of an orgy. She wondered if this was exactly what he had wanted—to hide behind exposure itself. She would have put the possibility to him, but the thought was more eloquent than she was. When she stood to deal a round of Five-Card Stud, her chair fell over behind her, and Moon Marshall said, "Nice goin', Grace." And just when she finally worked up the nerve to call a silly game, High-Low Indian, Jeff excused



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himself and went to get another beer.

Finally, while Cousin Mavis was dealing a round of Anaconda, Didi turned to Jeff and asked bluntly, right out of the blue, "Where do you work? . . . Jeff?"

"Huh? Excuse me?"

"Where do you work?"

Jeff picked up his cards as he answered, one card to a word. "I . . . work . . . for . . ." He looked up at her. The way his brown hair stuck out from under his hat reminded Didi of a baseball player she'd seen on TV selling razor blades. "I work for the paper," he said, and smiled a tight-lipped smile. He turned his attention to Mavis. "How many cards did you say we get?"

"Seven," said everyone at the table.

"And it's Anaconda, right?"

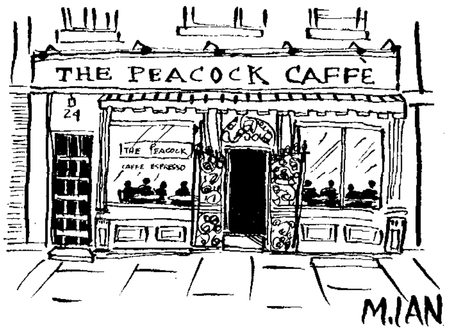
"Right."

"What paper?" said Didi, forging ahead, machete slashing.

This time, Jeff kept his eyes on his cards as he spoke. "There's only one. The *Journal.*"

Didi knew perfectly well that there were lots of newspapers within commuting distance of Jeff's home. She wondered if he meant there was only one newspaper as far as he was concerned, or only one newspaper worth reading, or only one newspaper in a certain particular town, or—insanely—that there was in fact only one newspaper in all of New England, and that everybody in the world knew what it was unless they were stupid. Didi dropped her interrogation.

At the spades table, each turn of the cards in a game of No Peekie drew another peal of delight, while the hearts table, in the other room, where Jo Ann and Ted were sitting, sounded as if it had collapsed into complete hysteria. Evidently, they were playing a poker game called Baseball, during which they chanted snatches of old tunes: "From a Jack to a King," "Hit the Road, Jack," and "Ace in the Hole." Somebody yelled, "Go, Seabiscuit!" More laughter. Jo Ann's laugh seemed never to have known inhibi-



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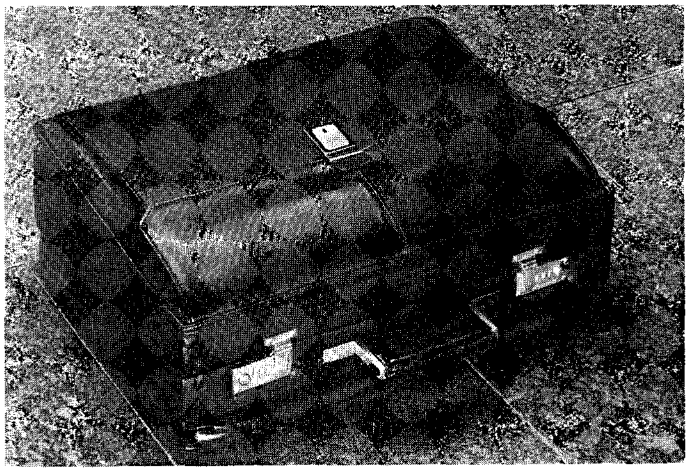

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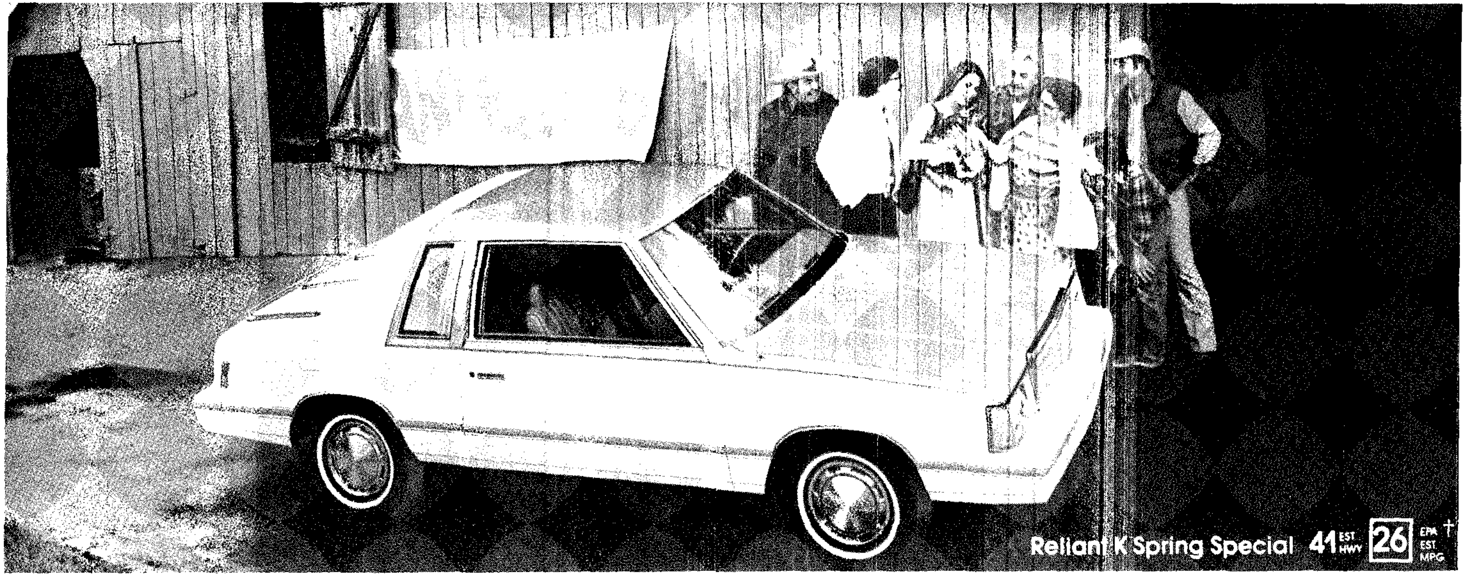
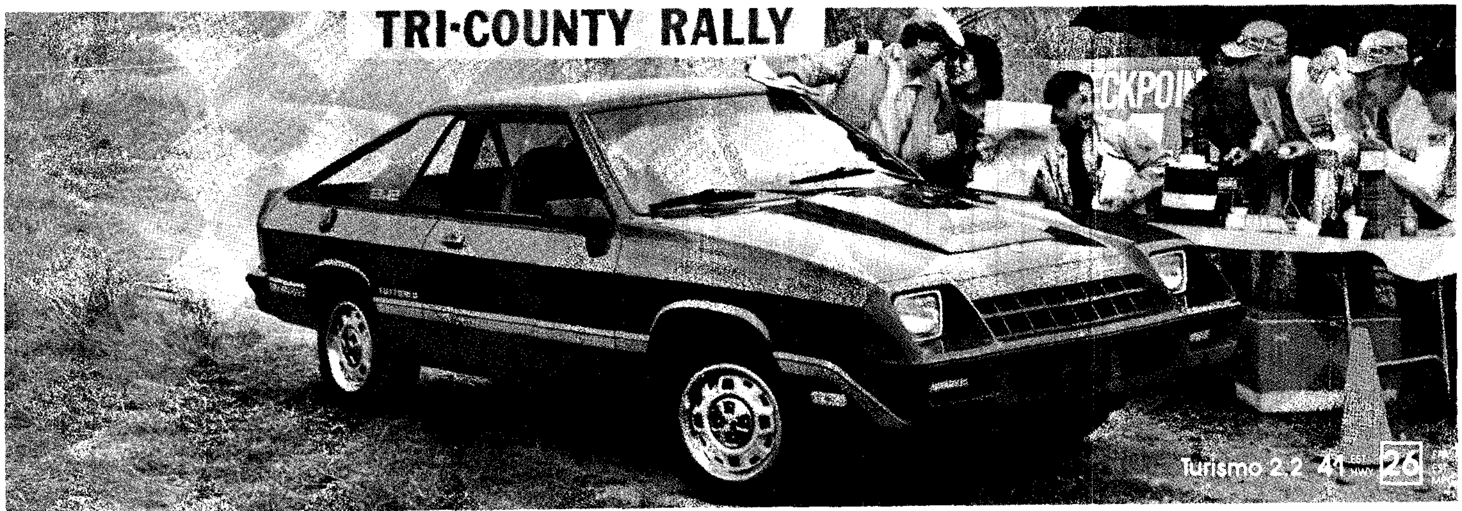

Reliant K Spring Special 41 EST HWY 26 EPA EST MPG †

Horizon Miser 52 EST HWY 35 EPA EST MPG †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Turismo 2.2 41 EST HWY 26 EPA EST MPG

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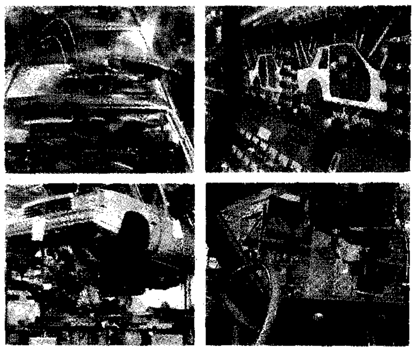
Every front-wheel-drive Plymouth is engineered with advanced technology to give you high mileage and your moneysworth.

Plymouth gives you quality and your moneysworth with advanced technology.

The Europeans and Japanese have o monopoly on advanced technology. All front-wheel-drive 1982 Plymouths prove that. The excellence of their quality engineering is achieved daily at some of the world's most dvanced car plants through computer-ssisted design, assembly and quality ontrol. For example, the Reliant K has lmost three thousand computer-ssisted robot welds. The most in the dustry. This delivers a stronger, quiet ody and assures consistent high uality overall.



These planned disciplines, some nique in the industry, have created a e of easy-to-maintain Plymouths hich will give you your moneysworth ith years of pleasurable performance.

Plymouth gives you your moneysworth with sensible prices.

Plymouth has gone a long way to-ard taking the "shock" out of the sticker rice. The sensible prices in the chart present real value. In fact, for 1982, the ase model Reliant K coupe and Horizon Miser are still at their 1981 base sticker prices. Getting your moneysworth challenges holding on to your aging car.

MODEL	Prices Start at*	Prices as shown**
Reliant K Base Coupe	$5990	$7478
Horizon Miser	$5499	$5639
Turismo 2.2	$7345	$7345
Reliant K Wagon	$7334	$8658

*Sticker prices, title, taxes and destination charges extra.
**Sticker prices with pictured options excluding title, taxes and destination charges.

Plymouth gives you your moneysworth with front-wheel-drive.

Front-wheel-drive is a fundamental part of advanced technology that most cars of the 1970's and earlier lack. A 1982 front-wheel-drive Plymouth, with the engine pulling in front and rack-and-pinion steering, has a true feel of the road. Cornering and traction on wet surfaces are secure. Getting your moneysworth is evident whenever you drive.

Plymouth gives you your moneysworth with family-size room and comfort.

Many old-technology cars are cursed with the hard transmission hump in the middle and can't approach the overall comfort of the six- and five-passenger front-wheel-drive Plymouths. The excellence of Chrysler engineering and design has created cars with plenty of head, hip and leg room. Moneysworth means comfort.

Plymouth gives you your moneysworth with high-mileage.

Perhaps you're getting ten, twelve MPG. The kind of mileage a 1982 front-wheel-drive Plymouth is engineered to achieve can be a revelation to your budget.

For instance, what a refreshing change it would be to drive the 6-passenger wagon that goes farther on a gallon of gas than any other in America: The Reliant K. When you look at the mileage figures for any front-wheel drive Plymouth, you know you're getting your moneysworth.

‡ Use EPA EST MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage lower. California estimates for Reliant K and Turismo 2.2, 36 est. hwy: $\boxed{24}$ EPA est. mpg.

Plymouth gives you two new ways to get your moneysworth.

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Plymouth gives you your moneysworth with excellent resale value.

Undoubtedly, the final judgment of the quality of any car is its resale value. According to recent NADA Used Car Guides, an investment in a 1981 Reliant K or Horizon has been paying handsome dividends.

In 1982, a front-wheel-drive Plymouth can demonstrate to you why it's the American way to get your moneysworth.

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Plymouth

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tion. Didi heard it rise loud and clear above the others.

The spades table applauded the last card in an exciting round. "What's the bed?—I mean the bet," said Didi. She would never have heard the end of it from the hearts table.

"Twenty to you," said Grosvenor.

Didi tossed in two blue ones for her aces and jacks. Next to her, Jeff tossed in two more blues. He seemed a reckless and optimistic player. The cigarette smoke—much of it generated by Jo Ann—had begun to give Didi a sore throat. It was after midnight. Her three-dollar investment in chips had dwindled to twenty-five cents. She'd drunk a lot of beer, but it had refused to take. She'd gone straight from sober o sleepy.

"We three kings of Orient are . . ." sang the hearts table. Jeff raised the bet a nickel. All around the table, the hands full of cards reminded Didi suddenly of the fanned tails on the grouse her father used to hunt and shoot every autumn when she was a little girl. She folded her cards and laid them on he table. The party began to wind down.

Jeff lost the last hand, which made Didi feel a little more comfortable about him. People milled in the general direction of the back door. Outside, a fog had rolled in while they were playing. It gave substance to the beams that soared from the headlights of the Schwabs' Honda. Didi stood by he door, accepting compliments and dry, pecked kisses. Jo Ann came up to her, thanked her, and then called out, "Jeff? Are you ready to go or not?"

Summoned out of the commotion, he materialized at her side as if out of hin air. "I have to thank my hostess irst," he said.

"I should thank you. You were the hit of the evening," said Didi. She noticed, for the first time, that he was lightly shorter than she was.

"Ah. Madame." He picked up her hand, kissed her palm, the inside of her lbow, her shoulder, and then pulled her to the floor, declaring his uncontrollable desire and making a great show f being the ravenous sex fiend. Didi giggled. Jo Ann laughed. "Come on, eff, for Christ's sake. I better get you ut of here before they call the cops."

Jeff hopped to his feet. "O.K., Jo, 've thanked my hostess."

"That was a very good boy. Now ome on." Jeff barked like a dog. "Didi, we had a wonderful time," said o Ann.

"Well, it was wonderful having

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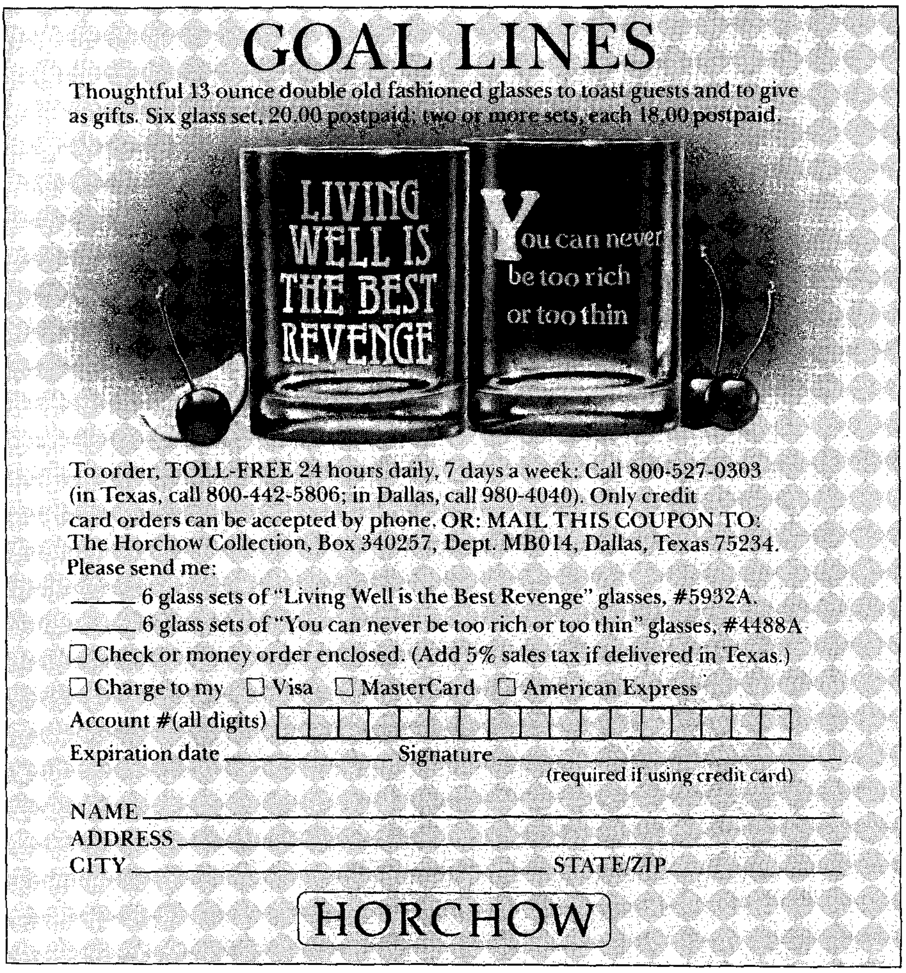
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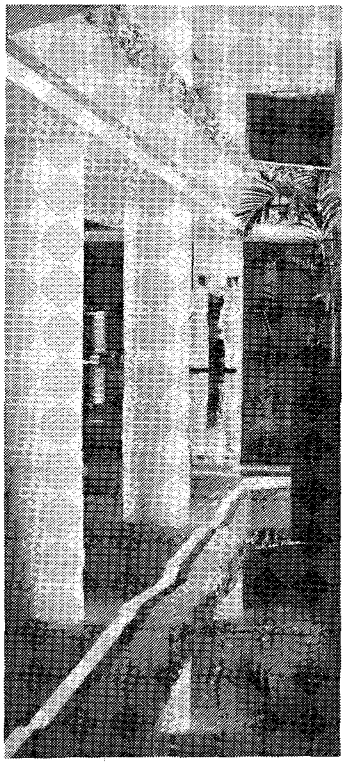

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The New Spiegel

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you." On a last flurry of pleasantries, the door finally closed.

"Whew!" said Ted. "Well, I think it was a good party. Don't you?"

"Mmm," said Didi, nodding.

"Jeff Watson's sure a wild guy. I didn't realize he had that crazy side to him. I'm sure he's not like that at work. Must be the way he lets off steam. Anyway, I really liked him. How about you?"

"Sure. He seemed kind of compulsive. You know, always the clown. But I liked him."

"Jo Ann's great, too. My impression is they have one of those really good marriages. Don't you think? I mean, don't you think they're really right for one another?"

"Looks that way," said Didi.

"One thing I know: Jeff took a long time to get married. He's older than he looks. Yup. He went through a lot of women before he settled on Jo Ann."

"Let's leave the mess for the morning," said Didi. "I'm bushed."

"Me too," said Ted. "I'll be up in a minute."

THE owner of the house, who lived in Indiana but who planned to die in Rhode Island, had put together—out of odds and ends, a rainbow assortment of paints, and numerous folios of antique sheet music—a bright, spunky décor for the tenants of his retirement home. Over the mantelpiece, from which Didi retrieved her Polaroid of Jeff, were displayed a number of old New England work tools: a mammoth spade for hacking whale blubber, ice tongs, a mallet, and the hooked crossbar from a scale that must have been large enough to weigh bales of hay.

Upstairs, every room had a different color scheme—furniture, floors, and woodwork all painted the same bright color. The bathroom was purple, except for its walls and fixtures: purple bath mat, purple toilet-seat cover, purple toilet brush, purple cover for a box of Kleenex (but no box of Kleenex), purple drinking glass, purple picture frames surrounding "Night and Day," "At a Perfume Counter on the Rue de la Paix," and "Deep Purple."

Didi held the picture of Jeff in both hands. The picture had so darkened that the first thing she saw was not the shape of Jeff but the inkblot symmetry of the hair that grew down his torso to pool around his genitals. Eggs in Easter grass. Closer scrutiny revealed the notable tan, the paleness where his

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swim trunks had been, a body that presented itself chest first, as if held aloft by the wide span of his collarbone, and an impudent, nearsighted face.

Charlie started to cry. His was the yellow room, just down the hall from the bathroom. Apparently, he'd had a bad dream. He clung to Didi when she lifted him out of the crib. "What's the matter, Tiger?" said Didi. "Everything's O.K. Mommy's here." She sat down with him on her lap and rocked back and forth to soothe him. Abruptly, he stopped crying and pointed to the ceiling. "Ite," he said.

"That's right. Light," said Didi.

"Ite on," said Charlie.

"That's right," said Didi. "Did you have a bad dream? Did you dream about a bogeyman? Can you say 'bogeyman'?"

Charlie smiled at her, fascinated by the stream of mumbo jumbo that poured from her lips. "Mama," he said.

"Yeah," said Didi.

Charlie had beautiful creamy skin and soft, mouse-colored hair, which Providence had wastefully hung in ringlets on a boy. His Republican grandfather was itching to whack them off. Ted and Didi treasured them, and trimmed them gingerly and with reluctance. Charlie's eyes were the same blue as the Atlantic on a windy day. Neither Ted nor Didi had blue eyes. This blue had been trapped in their loins, like a genie in a bottle; Charlie had freed it. Didi remembered his birth, the terrible, urgent push moving through her body.

"Jeff," said Didi. It thrilled and frightened her to trespass so on a child's innocence. "Can you say Jeff?"

"Deff," said Charlie.

"That's right," said Didi.

—SALLY WELLS

•

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Sheriff's Log in the Brown County (Ind.) Democrat]

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8

7:25 a.m. Vehicle, involved in accident may be drivable if they can get it out o tree. Will advise if need tow.

8:21 a.m. Do not need tow. When they got car down out of tree it was drivable.

9:00 a.m. Woman reports young deer in her lake and her dog won't let it out. Can't catch dog. Needs help.

9:12 a.m. Message at department. Anyone who has ordered oranges and grapefruits, they will be at 4-H building tonight.

9:20 a.m. Woman with deer in lake has caught dog and tied him up.

9:32 a.m. Woman wants to find owner o lost dog on Getty's Creek Road. Advised phone number of Democrat.

10:14 a.m. Lady wants to know what can be done about neighbor's dog getting in her trash bags. Does not want to prosecute.

6:04 p.m. Man reports underage subjects always sitting in parking lot of Peoga store at this time of night, drinking.

7:05 p.m. Deputy reports people from Bean Blossom reports subjects on dirt bike without mufflers at Bean Blossom gas station. Says that this has been occurring frequently and goes on for several hours at a time.

7:49 p.m. Strong gas odor reported around the high school.

8:35 p.m. Cattle on Lick Creek Road.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9

1:42 a.m. Possible crime in progress at Henderson's Bait and Tackle.

1:46 a.m. Owner's son called and said it was him in the store.

9:13 a.m. Woman from Brown County Utility called and said one of their trucks is on the road between Lick Creek and Oak Ridge Roads and advised cows are all over road and refuse to move.

3:50 p.m. Theft reported by Nashville shop.

4:17 p.m. Shoplifters now at another Nashville shop.

8:16 p.m. Hunters reported in Brown County State Park. Cars parked on Upper Schooner Road.

10:16 p.m. Possible intoxicated driver heading toward Nashville on State Road 46.

11 p.m. Woman called in reference to her daughter being arrested in Nashville and where her car is. Advised car was at Kirt's but that it was being held pending further investigation. . . .

6:45 p.m. Someone is throwing objects at cars between Knight's Grocery and Nashville Alps.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11

12:28 a.m. Fire reported south of Peoga.

12:30 a.m. Baby in residence on fire. . . .

5:54 a.m. Principal of Helmsburg Elementary School called and advised that the school had been broken into and that the place was a wreck.

10:30 a.m. Woman reports three deer on Artist Drive. . . .

6:18 p.m. Woman at Fox's Corner reported an unidentified flying saucer. Round light hovering in sky, changing colors.

6:51 p.m. Reserve deputy reported UFO, ball of light. . . .

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13

12:28 a.m. Man said someone driving a black over silver car with loud pipes was messing around the Gnaw Bone grocery.

2:10 a.m. Police are in pursuit of a brown Pontiac on Spearsville Road.

2:35 a.m. Man says another man is causing trouble at a bachelor's party.

4:09 p.m. Woman reported kids shooting a pellet gun around her trailer and car and they have shot a bird. . . .

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14

9:29 a.m. Man wants deputy to go with him to pick up cattle from his ex-wife.

11:08 a.m. Chimney fire reported at Lake LaSalle.

3:46 p.m. Woman reported an attempted breaking and entering at her residence on Beech Tree Road. They heard a loud bang.

Scarce as a Gaggle of Nenes on 5th Avenue Nine—Yes, 9—Hawaii Missionaries in our April 28, 29, 30 & May 1 Auction.*

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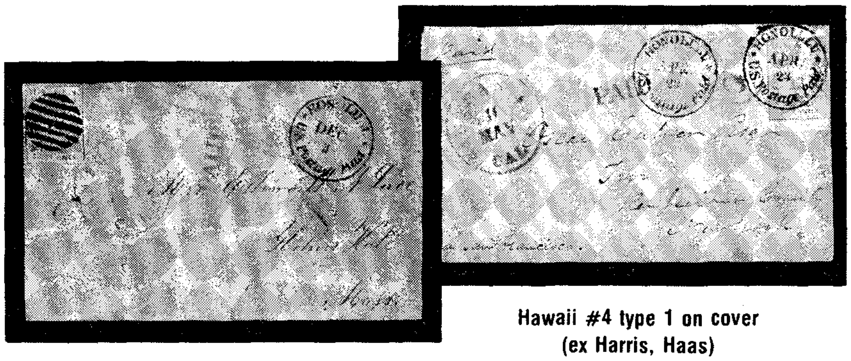
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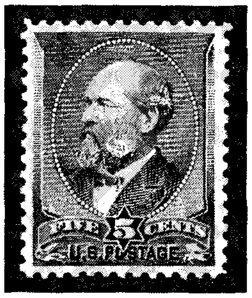
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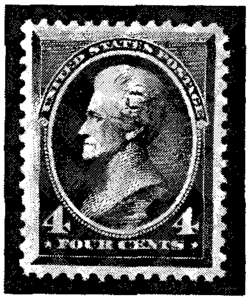
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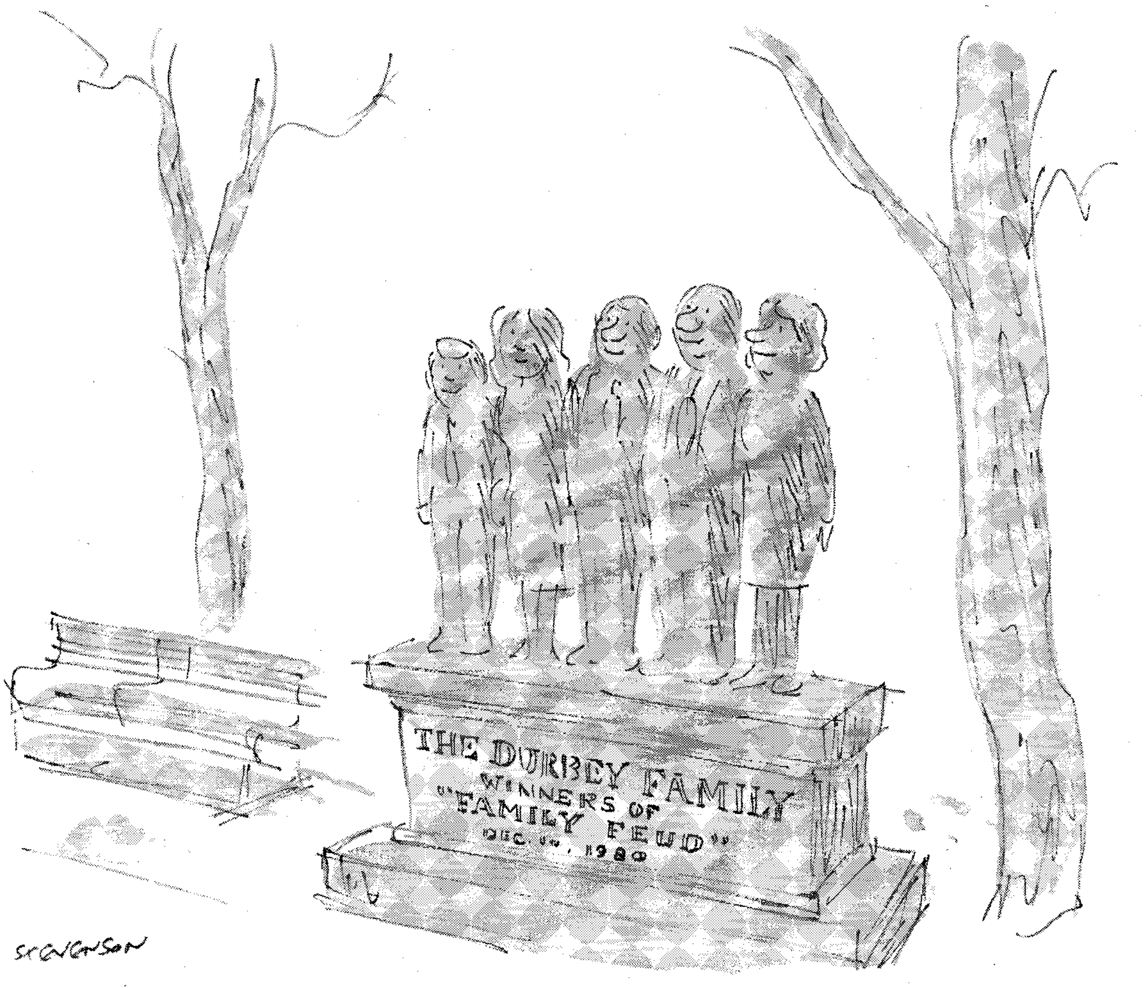
THE REPUBLICANS

EVERY year for the past five years, elected Republican officials have gathered for a weekend at the Tidewater Inn, in Easton, Maryland, for unofficial discussions of Party policy. The sessions, originated by Senator Bob Packwood, of Oregon, have provided an opportunity for Republicans to talk in a relaxed setting, to further some issues along on the Party's agenda, to get press attention, and to have a good time. From the beginning, there has been a deliberate attempt to agree on resolutions that Republicans could unite around, so that the conference could have an impact. For the first three years, when Jimmy Carter was in office, the assembled Republicans had a lovely time passing resolutions that pushed some of their own issues (cutting taxes, reducing the number of federal programs, urging the turnover of federal programs to the states) and that attacked the Carter Administration. Last year, with Reagan newly installed in office, they enjoyed the feeling of being in power and had little of consequence to fight over. This year, they found out how hard it is to address issues when an incumbent of their own party is in the White House and all is not going well.

The Tidewater Inn is a sprawling red brick building in the center of Easton, on what is known as Maryland's Eastern Shore, about an hour and a half's drive from Washington. The Eastern Shore is across the Chesapeake Bay from Annapolis, and is actually the western shore of the peninsula that lies between the Chesapeake and the Atlantic Ocean and contains pieces of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. The area is rural and rustic, dotted with fine Colonial houses, inns, and antique shops, and riddled with inlets and bays. Its industries are boating, duck hunting, and poultry farming. (Frank Perdue grows his chickens there.) It was the last area of Maryland to accept integration. All Republican senators, representatives, governors, and other statewide officeholders, along with their wives or husbands, are invited to the conference, and, beginning last year, Administration officials were invited as well. At this year's conference, which was held in mid-March, twelve senators, three governors, fifty-five representatives, and six Cabinet members and other high Administration officials turned up—a far larger group than the one that first convened at Tidewater, and also, as a reflection of what has happened to the Republican Party, a far more conservative one. Conservatives dominated the conference, just as they do the Party.

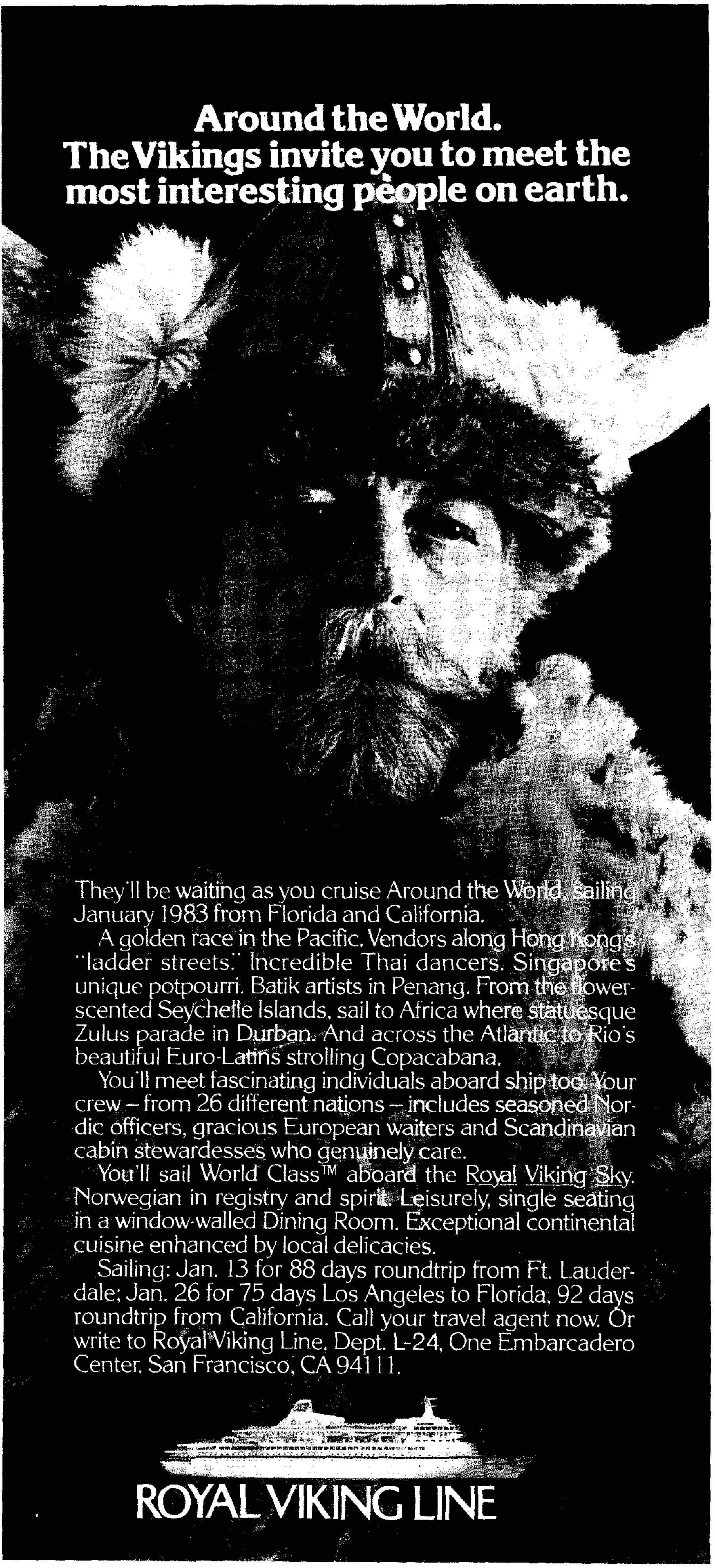
The Tidewater conferees are a self-selected lot—people who attend because they enjoy the discussions and the socializing, because they have an issue they want to promote, because they want to further their ambitions. (Several who had attended previous conferences are facing difficult reëlection fights this year, and were back in their districts or states.) A House member told me that the Tidewater conferences offer him one of the few opportunities to hang around with senators. Lieutenant governors and other state officials turn up in order to make some connections and get some national attention. Administration officials turn up because they want to or because they are sent to hold the lid on. More Administration officials were there this year than last, and the other conferees were quite aware of their presence.

The atmosphere is one of informality and seemingly determined bonhomie: name tags with first names in large print; cocktail hours before dinner and group singing afterward. (Song sheets are made available.) The cruise-ship activities are part of the organizers' deliberate effort to achieve good feeling—and unity. This year, even more precautions were taken. When Tidewater conferees discuss issues, the argument is polite and within certain bounds, and conducted



with as much good humor as possible. Generally speaking, Republicans are not as scrappy as Democrats. Given that their differences are not as great as the Democrats', Republicans are better at resolving their differences—even if, as was the case at Tidewater this year, they do it with rather odd results. And Republicans are less inclined than Democrats to criticize a President of their own party. But even as those who gathered at Tidewater this year strove to present a united front and pay proper respect to their President, they revealed the considerable strains within the Republican Party today.

AS this year's conference convened, on Friday, March 12th, many Republicans, including some of the President's closest advisers, were worried—about directions the Administration was taking, about the results of the President's economic program thus far and the difficulty in reaching a compromise on his new proposals, and, of course, about the fall elections. It's not just those Republicans whose congressional seats are in jeopardy in November who are concerned, nor is it simply a question of how many seats the Republicans may lose in the House of Representatives. (At that point, most Republicans assumed they would lose some.) There is also the question of whether Reagan will be able to govern after November. "Ronald Reagan's Presidency is on the line," one of the President's advisers said to me recently. The assumption of this person and some others is that the Administration, by its policies and actions, has been alienating blacks, women, environmentalists, and the middle-class people gathering in the quickly growing arms-control movement—all of them groups whose political intensity could have a strong impact on the elections. It is not that these groups were ever so much for Reagan, one adviser said, but that they are becoming increasingly motivated to oppose him. At the same time, he pointed out, the intensity of the support by the President's most committed followers in 1980, the traditional right wing and the New Right, is diminishing. And as a result of the economic situation the President has been losing the support of the largest swing group in the 1980 election—blue-collar workers. Moreover, unemployment is considered a "lag indicator": even if the economy improves, it will take a while for the



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improvement to show up in the unemployment statistics. Republican tacticians figure that the economy had better improve soon, because it has to have done so for several months before people believe it. And, according to Presidential advisers, Reagan has been losing substantial support by his evident abandonment—in his program and in his rhetoric—of a commitment to a balanced budget. "The loss has been very dramatic," one adviser told me. In the days before Republicans gathered at Tidewater, the President had been out on the road, attacking those in Congress, apparently including Republicans, who were arguing that his budget should be revised in order to reduce the deficits, and he was insisting that he would not accept changes in his tax-cut program or cuts in his planned defense spending. When he spoke in New Mexico, he even seemed to be taking on Pete Domenici, Republican of New Mexico and chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, who is much respected on Capitol Hill and had been trying to come up with a budget that Congress would approve—the President's own having been virtually dead on arrival. After calls to the White House by key Senate Republicans—explaining that Republicans were trying to help the President, and that such confrontational talk wasn't helpful—Reagan cooled his rhetoric somewhat, if only temporarily. "Tell the guys I wasn't talking about us," he told Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, Republican of Tennessee. One Presidential adviser said to me, "We are going to need Democratic support. The way Democrats have been attacked will make it more difficult to reach a compromise." Reagan's own aides, having failed to persuade him to modify his program, were now hoping that congressional Republicans would do the deed. Some senior Republicans had been meeting to try to come up with a budget that might win the approval of both some Democrats and the President.

Gathered for cocktails in the Crystal and Blue Rooms of the Tidewater Inn on the opening night of the conference were a wide variety of Republicans, including some who had played an important role in the past year. There was Jack Kemp, the principal author of the tax-cut proposals that the President and Congress had adopted last summer, and James Watt, the Secretary of the Interior, and Trent Lott, the Mississippi represen-

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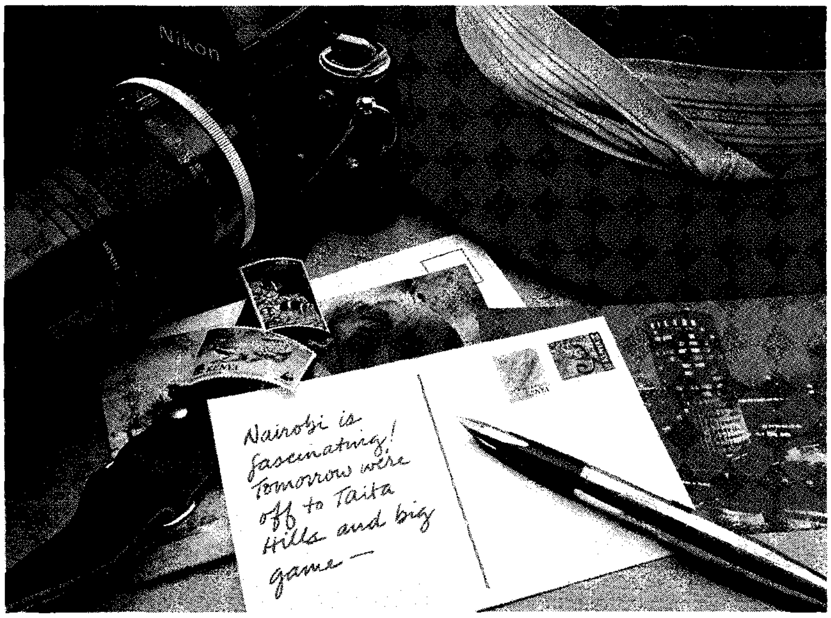
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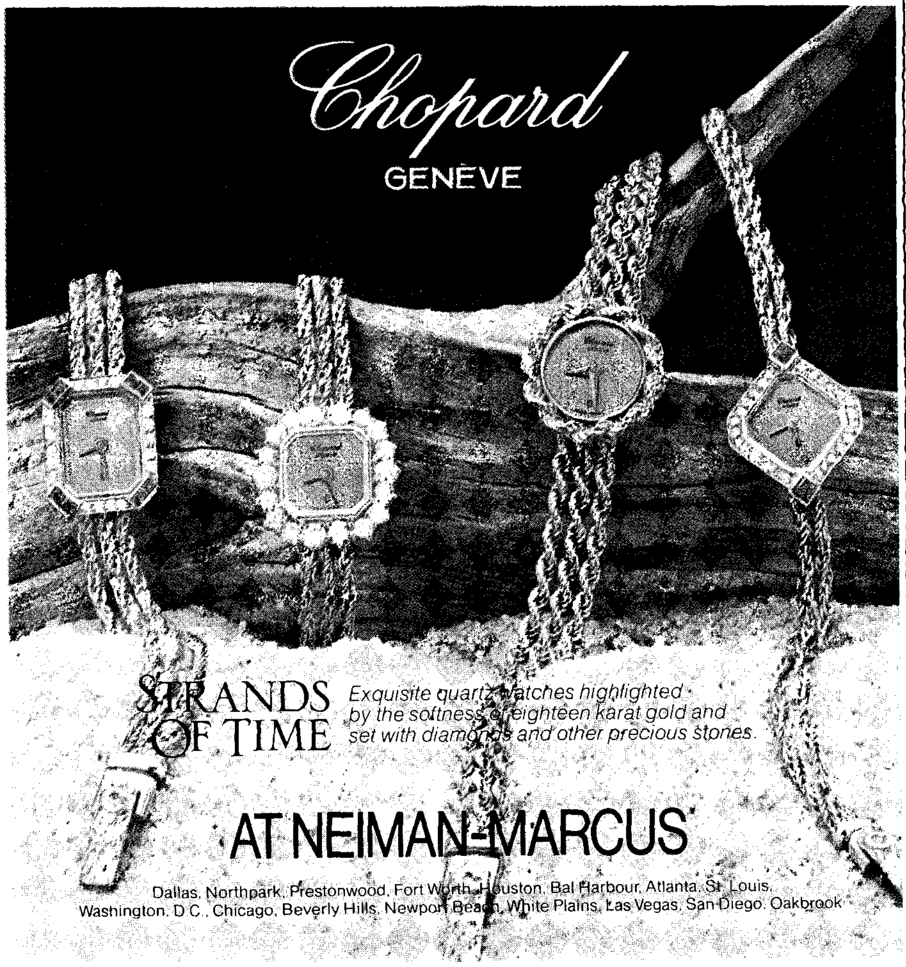

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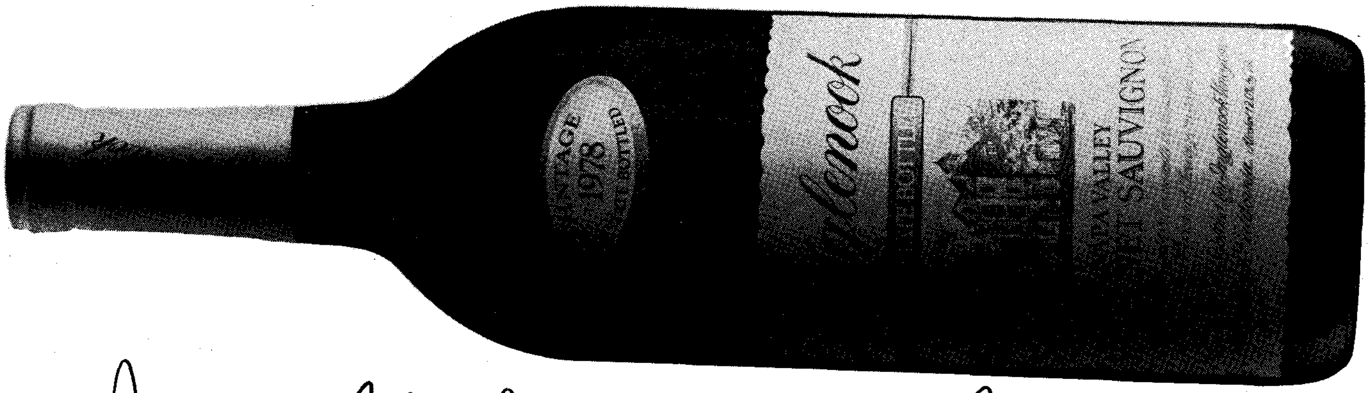

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tative who was one of the instigators of the Administration's attempt to reverse the long-standing government policy against tax exemptions for segregated private schools.

As the Republicans circulated, they talked of some of their concerns. One Republican senator told me he was worried that the President would not prove sufficiently flexible on his budget, and felt that Congress ought to proceed without him. "He needs us more than we need him," this senator said. "He just can't go through the year vetoing bills. Everyone says that we can't pass a budget without the President. I say he can't have a budget without us. I think we should just go ahead and work up a proposal and send it to the President. How can he veto a bill to raise the debt ceiling, which has to be done, or a bill keeping the government working, as long as our budget is reasonable?" Several Republicans talked of their dismay over the events that day at the State Department, where a Nicaraguan had been brought before the press to tell how he had been trained in Cuba and Ethiopia to fight along with guerrillas in El Salvador, only to have him deny the whole thing. Over dinner, another Republican senator told me that he had been trying, unsuccessfully, to get through to Secretary of State Alexander Haig to urge him to more aggressively seek a negotiated settlement in Central America. "Can you imagine their trotting out that one guerrilla today?" he said. "They have no sense of public relations, and they seem to be going in the wrong direction—building the El Salvador conflict up as an East-West confrontation." This senator also said that when he makes appearances in his state he says that the Reagan budget is not equitable.

Reagan sent his greetings to the group via a videotape—as he has done for a number of large dinners around Washington in recent months—which was shown on a big screen after dinner. In these little messages, which at once place him in the room and keep him remote, Reagan does what he does so well. Sitting in a chair in a library, he looks at the camera and says his lines, friendly and relaxed. In his message to the Tidewater conferees, Reagan praised the Tidewater meetings for having helped to create Republican unity and establish the Republicans as "the party of ideas." He said that together they had passed legislation "turning the tide of government away from the oppressive

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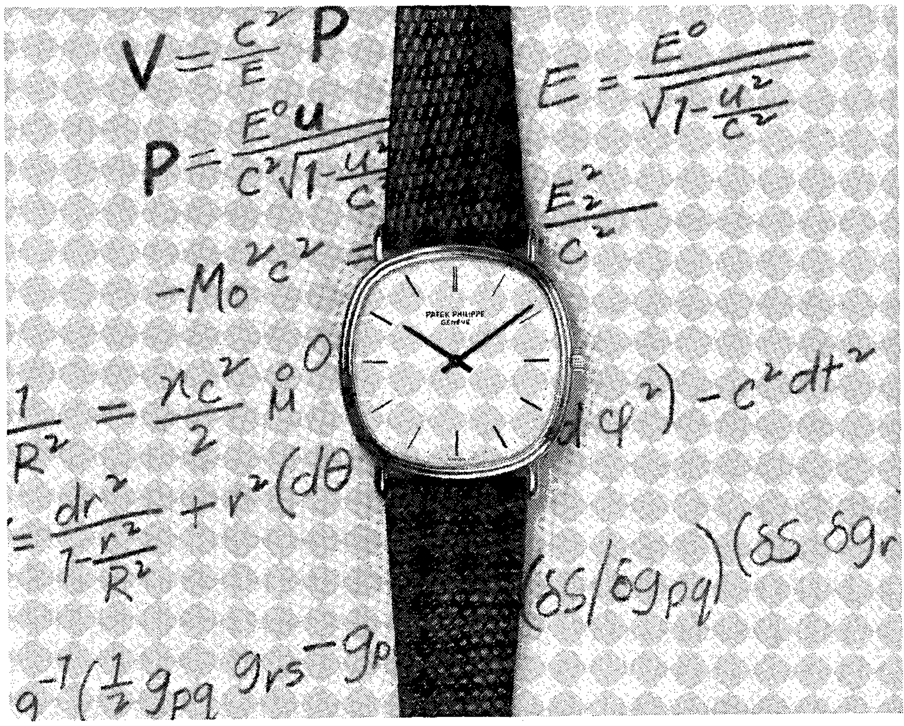
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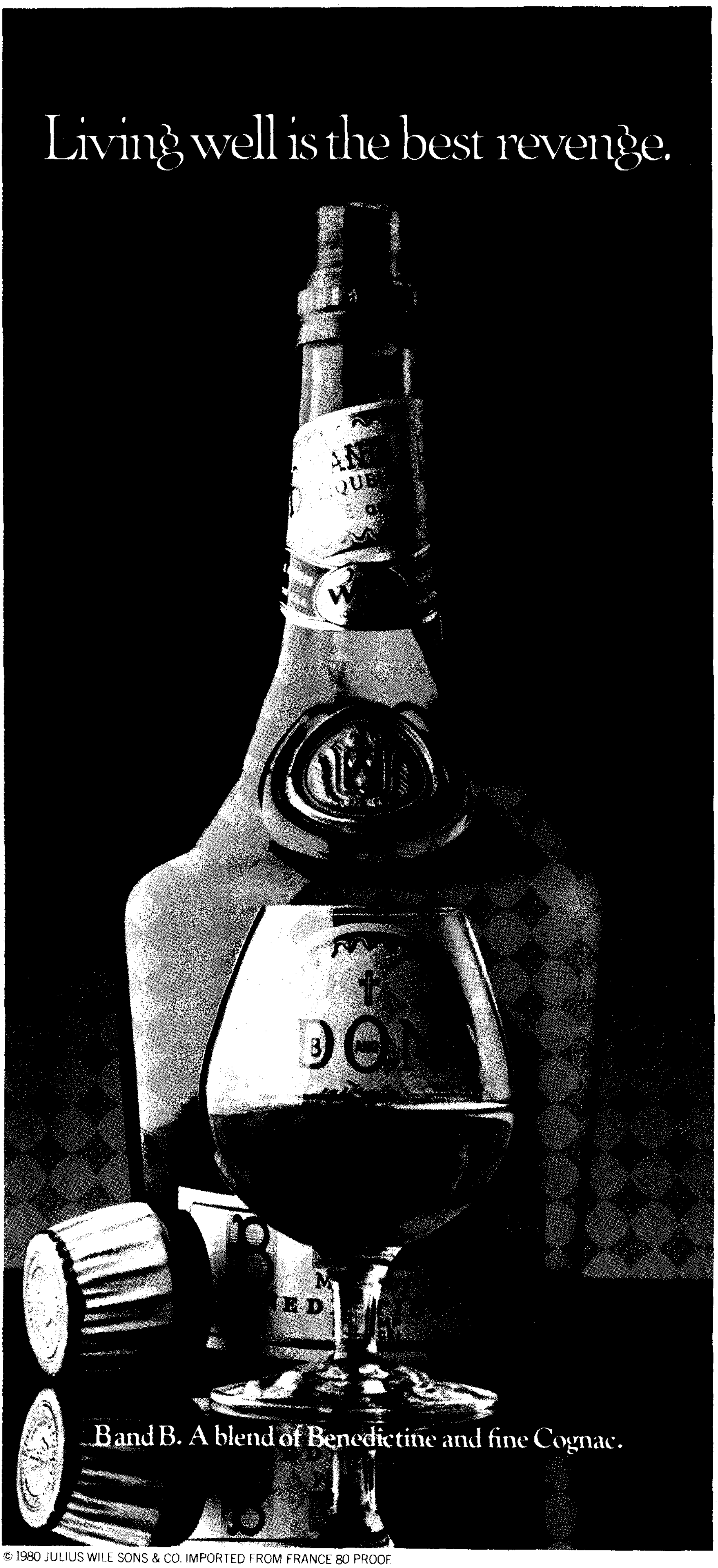
entralization that has been weighing
s down." Referring to the Eastern
hore area, Reagan said, "I'm told
hat it's a tradition out there to go
rabbing. Of course, we all know it's
een a tradition here, too." He added,
But, again, I don't mean by any-
ne in *our* party." The Republicans
ughed—many of them uneasily.

Packwood, the founder of the con-
erence—a firm-jawed, youthful-look-
g man of forty-nine, who has often
one his own way—had his own prob-
ems at that moment. He had recently
curred White House wrath for tell-
g the Associated Press that when
epublicans bring up an important is-
e during meetings with the Presi-
ent, Reagan often replies with an
necdote. "We just shake our heads,"
ackwood had said. As an example, he
old of Republican senators trying to
lk to the President about the budget
nd Reagan telling a story about a
erson buying vodka with food stamps.
n the same interview, Packwood, who
chairman of the National Republi-
an Senatorial Committee, which
ises and distributes funds for Repub-
can candidates for the Senate, also
id that the President's policies were
urting Republicans among blacks,
omen, Hispanics, and Jews. The in-
rview had a great impact in Wash-
gton, not only because an important
epublican was saying such things
bout the President but because so
any people sensed, or knew, that
hat he said was true. "Packwood was
ght," a Republican member of Con-
ress who has attended White House
eetings said to me recently. The in-
rview had caused some conservative
epublicans to call for Packwood's re-
oval as the head of the Senate cam-
aign committee, but that brush fire
ad been put out, at least for the mo-
ent. The interview, plus a recent
rong attack on the President's poli-
es by Marc Lincoln Marks, a House
epublican who was about to retire,
nd the general turbulence surround-
g the President's program, had led
ackwood and others to quietly urge
ose attending the Tidewater confer-
ce to go easy on the President. And,
st in case things got out of control,
ichard Richards, the chairman of the
epublican National Committee, Ed-
ard Rollins, Assistant to the Pres-
lent for Political Affairs, and a few
abinet officers were on hand. At the
me time, some of Packwood's friends
the conference were trying to
revent any conservative attacks on
im. (Richards, who had called for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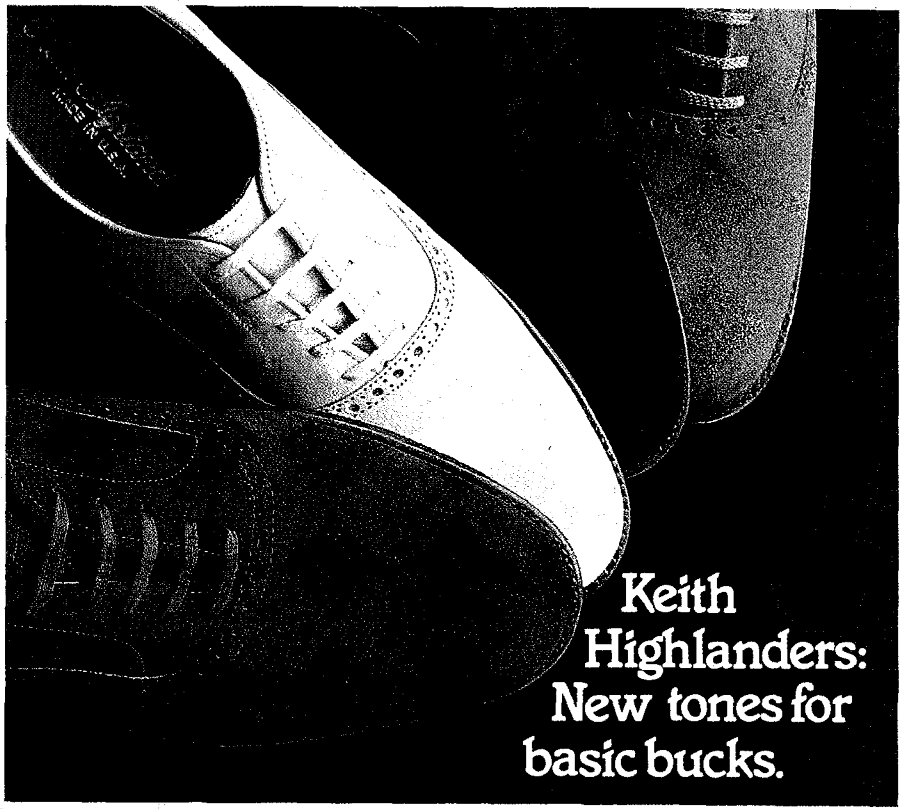

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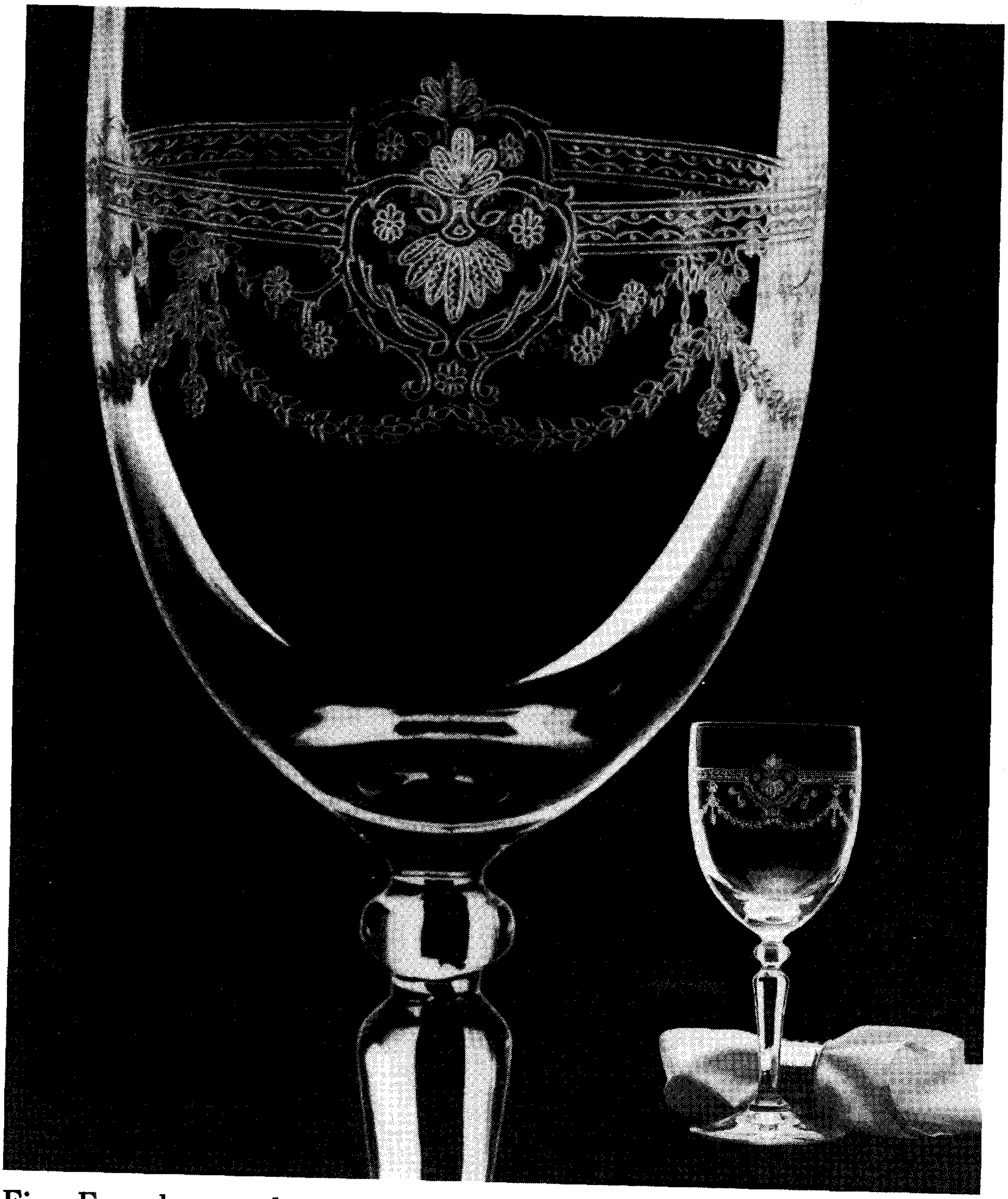
Packwood's removal as the campaign-committee chairman and then said h was misquoted, had told Packwood h would introduce a resolution endorsing Republican unity, but he never di so.) It was an uneasy group that ha gathered. There was a good bit o glance-exchanging in the dining roon when Packwood, in his opening remarks, referring to earlier Tidewate conferences, said, "Of course, i wasn't our Administration then, so w could say what we wanted."

The evening ended with several o the conferees gathered around for songfest. James Watt and his wife Leilani, were conspicuously gregarious throughout the evening, and Wat enthusiastically joined in the singing clapping as he sang "When the Saint Go Marching In."

THE difficulty the Republican have had in composing their ow differences on the budget was quit apparent when the subject was debate Saturday morning. They resolved th situation by patching together a resolution that accommodated a variety o contradictory points of view and managed to avoid giving offense to th President. The Tidewater procedur is to have the conferees sit at roun tables, each table named after a prominent, and dead, Republican—th Abraham Lincoln Table, the Williar McKinley Table, and so on. Eac issue on the agenda—placed there a the request of those planning to atten —is discussed at the tables for a hal hour and then debated by the group a large for an hour. A draft resolution i put before the group by the conferenc organizers for discussion purposes, an then substitute resolutions are offere and numerous "whereas" clauses ar added to those. The discussion is take seriously, and there is a great deal o conferring among tables, of draftin and circulating substitute resolution and amendments—with reporters an television cameras hovering over th tables.

When the budget issue was bein discussed, Jack Kemp, at the Calvi Coolidge Table, told his colleague that he would approve of a resolutio that called for a balanced budget "a long as it is done through economi growth"—that is, as long as it did no tamper with his tax cuts. But, at th same table, Senator James McClure, conservative from Idaho, insisted tha the resolution endorse a constitutiona amendment calling for a balanced budget. Some of the Republicans wer



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anxious to reflect, or in some cases deflect, the movement calling for a constitutional convention to adopt a balanced-budget amendment—a proposal that had been approved by thirty-one of the required thirty-four states. Even many Republicans feel that a requirement that the budget be balanced in all circumstances is a poor idea. At another table, David Stockman, the Director of the Office of Management and Budget, who had got in trouble with the supply-siders by wanting to reduce the tax reductions enacted last year, and was now being very careful, pronounced himself well pleased with a resolution drafted by Representative Carroll Campbell, a forty-one-year-old conservative from South Carolina, who was the state chairman of the Reagan campaign in 1980 and has close ties with the White House political staff. Other conferees assumed that Campbell would represent the White House point of view. The resolution, which Campbell had run by the White House, condemned the Carter Administration's economic record and praised the Reagan economic program.

"I could have written this myself," Stockman said, smiling.

For good measure, Stockman suggested that the resolution also contain a section that explicitly endorsed holding down taxes, so that an attempt wouldn't be made to balance the budget through increasing taxes. Stockman's table—the William Steiger Table, named after a young Wisconsin congressman who died in 1978—decided that it liked the Campbell resolution, with the addition of a call for a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget.

I asked Senator Ted Stevens, of Alaska, a moderate-to-conservative Republican, if he really wanted a constitutional amendment.

He said that he did not—"not yet, anyway."

During the general discussion of the resolution, the Republicans adopted Campbell's draft praising the Reagan program, which contemplates high deficits, and added to that a call for a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget. They also accepted an amendment offered by Senator Slade Gorton, a moderate from the state of Washington, which called for taking steps to achieve a balanced budget by 1985. Gorton's mission was to represent Domenici and like-minded senators who want the deficits in the President's budget reduced. Domenici

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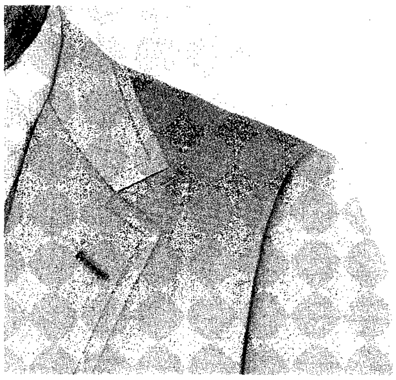
had proposed, among other things, reducing both the tax cuts and defense spending. Gorton told the conferees, "To adopt this proposal in the form it is presented to us now ignores the problem we are faced with now." He said, "We are faced with a budget that will not achieve the economic growth that we seek," and he added that if they did not call for a balanced budget by a specific time "we are simply ducking the real issue before the Congress and the American people this year." A constitutional amendment, he said, begs the question, because it would take so long to get ratified and to go into effect, and does not address the difficult questions of how to reduce the deficits. A slightly modified version of his amendment was accepted, thus setting the resolution off in still another direction. Then it went off in yet another with the addition of a "be it further resolved" clause calling on Congress to maintain its commitment to the income-tax cuts and the indexing of tax cuts for inflation that have been enacted. The addition of this clause—there were some noes in the vote on it—contented Kemp, who had, he told me, determined that he would keep quiet during the debate unless his tax cuts were threatened.

In fact, there wasn't much of a debate. It was all done in shorthand, or code, and there was a clear reluctance to air painful differences—with each other or with the President. When Representative Joel Pritchard, a moderate from the state of Washington, suggested a clause calling for a reorienting of priorities and looking for cuts in defense spending, he said that "all of us know it won't be off limits," but Representative Henson Moore, of Louisiana, suggested that this might put the conference "in conflict with the President." Pritchard, a soft-spoken man, replied, with just a touch of sarcasm, "Oh, no, we don't want that." Pritchard's amendment was technically out of order at the moment, and he didn't take the opportunity to bring it up again. Only Senator Mark Andrews, of North Dakota, a member of the Senate Budget Committee, said the unsayable. Rising from his seat at the Rutherford B. Hayes Table, Andrews, a big rock of a man with white hair and a deep voice, said, "The President for some reason doesn't want to admit that there have been too high tax cuts, and won't accept defense cuts." Andrews said that he wanted to propose simply that Congress should balance the budget, "to get away from



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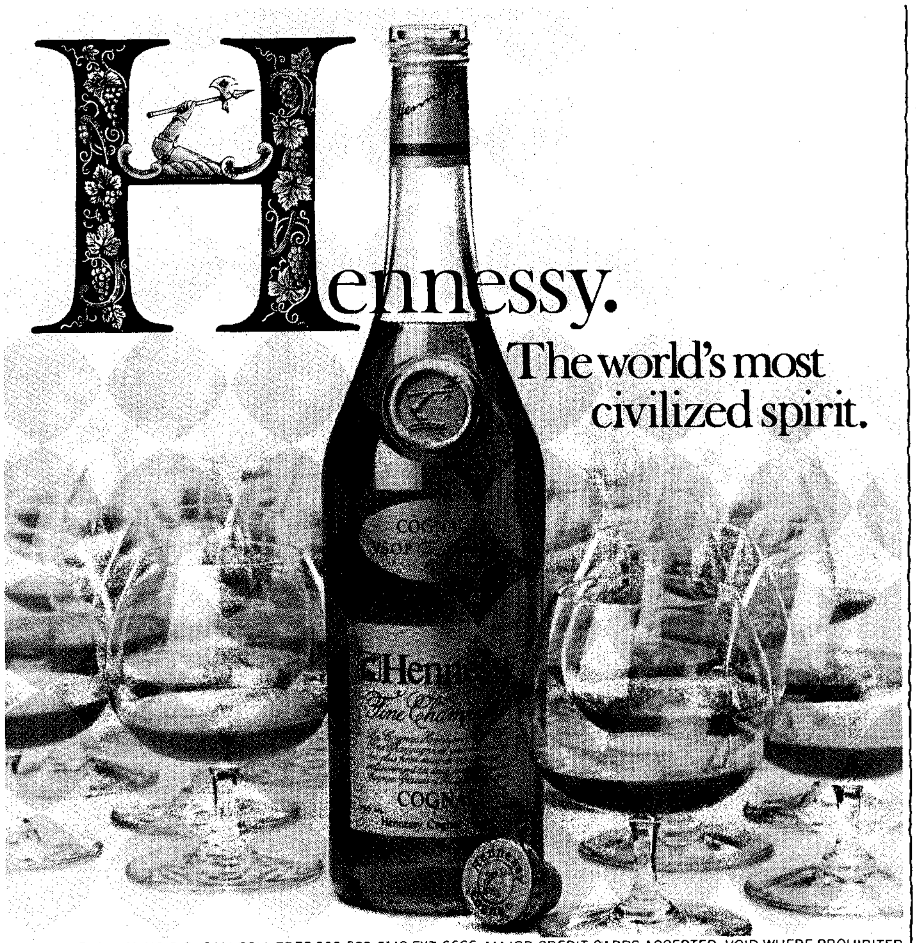

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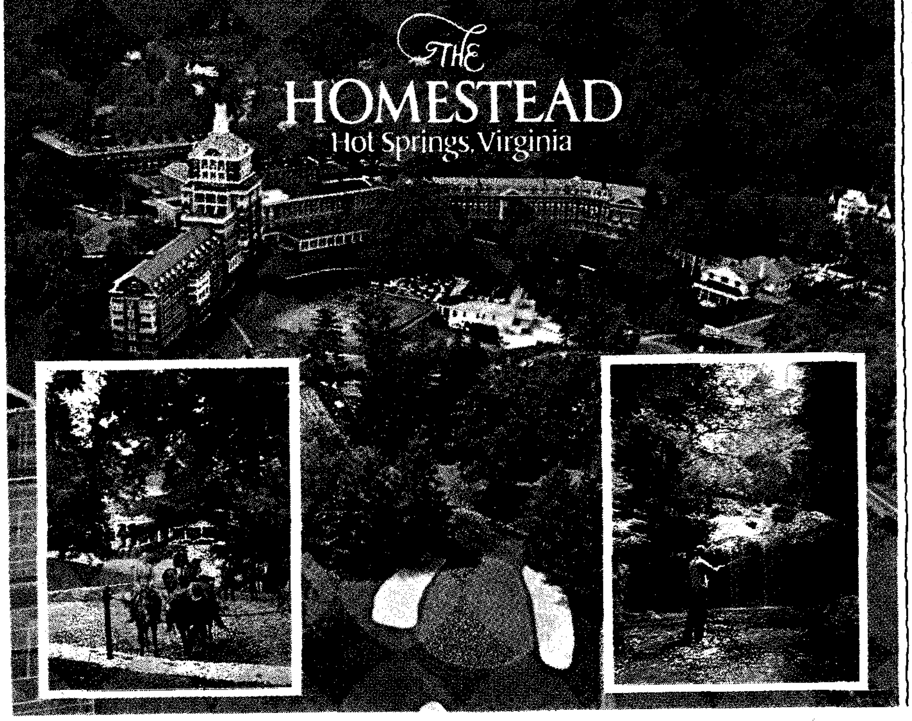
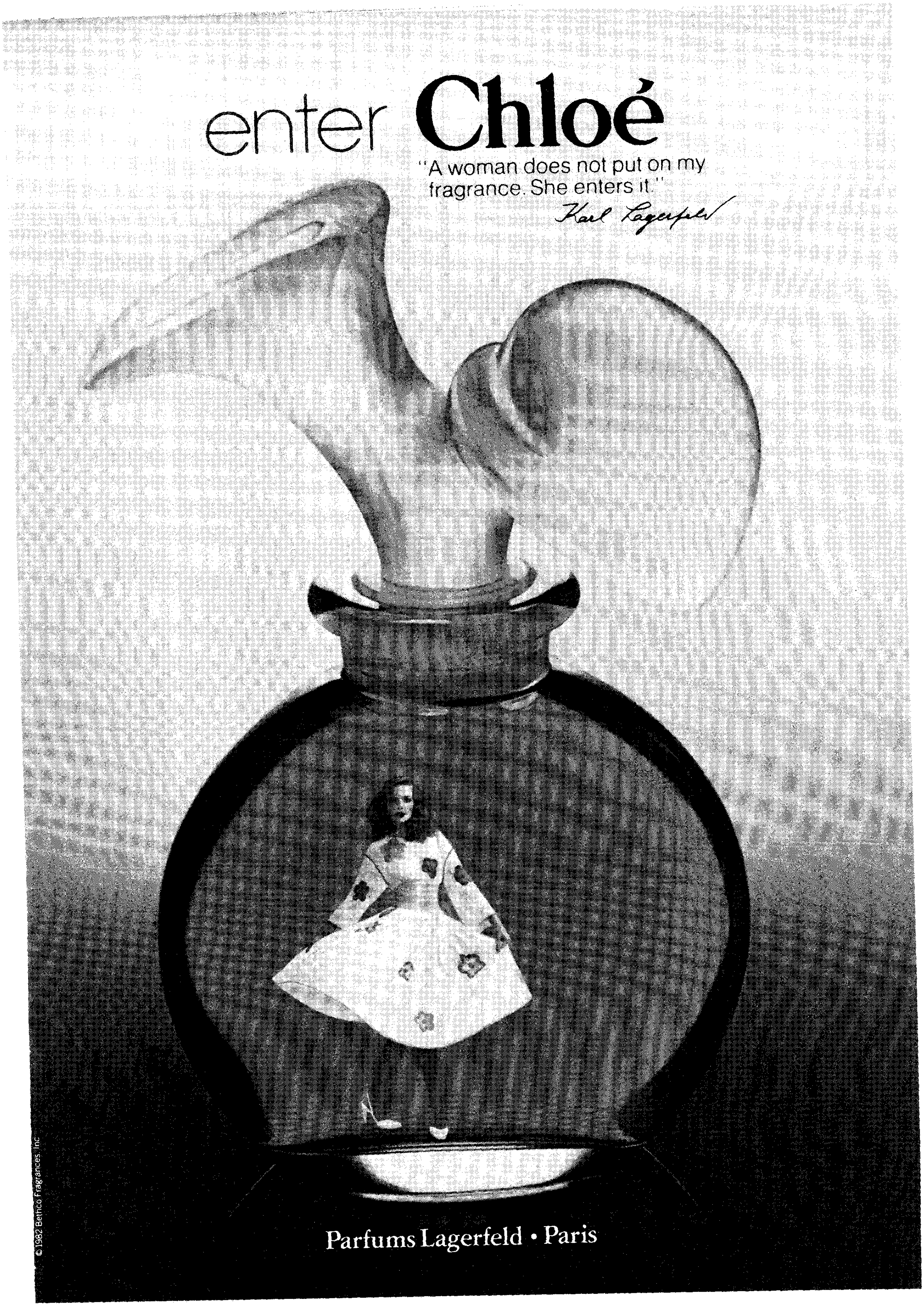


all this"—meaning the hodgepodge resolution. When Representative Bill Frenzel, of Minnesota, a member of the House Ways and Means Committee and a moderate, rose to ascertain the parliamentary situation, and found that at that point only the long resolution could be voted on, he replied, "Uh, it's a turkey, Mr. Chairman." The resolution was adopted. Afterward, Andrews said, "All we're doing here is shovelling smoke. The President says, 'You can't cut defense.' We have to get the deficits down. You can't do it if you keep a seven-hundred-and-fifty-billion-dollar tax cut." Referring to Reagan, Andrews said, "I think he's got his head in the sand." He continued, "We can't just blame it on Carter. We should just say that we got too enthusiastic last year." Frenzel said to me, "The debate on the budget was so vague because we don't want to talk about it much—everyone's afraid to be out front." This sounded very much like the kind of talk I had been hearing among Democrats in recent weeks. Slade Gorton said to me, "You just saw all of the cross-currents going on in the Republican Party now, and just about all of them are recognized in the resolution."

The next issue on the agenda—whether the courts' jurisdiction on constitutional issues should be limited—proved so difficult to resolve that the whole matter was tabled, and the meeting was adjourned for lunch. On the standing vote to table the issue, Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan, Special Trade Representative Bill Brock, and Stockman voted with the moderates, and even a few conservatives, to set the issue aside; James Watt rose to vote with the conservatives to keep the issue on the agenda.

Having just expressed themselves, in a variety of ways, as being foursquare for a balanced budget, a number of conferees cornered Stockman to ask him for more spending on programs of importance to their constituencies. On his way into the dining room, Stockman was bearded by some representatives from Kansas and Nebraska, who urged him to provide more budget funds for crop storage. He was also urged to restore funds for school districts "impacted" by the presence of military bases and other federal facilities—under a program that every President in recent years has tried to cut, only to be blocked by Congress—and he was urged to provide more funds for flood-control projects. At their lunch table, Kemp and Stockman



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engaged in a lengthy and ostensibly friendly debate about economic policy—it is understood in Washington that Kemp and his allies watch Stockman's every move—and Stockman got through the whole thing without mentioning tax cuts. He also said he no longer believes that much can be cut from defense. He lost an argument within the Administration over this last summer.

The discussion of the "new federalism" Saturday afternoon indicated that many Republican members of Congress are just as mistrustful of state governments as many Democratic members of Congress are, and are not keen on the idea of voting to raise taxes that would then be dispensed by local officials. Governors, for their part, had for years been urging that more programs be administered by the states, only to be taken up on this by Reagan and offered what most of them considered a very bad bargain. They didn't like the programs they were being offered, and they didn't like the fact that federal funds to pay for them would cease after a few years. At the time of the meeting at Tidewater, negotiations between the Administration and the governors were under way. But it is the only thing to do these days to be for the "new federalism," and so after some discussion the Tidewater conferees adopted, over a few noes, a resolution endorsing the concept. The resolution fuzzed over the difficult question of who should bear financial responsibility for income-assistance programs, such as welfare and food stamps (the governors had wanted to assign this to the federal government), and stated that neither the federal government nor the states "shall be financially penalized in any federalism exchange." Frenzel complained to the group, "We're being asked to implement something you can't agree on." Carroll Campbell had worried that the resolution put too much responsibility on the federal government but assented when Stockman assured him it was all right. Marjorie Holt, a conservative whose congressional district includes Annapolis and extends to Washington, proposed that the resolution commend President Reagan for initiating negotiations with the governors, and the conferees, with a brief flurry of applause, agreed.

IN the course of the weekend, I had a talk with an important Republican who spoke on condition that he

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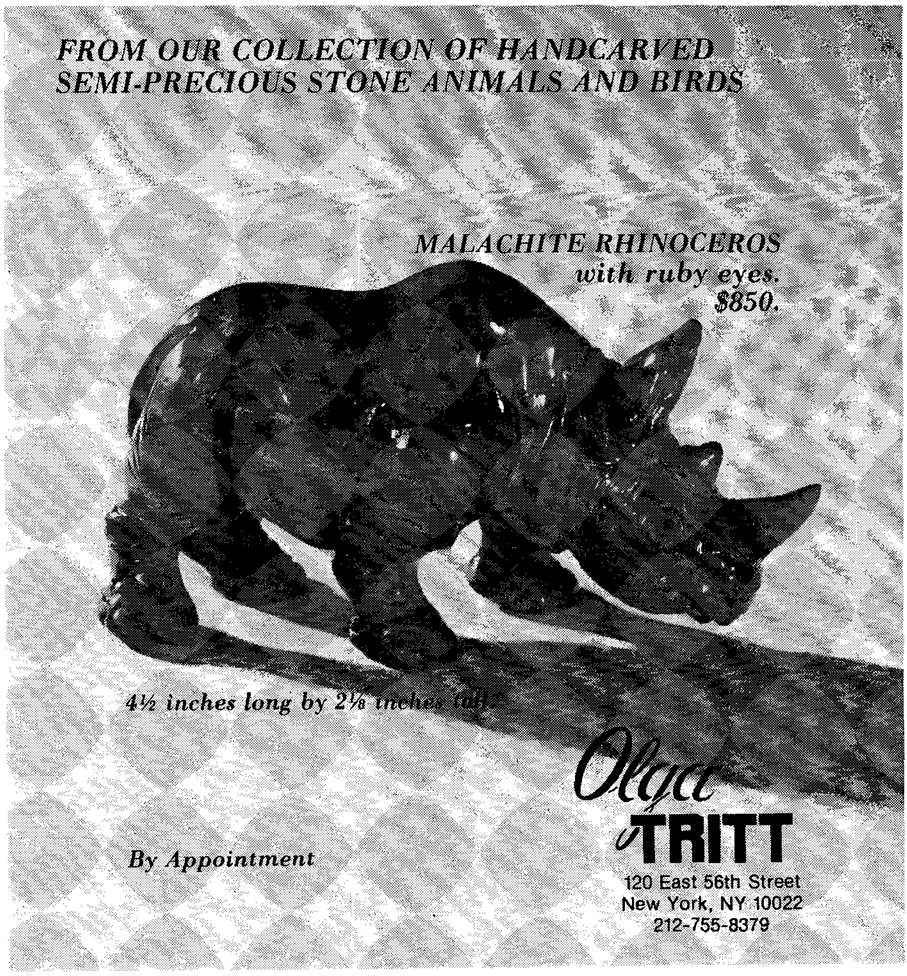
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not be named. This man, a conservative who has ties to Reagan, talked of his concern about Administration policies, and about what was happening to the Party. He despaired that whatever progress had been made in the past to attract blacks to the Republican Party had been undone. He said, "We've gotten to the point where they're not only not with us but will actively organize to vote against us." This was the conclusion a large number of Republicans had drawn from some off-year elections last November. He wondered how the White House managed to make bizarre appointments that are offensive to blacks—such as that of B. Sam Hart, the black radio evangelist from Philadelphia who was nominated to the Civil Rights Commission but finally withdrew after a furor arose over remarks he made against homosexuals, busing, and the Equal Rights Amendment. The two Republican senators from Pennsylvania, with whom such a nomination would normally be cleared, said that they had never heard of the man. The Republican I was talking to at Tidewater said, "No amount of credit that nomination might have gotten with the Moral Majority was worth it." He worried that the Administration seemed insensitive to the arms-control movement, and wondered why the Administration didn't embrace the proposal, sponsored by Senators Edward M. Kennedy, Democrat of Massachusetts, and Mark Hatfield, Republican of Oregon, and co-sponsored by a hundred and thirty-nine other senators and representatives, calling on the United States and the Soviet Union to find a way to agree to stop the arms race and then negotiate reductions in nuclear arms. "There's nothing in that proposal we can't accept," this Republican said to me. "Why should we get on the defensive about it?" A Presidential adviser with whom I had spoken recently was of the same opinion, and was hopeful that Reagan would still take some steps to preëmpt the movement and show that he was in sympathy with its goal. But in the days after the conference ended Reagan and other Administration officials continued to attack the concept. The Republican at Tidewater also said that he wished the Administration would be less confrontational in its dealings with the Soviet Union. "A new generation is coming to power there," this man said. "We ought to hold out some carrots to them, to indicate to them that we can be dealt with. There's

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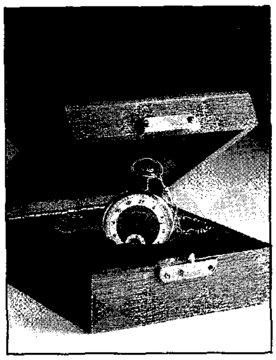

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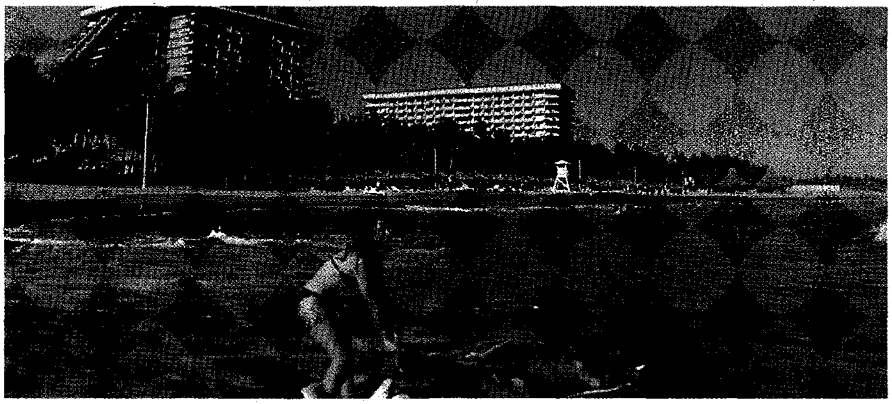

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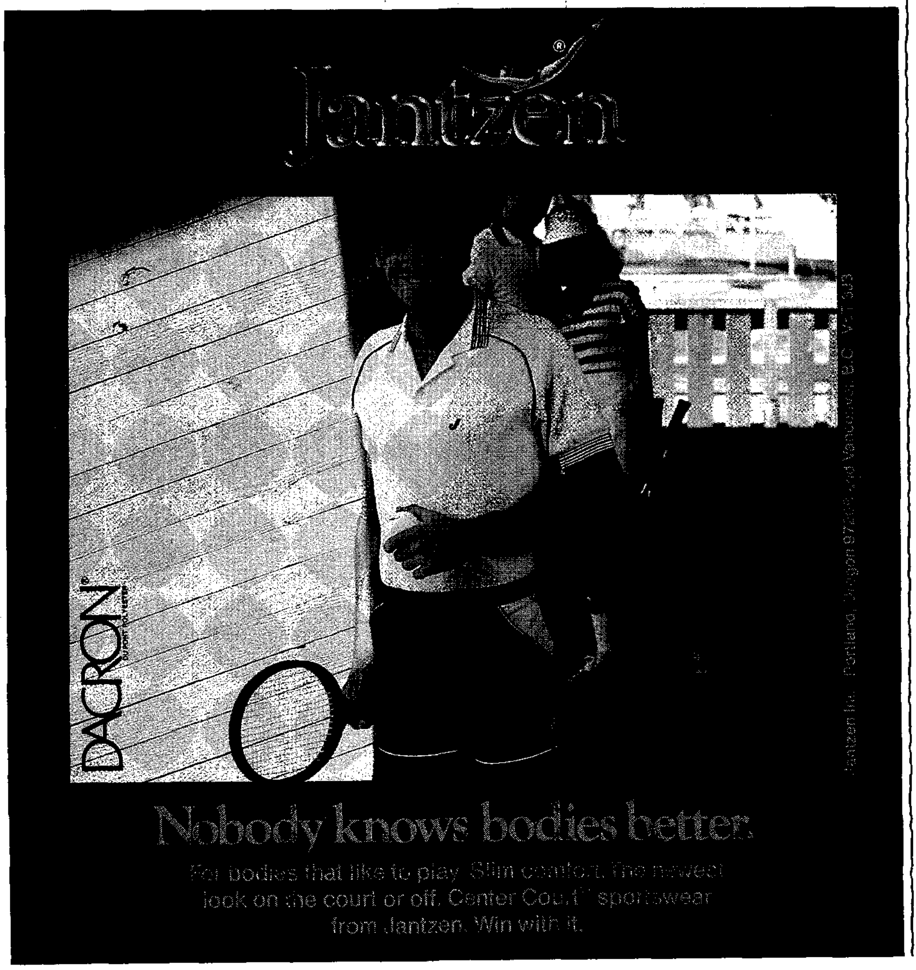
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been too much confrontation, too much rhetoric, too much talk about arming and demonstration shots." He went on to say that he wished the Administration had enthusiastically accepted the offer of President José López Portillo of Mexico to negotiate a settlement in El Salvador and Nicaragua. "The Mexicans are the only ones who can get us out of there." Haig had been nodding in Mexico's direction, but this man did not feel that the gesture was heartfelt.

The issue of the Caribbean, which was on the agenda at Tidewater Saturday afternoon, also revealed the stresses within the Party—and the problems the issue presents to members of Congress. During the discussion, Newt Gingrich, a thirty-eight-year-old representative from Georgia, said to the colleagues at his table, "I'm dismayed by the lack of evidence of Cuban and Soviet involvement. I find myself sort of troubled by the inadequacy of information." He referred to the "fiasco" at the previous day's State Department briefing.

Representative Larry Hopkins, of Kentucky, replied, "I don't know who to believe, do you?"

Gingrich shook his head.

The resolution that was adopted that afternoon, sponsored by Representatives Benjamin Gilman, of New York, and Robert Lagomarsino, of California, began as an endorsement of the President's "Caribbean Basin" plan to encourage trade and offer economic and technological assistance to Central America, and it urged Congress and the Administration to help Latin-American countries "in a prudent and responsible manner" to resist outside interference. A proposal by Joel Pritchard that the United States should "seriously consider the offer of the government of Mexico to serve as a third-party intermediary to bring if possible a political rather than military solution" was much diluted, to the distress of those who agreed with Pritchard's intent, after other conferees suggested that Mexico had been less than fully coöperative with the United States. A proposal by Marjorie Holt to place much of the blame for instability in the Caribbean on "Cuban/Soviet intervention" and to call on Congress to "increase our nation's efforts to contain Cuban aggression" was accepted by the conferees—whatever their misgivings about their lack of information—amid applause. A congressman shrugged and remarked to me, "There's so much talent here it goes in all directions." The lieutenant governor of Indiana, John Mutz, saying that his state has some commercial offices overseas (as do a number of other states), offered a clause suggesting that the fifty states should help out in the Caribbean area. Most of the conferees seemed puzzled about what he had in mind—some thought he was referring to the Organization of American States, not Indiana—but accepted his proposal as well.

AT cocktails that evening, a Republican senator told me, "This year, no one wants to argue about big things, so we're blurring them over, and accepting everyone's 'whereas'es. It's the problem of holding this meeting when we have a Republican President. Some people say they don't want to do or say things to repudiate him. Some don't want to say anything at all."

Carroll Campbell, the young conservative South Carolinian who had offered the budget resolution that morning, said he had kept the resolution general because he didn't want to get anyone, including Kemp, upset. "I know that we have to take ten to twelve billion out of defense, and I'm a big hawk," he said. "We all know that we went too far in cutting human programs last year. The elementary-and-secondary-education-aid program, vocational education, rehabilitation programs—those are investment programs. They're cost-effective. We can't cut them any more."

AT breakfast Sunday morning, a senator told me that the Republicans at Tidewater this year were "shell-shocked." He said, "We enacted the President's program, and it's not working out." He explained that one reason so many people were reluctant to speak up was that "the hard-liners control the Party machinery and Party meetings back home, and they are behind the President."

At the final session, on Sunday morning, conferees could offer any resolutions they chose, and again the strains within the Party were apparent. Several conferees took this opportunity to put themselves on record on various matters—usually at some remove from the President. Sometimes they were simply playing to their constituencies, and often they were sending signals to the White House. A resolution that was offered by representatives of rural areas and also had the backing of the Secretary of Agri-

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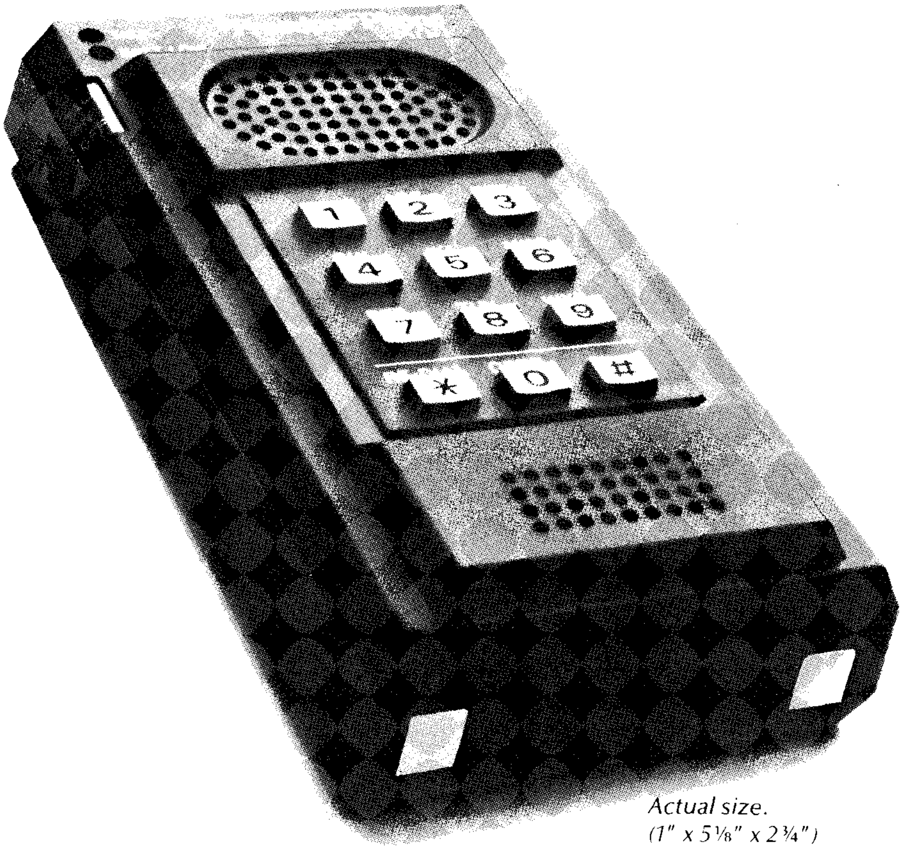

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culture, John Block, called for steps to protect agricultural products in world markets and also asked the government to "refrain from using agricultural products as a foreign-policy weapon except in the gravest of circumstances"—that is, no grain embargoes. After the resolution was amended by Margaret Roukema, a representative from New Jersey, to stipulate that the steps contemplated in it would reduce the budget and would not result in higher food prices—to thus reassure the urban folks as well as the farmers—it was accepted. A resolution by Representative Robert Walker, a conservative from Pennsylvania, to condemn the Democratically controlled House for having taken little action so far this year was mildly objected to by James Jeffords, a moderate representative from Vermont. "I seriously question that this is a good idea," Jeffords said. "I think that this year more than ever we need coöperation, not confrontation." Jeffords also pointed out that the legislative committees were hard at work. As was the case last year, most House legislation has been held up pending the fashioning of a budget resolution. A number of Republicans in the Senate and the House have been trying to keep lines to the Democrats open, figuring that they may need them in order to get a budget through Congress; they now feel, like some Presidential advisers, that perhaps the confrontational spirit of last year and the President's rhetoric this year have been damaging. But Jeffords' point was not a popular one. Representative James Collins, a conservative from Texas who is running for the Senate, said, "Every time we can we should brand the big spenders." And Representative David Michael Staton, of West Virginia, said the American people think that the Republicans control the House as well as the Presidency and the Senate—Republicans recognize that this is one price of the President's victories last year—and "we shouldn't draw back from confrontation." There were cheers and applause when Walker's resolution was approved.

The conference moderates took the opportunity to go on record on domestic issues. Hamilton Fish, a representative from New York, and Pritchard offered a resolution calling on the federal government to "improve the overall effectiveness and equity of its civil-rights-enforcement activities." The resolution reflected legislation twenty-four House Republicans had intro-

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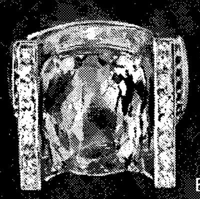

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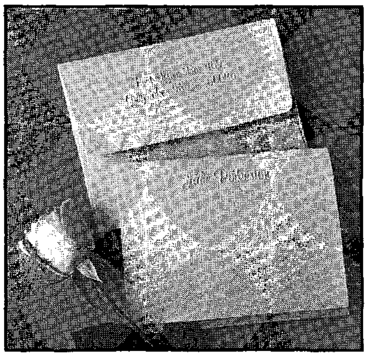

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duced earlier in March. Fish had expected a fight over his resolution, but as he spoke, saying that "we believe there are problems in civil-rights enforcement," there was silence, and a large number of the conferees looked the other way. No one else rose to speak to the question, and the matter was quickly got over with by accepting the resolution—amid some grumbling ayes and several noes. A resolution offered by Representative Claudine Schneider, of Rhode Island, and Jeffords stating that "the Republican Party recognizes that education is in the national interest" and calling for opportunities for college education and job training to be given priority was accepted, with a few noes. Then a resolution praising the Administration's policy toward Poland was approved. But there were some indications that even conservatives were uneasy. Newt Gingrich introduced a resolution calling for a defense buildup but also a reform of the Defense Department and a reëxamination of "all the structures and assumptions of the current defense system." It was approved. A moderate Republican said to me that morning, "Some of us came here with the purpose of sending a message to the President, however subtle, that we had to change direction. That's why we had the resolutions about education and civil rights, and even Gingrich's resolution on defense. Many members, especially Northeastern moderates, are nervous about the elections. They'll be sending messages and putting things on the record to show people back home that their priorities are not the same as the President's."

Three conservative congressmen—Mickey Edwards, of Oklahoma, and Carroll Campbell and Newt Gingrich—offered a resolution that tried to address the Party's problems with blacks. Edwards, a dark-haired, feisty man, is head of the American Conservative Union and has been involved in various right-wing causes, but, like his co-sponsors, he has a substantial number of blacks in his district. The resolution stated, "Whereas black Americans have historically suffered from a variety of disadvantages . . . and whereas these disadvantages have resulted in black Americans relying to a disproportionately high degree on government assistance programs, now therefore be it resolved that the Republican Party reasserts its commitment to maintaining necessary assistance to those in short-term need as we

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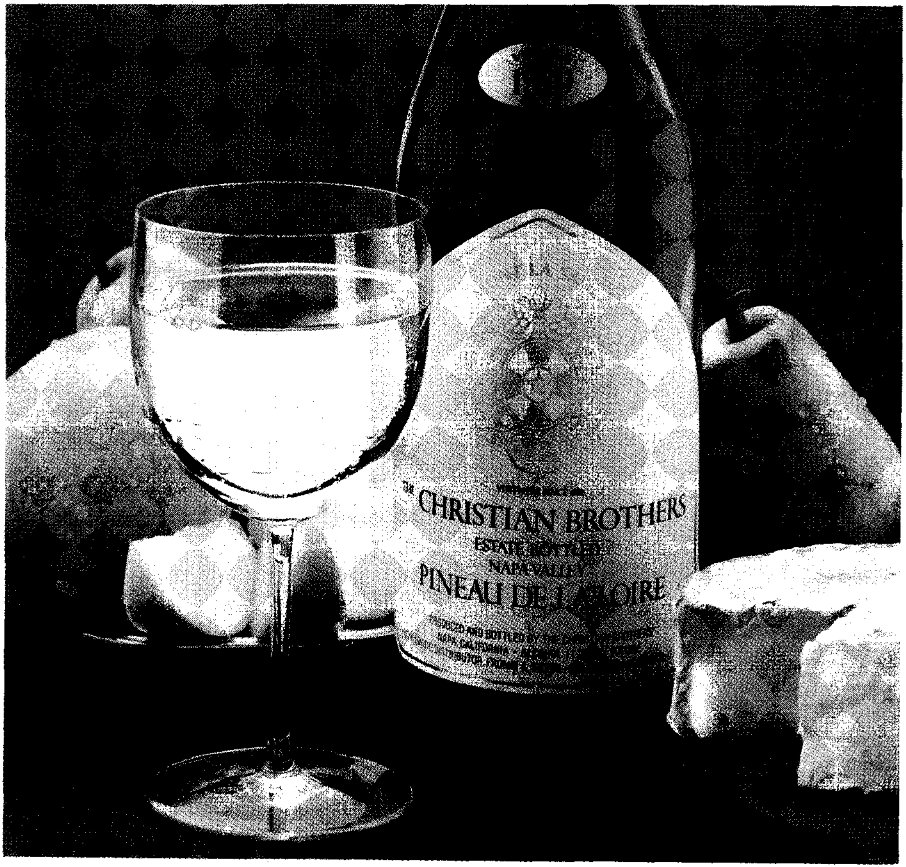

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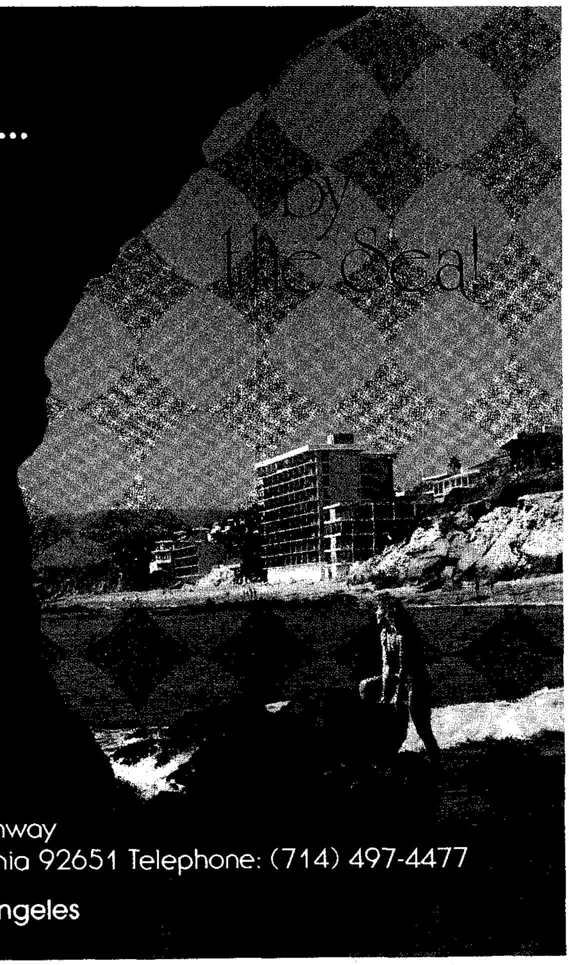

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encourage their upward mobility, and be it further resolved that the Republican Party commits itself to design and implement programs to fully integrate black Americans into the mainstream of the private economy." Edwards told the group, "Sometimes there is a problem of misperception of our party, and sometimes the problem of the Party is not misperception but perception." Campbell said, "We should face the problem." Several of the conferees wondered, in quiet conversation, whether this resolution would be seen by blacks as particularly sensitive to their problems, and one conferee rose to suggest to the group that it was "patronizing." A number of conferees with other minorities—Hispanics, Indians—in their constituencies wanted them referred to in the resolution, but Edwards held firm on the necessity of a resolution addressed specifically to blacks. Finally, it was worked out that a resolution that was identical except that it would refer to "many Americans" rather than "black Americans" would also be drafted and accepted, and the one referring to blacks was accepted.

Throughout the weekend, Reagan was the looming absence. Actually, all things considered, little was heard about him in the formal debates. There were a few nods of approval, or acknowledgments of his efforts, but that was about it. The criticism was veiled, indirect. But the atmosphere was far from that of a party triumphant. In addition to the various Republicans' assessments of where the Party stood, another factor may have been Reagan's style of politics. His is not a politics of party; his approach to politics is one of *personalismo*. His closest aides say that he does not think of himself as a politician. He used the Republican Party as his vehicle to the Presidency, but he was never really of it. He was a soloist, and he has been essentially a soloist in the White House. Even those who would like to help him have trouble reaching him. And his style of politics, his sense that he will govern by "communicating with the people," results in a large number of Republicans feeling left in the lurch when things aren't going well.

Toward the end of the conference, on Sunday morning, James Leach, a thirty-nine-year-old representative from Iowa and the head of the Ripon Society, a group of moderate-to-liberal Republicans, offered a resolution stating that "we are the first generation of people in the world capable of destroying ourselves through misuse of weapons of mass destruction," and that arms reductions "should be given the highest priority." Leach, a blond, stumpy man, speaking softly, said pointedly that the Republican Party in his state had been most successful when it stressed four themes: peace, civil rights, conservation, and pragmatic leadership. Leach's resolution went virtually undiscussed. An amendment was offered condemning the Soviet Union for its military buildup and for its "aggressive foreign policy that includes invasion in Afghanistan, tyranny in Poland, subsidized imperialism through Cuban puppets, networks of spies, and support for terrorists." Gingrich said he assumed that Leach would not accept the amendment. Leach said that he resented such a suggestion, and accepted the amendment, calling it "constructive."

With that, the Republicans, armed with resolutions that portrayed them as a united party, scattered.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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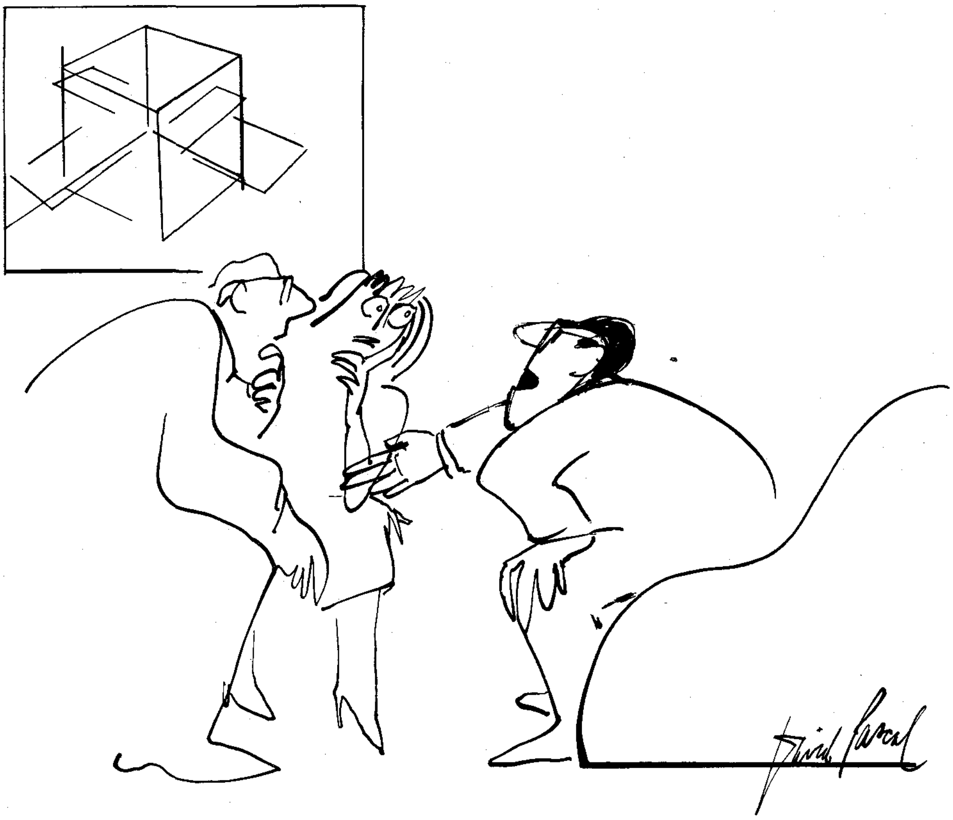
LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, MARCH 24

THE Germans now know that the Third World War is going to start in Hattenbach, a pretty little village near the Fulda River, not too far from Kassel and only twenty miles from the East German frontier. Hattenbach is Ground Zero. The six hundred and thirty-one men, women, and children in Hattenbach—and maybe the men, women, and children in the village just across the hill from Hattenbach—will be incinerated at seven thousand degrees Fahrenheit by an American 10-KT nuclear warhead fired by NATO troops against a Soviet tank invasion from East Germany. This is not the Armageddon preached by some nuclear-age millenarian cult that has taken hold in West Germany. It was the opening move in an American Army war game with Germany as its battlefield. The game was played last year, and CBS happened to film parts of it for a documentary series called "The Defense of the United States." There on the screen was little Hattenbach, in papier-mâché, spread out on a table in an Army war room. There was the battlefield exercise itself, somewhere in Germany, and there were the American soldiers who, understandably, dived into their tanks at the first nuclear alert and tried to pull out. There was the blast that didn't blast enough; nobody really noticed except a captain umpiring the game, who kept running around from tank to tank yelling, "You didn't hear a loud boom? See a brilliant flash of light?" There was the "mobile" missile that had to be packed and moved in three hours to avoid a Soviet attack, and instead took seventeen soldiers all day to budge. There was Harry Reasoner asking the commanding general how, fighting with front-line nuclear weapons, he could avoid hitting his own men in the confusion of battle, and the general—pink-cheeked, pudgy, looking like a host at a back-yard barbecue—replying in a patient, uninflected voice out of "Dr. Strangelove," "Well, Harry, that's a real problem."

Hattenbach heard about the game because a schoolteacher in Hattenbach had a relative in America, and the relative saw the program on television and wrote a note telling the schoolteacher that if the Russians got out of line America was going to defend itself by bombing the village. The teacher told a friend. The friend started looking for a tape of the program, and eventually got one when the program was sold to Austrian television. There was a screening late in January at Hattenbach's village inn. People from Frankfurt television came to the screening to make their own documentary—which is how the rest of Hesse heard about Hattenbach. Then Norddeutscher Rundfunk sent *its* crews down from Hamburg, and by last week all of West Germany knew where the first bomb of the Third World War was going to fall.

In Hattenbach, people are arguing. A woman who works for the 11th United States Regiment in Bad Hersfeld said that it was unkind of the villagers to criticize American soldiers, or to think of denying them protection (there is one tactical nuclear weapon for every forty American soldiers stationed in Germany), because the soldiers were far from home and could not take their dirty laundry to their mothers on weekends, the way German soldiers do. The mayor, who didn't seem to understand why the soldiers had allowed CBS to film the war game in the first place, let alone show it to the public, came up with a new version of an old country adage about not warning the pig you plan to slaughter. The farmers in Hattenbach were insulted. They pointed out to the mayor that they were people, not pigs for slaughter. One villager, though, said that he would be happy to be the first to die in an atomic war—that he had no appetite for the suffering that would follow. The schoolteacher said that maybe they would all die anyway, from their own fatalism and indifference.



"Mind you, I don't mean just plain nothing. Not nothing nothing. But nothing as something."

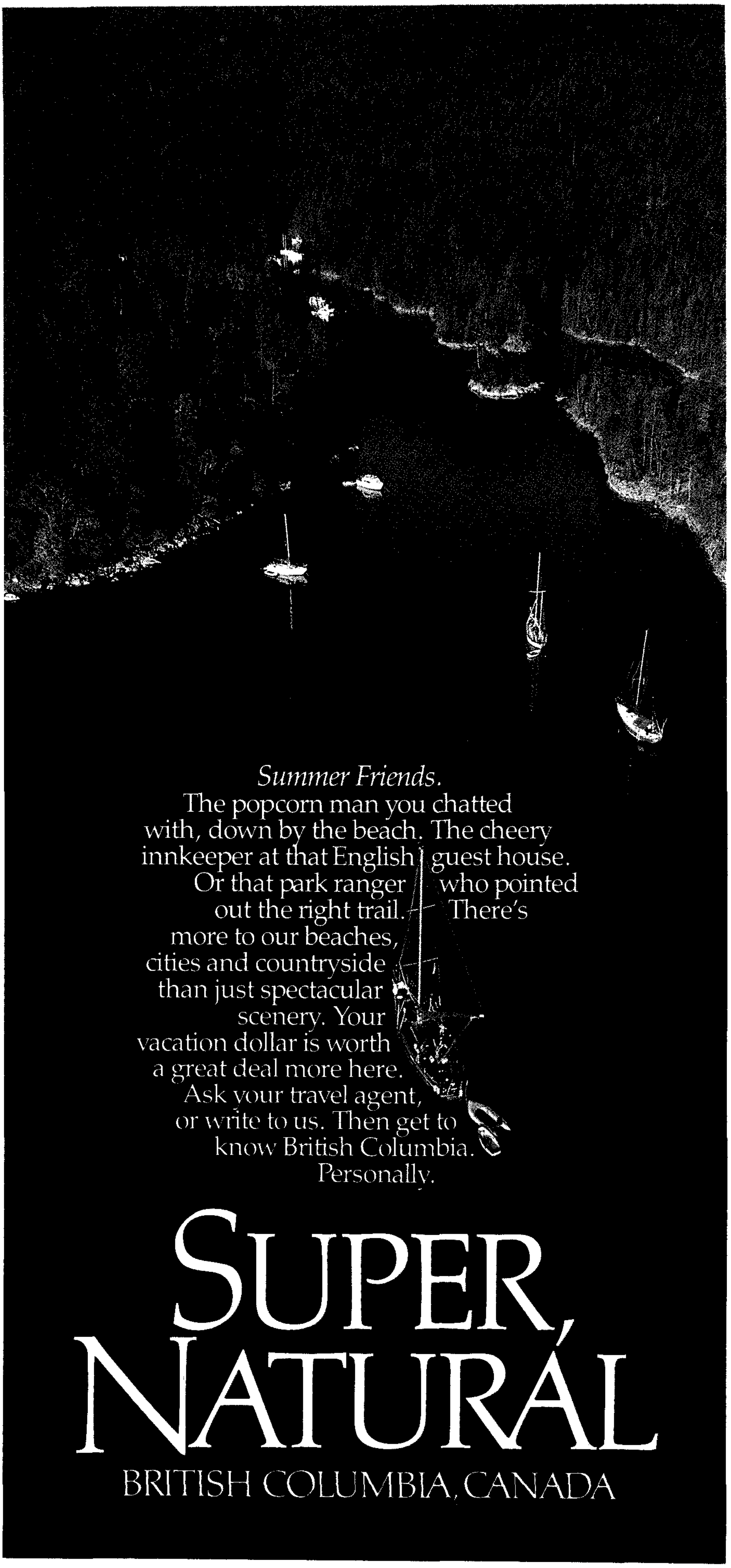
THE war panic in Germany is real. A lot of Germans are convinced—or are trying to convince themselves—that there will be a war soon and in Germany, and that they will all die in minutes in what the military delicately calls a "theatre nuclear exchange" between American Pershing II missiles and Soviet SS-20s. Young Germans carry around the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute yearbook on nuclear weapons. They march for disarmament, and their demonstrations have the quiet fervor of the Ban the Bomb marches of the nineteen-fifties; three hundred thousand Germans marched peacefully through Bonn this winter protesting NATO's plan to deploy two hundred and four new American missiles in West Germany by the end of

1983. Alain Clément, of *Le Monde*, who wrote for years from Germany, says that maybe Germans are obsessed with the idea of war because they know from experience how easy it is to start one—that they have no faith in the restraint of others, having had so little of their own. Germans, of course, are not the only Europeans worrying about the practicality, and even the sanity, of adding more nuclear artillery to their small, dense, fitfully civilized continent. But Germans seem to think of themselves as somehow singled out by geography to be sacrifices to other people's politics. (The irony escapes them—though rarely any of their neighbors.)

The French are skeptical about German pacifism. I was in Hamburg a few weeks ago, and ran into a French television crew from Antenne 2 which was travelling around Germany documenting what the producer called "the daily life" of people involved in the peace movement—tracking them to their native habitats, as it were, for the observation and edification of his home audience. The producer thought these people were crazy. He had just finished interviewing Freimut Duve, a forty-five-year-old Social Democratic deputy to the Bundestag and the editor of a distinguished collection published by Rowohlt which includes some fourteen or fifteen books about nuclear weaponry, the Peace Institute yearbook among them. Tomorrow, he said, he was going to film Duve at home with his wife and his daughters. He said that it was important to see exactly how someone who claimed to fear neutron bombs as much as he feared Russians spent the day.

Germans, for their part, find it odd that France (and Italy, for that matter) should be so casual about its weapons. No one knows why this is true. People here in Paris speculate that countries like France and Italy—Catholic countries with strong Communist parties—are immune to the kinds of arguments one hears in Germany, say, or in Holland about the possibility of shaming the Russians into disarming by starting to disarm first. They say that history has taught the French to have confidence in neither shame nor Communists.

About ten years ago, the French historian Philippe Ariès ended a series of lectures on Western attitudes toward death by asking, "Must we take it for granted that it is impossible for our technological cultures ever to regain the naïve confidence in Destiny



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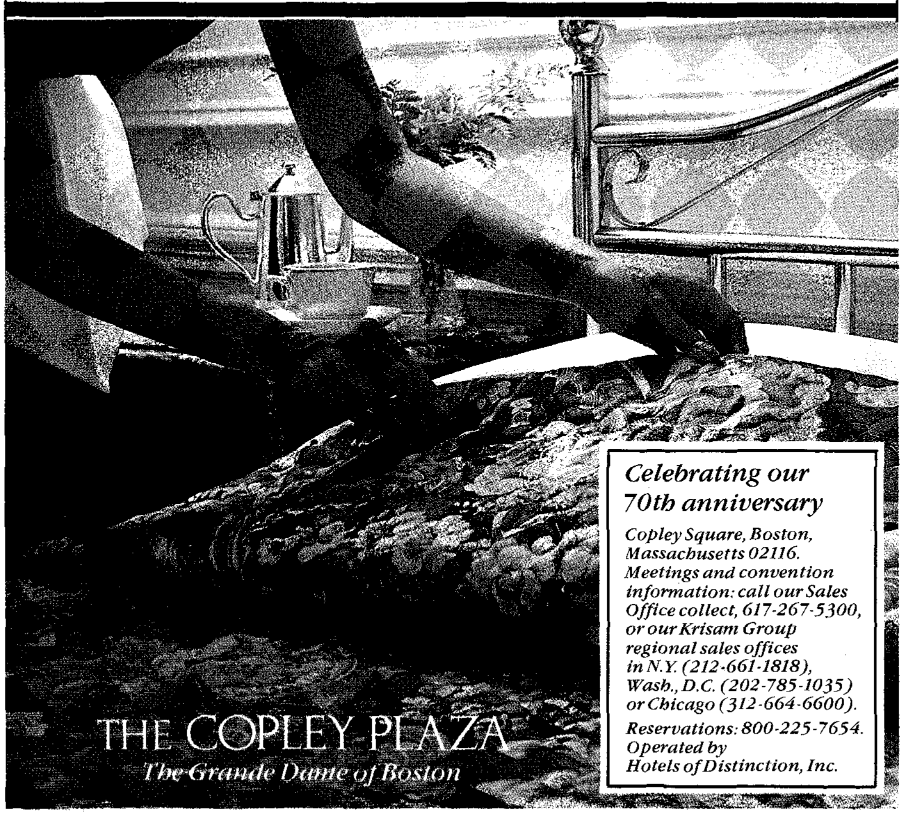
which had for so long been shown by simple men when dying?" Certainly the Germans have lost that confidence. The French, on the other hand, seem to have come full circle—to a naïve confidence that it is their own destiny to *survive*. They get excited and complain, but they do not have gloomy fantasies. Babar is their fantasy. The France they long for is a peaceable kingdom ruled by a benevolent bourgeois elephant—a family politic where little old ladies converse with monkeys in tennis shoes and learned professors take baby elephants on picnics. (Laurent de Brunhoff, who has written and drawn Babar for thirty-five years, says that his French readers will not tolerate discord in Celesteville; a few years ago, he wrote a splendid book about an angry pig, "The One Pig with Horns," and had to send it straight to America, because his publisher here was too horrified to print it.) They fall asleep at night to the television sight of Folon's little animated-cartoon gentlemen, in their long black overcoats and homburgs, flapping their arms and flying to twinkling stars, to sweet bedtime music. They listen earnestly to politicians who tell them that people who eat a lot of potatoes, like the Germans and the Irish, are prone to violence, whereas people like the French, who eat a lot of bread, are by nutrition agreeable—and can safely have all the bombs they want. In France, "*Non à la bombe à neutrons!*" is a hostile, Communist slogan. It was broadcast, full blast, over the fairgrounds at La Courneuve when the Communists had their annual Fête de l'Humanité there. It was printed on Party posters. And by now to everybody in France but the Communists it has begun to sound subversive. The result of this, of course, is that the proper anti-Communist in France supports the *force de frappe* and a new French neutron bomb and the country's extraordinary fleet of missile-bearing submarines. His arsenal is a correlative of his identity. In a way, his bombs end the humiliation he suffered in the war.

Pierre Bourdieu, the sociologist, says that one reason the French have been so fervent about Poland is that the Polish military crackdown on December 13th provided them with a real *événement*—a piece of history to witness and corroborate, an act of oppression they could measure and interpret. They are relieved to be cured, if only temporarily, of their habitual weakness for abstraction, and so they are bound to be wary of Germans ask-



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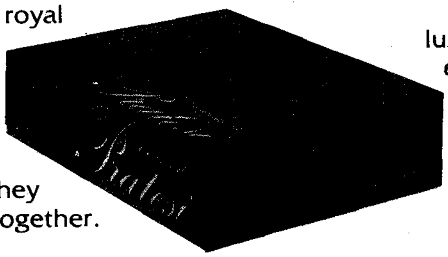

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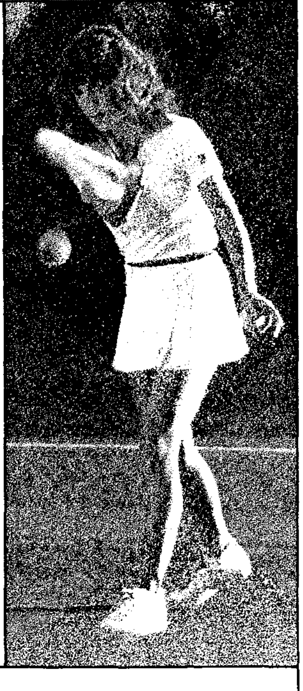
ng questions about nuclear morality. The French do not want to be left ontemplating the end of Europe if the nd of Europe turns out to be another mbarrassing abstraction, like strucuralism or Mao Zedong. And so they all the Germans, with their desperate pacifism, hysterical, and the Germans all them vain and foolish. For young Germans, and for some Germans who were young during the war, the idea hat their country has a mission in a damned world is a kind of redemption. They have had no history to attach to with any pride, and it is intoxicating or them now to think of themselves as victims of a madness other than their own. This is why there is an almost expiatory fervor to so much of the new pacifist politics. Duve himself worries about what he calls a "traumatic dealism" in the German character. He compares it with the idealism of he French, which since the war in Algeria has tended to play itself out in rhetoric and rarely interferes with the real business at hand; German idealsm, he says, consumes the idealist and with him whatever chance for a healng, ordinary life the world around him offers.

Some of the pacifists in Germany now say that the problem is not just weapon systems and weapon economies but energy systems in countries like their own and France and Switzerand, which try to export their breeder-reactor technology—and thus, inevitably if not intentionally, potential bombs—to the Third World. They say that whatever trading is done at the Geneva arms-control talks this year—the United States, say, agreeing to cut back production of its new cruise missiles, and the Russians agreeing to pull some of their SS-20s out of Eastern Europe—will not solve that problem. The current pacifist cliché that being a little nuclear is like being a little pregnant is, of course, accurate. NATO can argue about putting new mobile ground missiles—Pershing IIs—in West Germany, but there are already something like six thousand nuclear weapons in a country roughly the size of Oregon, and there are perhaps three thousand nuclear weapons in East Germany, which is a lot smaller—the size of Virginia, say. They are medium- or short-range missiles for "flexible response"—not for blowing up the planet but for providing a kind of nuclear sampler. They are functions of an absurdist belief in deterrence—of a not very comforting logic which holds that he who fires



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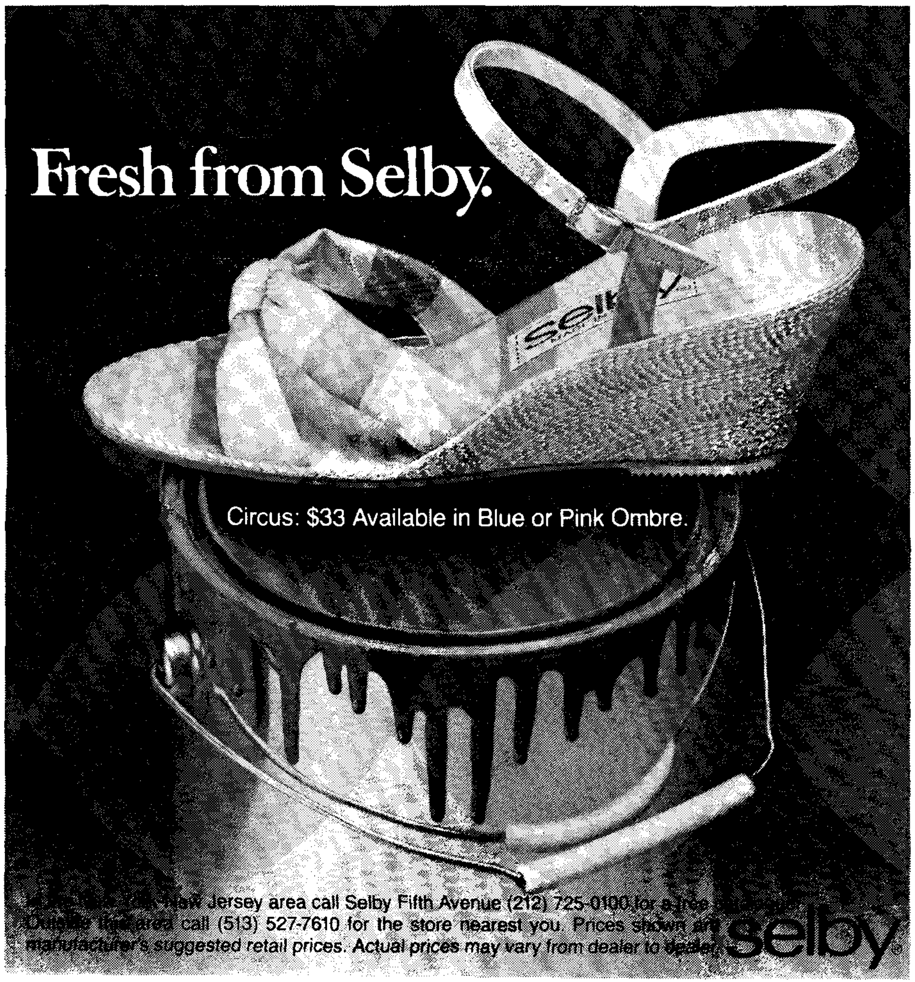

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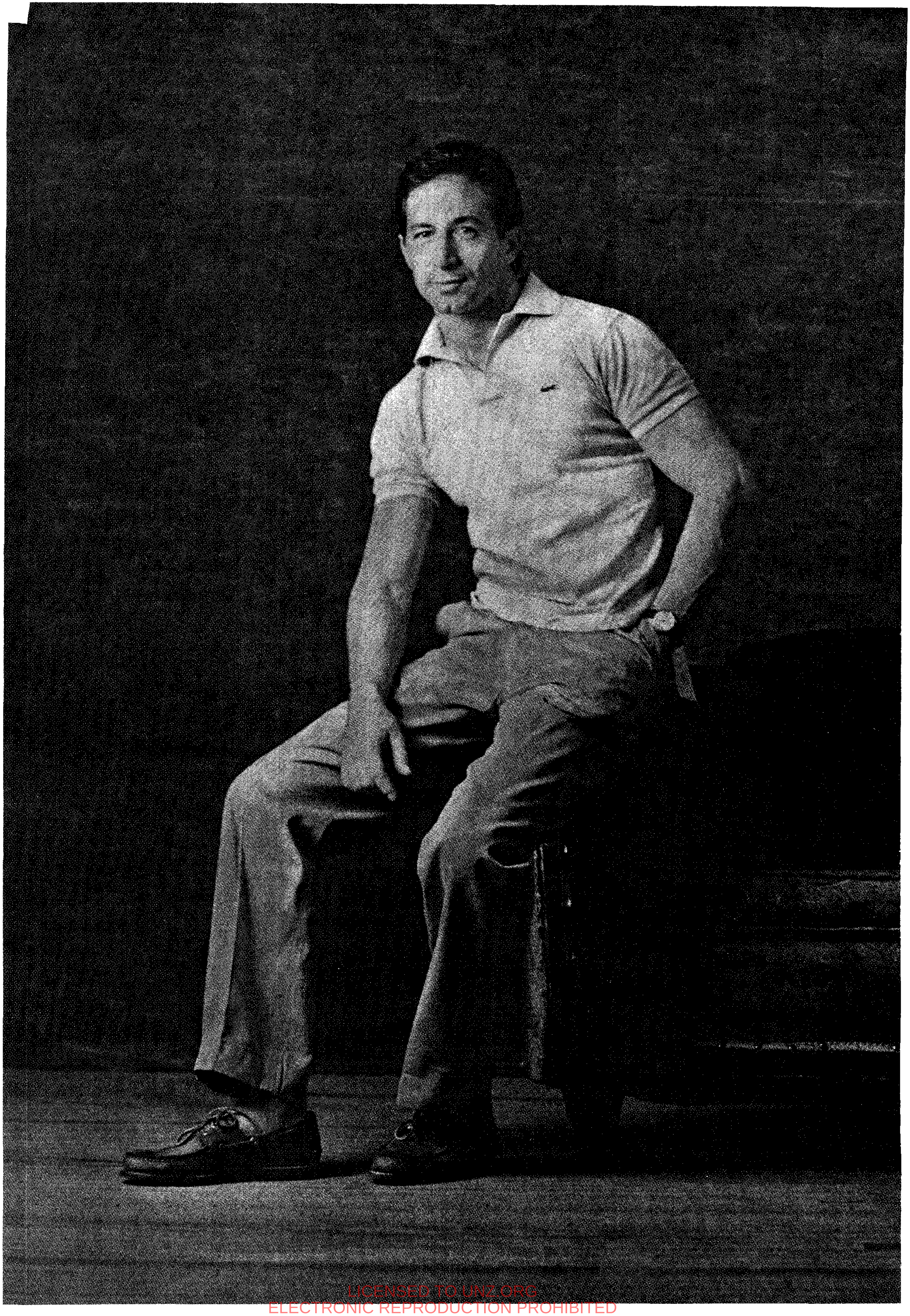

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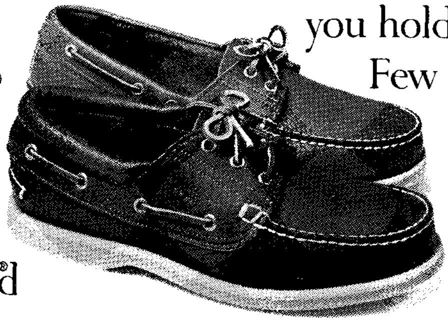

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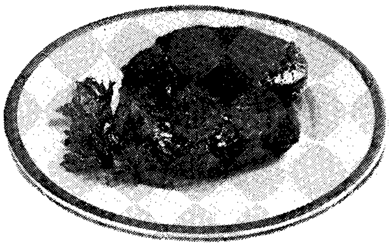

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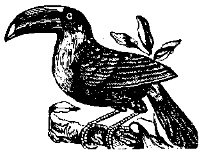
first dies second. It is possible that this absurdity is what has kept the peace in Europe for more than thirty years. Helmut Schmidt thinks so. Most Germans, in fact, think so. But people in the peace movement say that there is more to "peace" than a thirty-year ceasefire between armed camps. Some of them are pacifists, and they dream of complete disarmament. The majority would never describe themselves as pacifists. They simply do not want to be defended (if the word applies) by neutron bombs or by chemical warheads or by any of the weapons being considered by both sides now. They are nervous when the American President who can push the button to release those weapons starts talking about a limited nuclear war in Western Europe, as Ronald Reagan did last fall. They say that when Americans start planning "theatre nuclear war"—which at the moment seems to be the official euphemism for war in Europe—it means that Americans have sanctioned a difference in the quality of security at home and the quality of security in Western Europe. America is the citadel, they say, and Europe the glacis. Günter Gaus, who opened the first West German mission to East Germany and is now one of the Social Democrats lobbying to keep out the new Pershings, argues this way: Europe since the war has been a not very commendable but very secure island of peace. The principle of divided influence is respected in Europe, and therefore Europe is the one place on earth where war is not necessarily the result of failed East-West politics. Europe cannot afford to take risks for Latin America or Africa or the Middle East. Europe's proper concern right now is Europe; whatever happens in the rest of the world, the equilibrium of a divided Europe must be kept. This was NATO's charter, and America, by insisting on nuclear rearmament in Europe and confusing its role as a superpower with its role as a NATO partner, has ignored that charter and left Europe vulnerable.

Wolf Graf Baudissin, who runs the University of Hamburg's Institute for Peace Research and Defense Policy, was the general who helped develop NATO's "flexible response" strategy, and *he* says that it is meaningless to talk about security gaps between America and its allies, since if America decides to drop a bomb on Soviet tanks invading West Germany, the Russians are more likely to shoot one back to America, where the order



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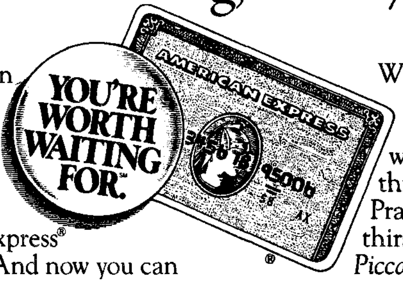

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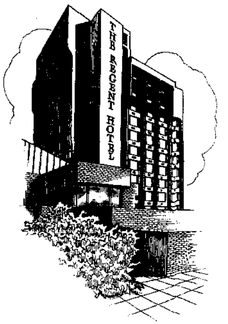

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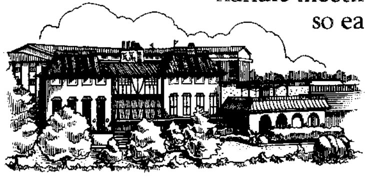

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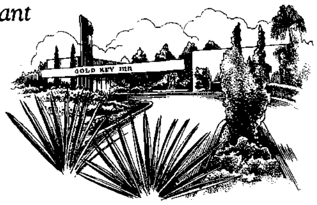

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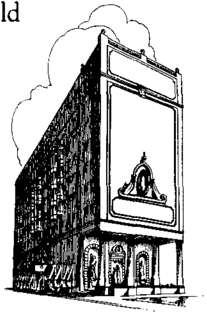

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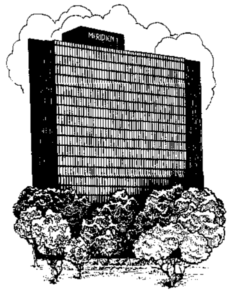

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originated, than to the countries where America's bombs happen to be stored. He says that definitions of nuclear self-interest depend entirely on who is doing the defining. There are the missile-counters, with their theories of nuclear parity. There are men who, like Baudissin himself, do not think that a hundred new Pershing missiles will make a critical difference, one way or the other, to the defense of Europe but want to see them deployed *now that* NATO *has agreed to it;* they say that NATO should honor its decisions if for no other reason than that at the Geneva arms-control talks America needs arms to talk about controlling. There are politicians on the left, like Erhard Eppler, who want Germany to reject any new missiles proposed by the United States. But the fact is that most of them agree (at least in private) that strategic stability does not depend entirely on numbers—that there are important psychological factors to what we call the nuclear balance. They know that for twenty years the Russians had seven hundred medium-range missiles aimed at Western Europe and nobody in Western Europe seemed to care.

The real accomplishment of the peace movement may be in convincing people that there is no such thing as a nuclear-war "expert"—that the generals sitting over drinks, betting our cruise missiles against the Russians' SS-20s, are only a fraction better informed about the perimeters of destruction than the eighteen-year-olds sitting in their student bars in Hamburg and talking about *Heimat* and a *new German consciousness. In a way,* it was youngsters demonstrating near Hamburg against nuclear power plants who forced their parents to start thinking about nuclear bombs. Hans Ulrich Klose, who was mayor of Hamburg for seven years and finally quit in disgust last spring when his own cabinet voted to support what will be the city's fourth nuclear power plant, in Brokdorf, says that for him, as for a lot of people in the city, arguments about nuclear safety turned from ecological into political, even ideological, arguments. People in Hamburg began to ask whether nuclear policy could—or should—be left to businessmen or politicians or generals. They raised questions of accountability. They got frightened. Two hundred and fifty thousand Germans were in Hamburg last June for a national Protestant assembly, and though the official text of the assembly was "Be

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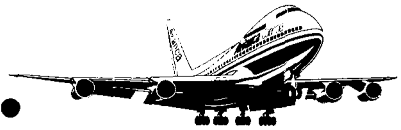

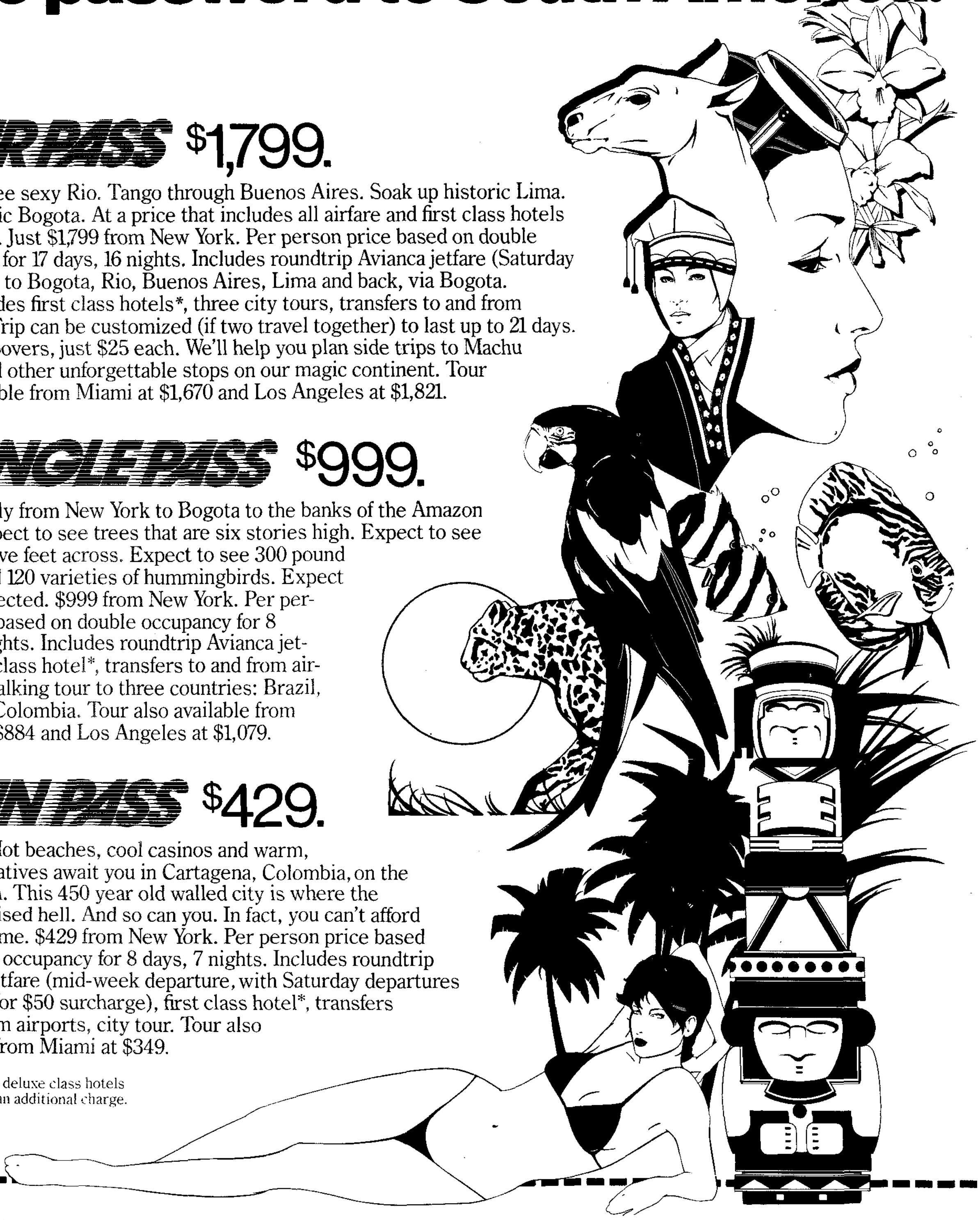

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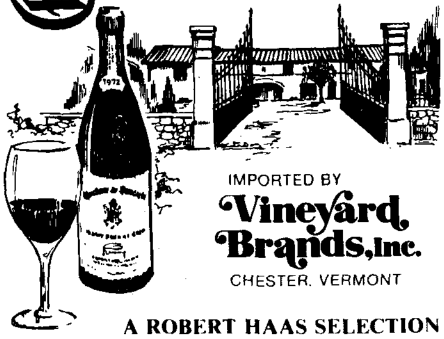

Not Afraid" ("*Fürchte Dich Nicht*"), young pacifist ministers and their parishioners changed it to "Be Afraid" ("*Fürchte Dich*").

THE decision to deploy a hundred and eight new American Pershing II missiles and four hundred and sixty-four new American cruise missiles in Western Europe was made in Brussels on December 12, 1979. It was made ruefully, but it was made by all fourteen participating treaty countries, insofar as the generals who work in Brussels can be said to represent those countries. Later, the Europeans complained that it was the bad end of a deal they had had to make with the Americans. They wanted the United States back in Geneva for new arms-control talks, and Jimmy Carter wanted mobile tactical missiles in Western Europe. It was his idea of parity, and no one in Washington then expected so many Germans to oppose it, inasmuch as it was Helmut Schmidt who had first brought up the question of nuclear parity in Europe, in a speech at the International Institute for Strategic Studies, in London, two years earlier. Schmidt has always considered himself a nuclear expert. (He evidently enjoys arguing missiles with pacifists like Eppler, who is fairly fanatical and can get carried away and ruin his own argument.) Schmidt *believes* in missile parity. He thinks that the new Pershings are important to West German security. He has been nervous about that security ever since the Russians started deploying SS-20s in the late seventies. His friends say he is convinced that there would be no peace movement of any consequence in West Germany today if Ronald Reagan and the "nuclear cowboys" (as they like to call them) in the White House had not started talking so casually about little nuclear wars in Europe. There is obviously more to the movement than Ronald Reagan's lack of tact. Freimut Duve talks about young Germans' loss of trust in the ability of any elected parliament or congress to control military fantasies. They inherited a Weimar complex, and now, Duve says, they have a Hiroshima complex, too. They are convinced that Hiroshima could well have been Dresden, say, and that their protests against Schmidt's nuclear policy and—by extension—Reagan's are a kind of last democratic option. Duve thinks that peace-movement people tend to focus their panic on America because America is, after all, an ally and a democ-

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racy, and they can hope to affect American policy, whereas they have no illusions at all about affecting Russian policy. Some of them say they worry about what they call a peace double standard. But the fact is that a lot of people in the peace movement seem to trust Russia much more than the United States when it comes to the question of nuclear war in Western Europe. They say that Russia and Germany shared one binding experience in the Second World War—they were both battlefields for civilians. And they conclude that for a Russian war in Europe means war at home—it means twenty million dead Russians—and that this, if anything, protects them. They make Americans furious. The French look at them and say that there has clearly been something dangerously romantic, dangerously German, in their education.

IT is the "Parsifal" centennial. There will be productions of Wagner's last opera all over Europe this year. There will be a "Parsifal" at Bayreuth. There will be a Cannes Film Festival "Parsifal": Hans-Jürgen Syberberg (who was responsible for "Our Hitler," a movie memorable for lasting seven and a half hours and seeming to last twice that) has filmed an "androgynous 'Parsifal' " that takes place on and around a gigantic death mask of the composer. The first new "Parsifal" of the centennial—Rolf Liebermann's production for the Grand Théâtre de Genève—has already come and gone. Liebermann had *his* Parsifal wandering a ravaged planet sometime in a future described only as "after Hiroshima."

"Parsifal" is a mirror. After seeing it, Nietzsche wrote, "I have always been *sentenced* to Germans." Everyone who loves the opera stages it, at one time or another, in his mind, and *that* is the definitive production. I like to do Freud's "Parsifal." My husband does a lyrical Georgia O'Keeffe "Parsifal." We plan this one together—the dry, scrubby desert; the vultures; the bones of dead cattle and a few skulls; the creek watering the garden; the stark, labial blossoms that will be our flower maidens; the redeeming cowhand. It is comforting that the people who do in fact stage "Parsifal" usually manage to be as self-indulgent with the work as the back-seat directors in the audience. Liebermann ran the Paris Opéra for seven years. This Geneva "Parsifal" was actually his début as a director. He put together a splen-

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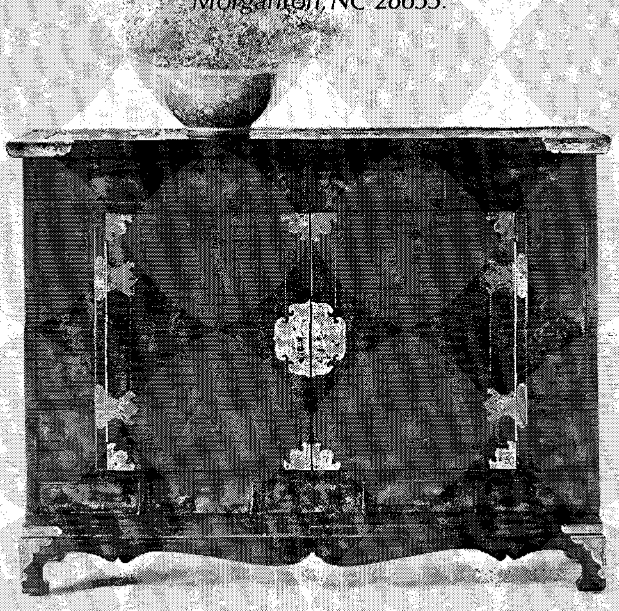


did cast—Jon Vickers, Yvonne Minton, Tom Krause, Peter Meven—and, at seventy-one, he got carried away like a gallant amateur. His parched land is a jungle clearing of fetal shapes and gnarled, pocked vegetation, with a church grotesquely blasted into what could pass for a used rocket on a launching pad. (The opera critic at *Le Monde* called it Angkor Wat after a Pol Pot visit.) His Kundry has radiation sickness and is going bald. Klingsor reigns in a nuclear reactor. He fights with laser beams. Parsifal stumbles into the reactor (discovering the naked Moses Pendleton and Allison Chase, two dancers of astonishing talent and ingenuity who are stamen and pistil in a ritual dance that, alas, has nothing to do with the opera) and gets, for *his* flower maidens, a sequence of video projections that would have done nicely at a Haight-Ashbury rock concert fifteen years ago. In the end, he puts on a white robe ("Catholic by such captious means," Nietzsche said) and becomes a *Doppelgänger* John Paul II. He leads his Knights of the Grail into the reactor, which is now a fine Gothic cathedral containing replicas of the best rose windows in France. Liebermann put on such a lavish and improbable production that when Parsifal showed up in the third act dragging a dusty old lance that could have been left in the prop room by some outsize German tenor with pale tights and a Boy Scout face the stolid operagoers of Geneva started to applaud.

Still, it was an important production—a mirror of its own moment. Five years ago, even a year ago, it would have been hard to imagine the centennial "Parsifal" in Geneva as a vision of an atomic holocaust—to imagine Wagner's knight, a cathedral for his castle, breaking the lance that wounded Amfortas, renouncing war.

—Jane Kramer

●

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Jane Bryant Quinn in Newsweek*]

It is far too early, in the short life of Reaganomics, to assign blame. But the whispery hums heard in Washington are the trembling knees of balanced-budget conservatives adding up the President's deficits, cold fear catching at their hearts.

●

A conference entitled, "Women of All Ages, An Alternative to Survival," is being held on May 16 at Northeastern University.

—*Boston South End News.*

Nice planning.

THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

"THE MIDDLE AGES," a delightful "romantic comedy" by A. R. Gurney, Jr., at the little Ark, n SoHo, through April 4th, is set in he trophy room of an exclusive men's club in a large city (probably Boston), and its action starts in the mid-forties and ends in the present. This action, ike the action of most of Mr. Gurney's plays, is a matter of small scenes, usually funny yet with a serious, bittersweet undercurrent that binds hem together, and it tells the story of he enduring, seemingly hopeless love between a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor (seemingly hopeless but with a happy ending). We see them first, in a brief prologue set in the present, at the funeral of his father, when she tries in vain to persuade him not to read a prepared speech and, as usual, make trouble. Then back we go to their original meeting, at a club dance; he is sixteen and she is fourteen, and even then he s a wild one, always raising hell and playing little private games. There is a funny love scene, aborted by a variety of circumstances, private and public, when Eleanor is preparing to go off to Bermuda with a group of young people—a trip organized by Barney's conventional younger brother—and in one marvellous speech Barney tells her precisely what to expect of a Bermuda vacation. And so it goes, scene upon scene, some of them interrupted by his ironclad father (the president of the club) and others by her socially ambitious mother. (What a mistake it is to pin labels on Gurney's characters! They are never that simple.) At about midpoint, Barney tells Eleanor, who has married the conventional brother, of his plans to get his Ph.D. in medieval history at Berkeley, the Middle Ages being a time very like the present, he thinks—a time with an idea of courtly love, when fools and jesters wrote poems and went out on quests but were "too chicken" for anything more responsible and direct. Barney is no fool, but he is a jester of sorts—a very serious jester—and the playwright, with the lightest, deftest of touches, prods deep into his nature, as he prods to a certain extent into Eleanor's. The play, of course, reflects many circumstances outside the club and proves to be an indirect social history of these last forty eruptive years—Berkeley, for example, was not chosen at random—as Barney becomes, in turn, a sailor during the Korean War, a political activist, a sexual experimenter, and a successful maker of porno films. The club, by the way, becomes somewhat less exclusive, and Barney's father tells us about "our Jewish members," although he blackballs his own son for allowing three Negroes to swim in the club pool. The mood throughout is comic, and the ending is as touching as it is satisfying.

"The Middle Ages" is pleasantly and appropriately performed, under the direction of Donald Marcus. Jack Gilpin is especially good as charming, funny Barney, just annoying enough to ring true. As Eleanor, Carolyn Mignini (Anna Held in last year's "Tintypes") is in every way worthy of his enduring love, and Steven Gilborn and Pat Lavelle do well, too, as the father and mother. The handsome setting was designed by John Falabella and lighted by Heather Carson; the handsome costumes were designed by Gail Brassard.

"THE GREAT GRANDSON OF JEDEDIAH KOHLER," by John Bishop, a production of the Circle Rep, at the Entermedia, is a notional comedy that doesn't come off, for all Mr. Bishop's considerable talent, but it provides a lot of fun along the way. The Jedediah Kohler of the title was a legendary hero (Bishop's legend) of the Old West, whose specialty was shooting unarmed men in face-to-face encounters. His great-grandson Jed works at an advertising agency, where he is put in charge of an important new account—a car that will drive on the surface of water, or so Monopoly Motors claims. Jed's suburban marriage has grown stale (in exactly the same way as that marriage in "Weekends Like Other People": new draperies again), and he is having an affair with a chorus dancer. Also present, along with a number of agency types and the ghost of Great-Grandfather and *his* cronies and victims, are Jed's brother—a Vietnam deserter who has been on the run for years, and who is a source of funny, pointless war anecdotes for every occasion—and, finally, Death, the Master of the Revels, in a number of guises. Revels, indeed, there are—tiny scenes that hop all over the place in the present and in the distant past, many of them in a bar, with Death as bartender. In the course of the action, which is not as pretentious as I may have made it sound, Jed's wife leaves him, his girlfriend is unfaithful to him, he is demoted at the agency, an environmentalist group discovers that the car he is promoting will sink at once, and Jed makes a number of discoveries of his own about America and change and other matters.

"Jedediah Kohler" is a humorous play of Shavian high spirits, and it is as consistently moral as any of Shaw's; unfortunately, Mr. Bishop's abstract thought, much of it to do with heroism and death, is no match for his theatrical inventiveness, dropping at times into downright banality. Nevertheless, he is one of our best dramatists, and the Circle Rep company, under the direction of Marshall W. Mason and John Bard Manulis, performs his play with a spirit to match his own. Edward Seamon (who could have been put on earth for Bishop's plays), Michael Ayr, Jack Davidson, Ken Kliban, Jimmie Ray Weeks, Jonathan Bolt, Gary Berner, Trish Hawkins, and Katherine Cortez are all fine. Jake Dengel, prancing around as Death, is too arch for my taste, but he may well be exactly what the dramatist had in mind. "Jedediah" will alternate with "Richard II" through April 4th.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Salem* (*Mass.*) *Evening News*]

NOTICE!

C.J. the Orangutan will not be able to appear at the Danvers Star as previously announced due to circumstances beyond our control.

THE ART WORLD

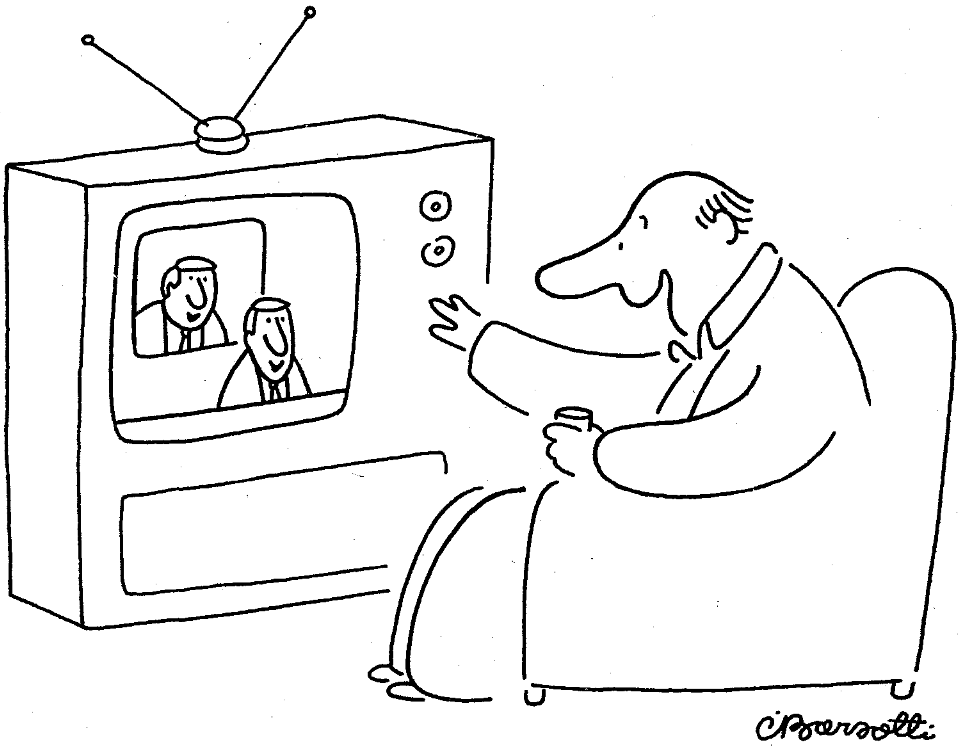
The Urban Capacity

THE citizens of St. Louis, Missouri, are about to receive a major work of art. It is by Richard Serra, one of our most highly regarded contemporary sculptors, and it will occupy the better part of a city block in the downtown area. Having labored for a decade to realize the project, through four different mayors and countless setbacks and delays, the local sponsors are confident that the Serra sculpture will do their city great good, whether the citizens like it or not.

What we have here, friends of culture, is the public-art problem. During the last ten years, a cornucopia of grants from the federal government, from state and community arts councils, from corporations, and from private sources have funded the installation throughout the republic of hundreds of art works, ranging from modest woven wall hangings by regional artisans to giant outdoor sculptures by Alexander Calder, Claes Oldenburg, Isamu Noguchi, and other great names. The majority of these works are non-representational. They do not commemorate bygone heroes or events, in the way that public art used to do, nor do they symbolize enviable aspects of local polity. Although they are often spoken of as "site-specific" works, in the sense that the artist has supposedly taken into consideration the character, the topography, and the surroundings of the site when designing the piece, what most of them really refer to is the artist's previous work. By and large, the general public has accepted them on that basis, with occasional but rather muted grumbling.

Public controversy has entangled some of the larger works, to be sure. A painted metal sculpture by George Sugarman, commissioned by the General Services Administration for the plaza of a new federal office building and United States courthouse in Baltimore, was held up for more than a year by the dogged opposition of a few federal judges, who argued that the sculpture's jagged contours might do injury to passing pedestrians, and that its interior spaces might harbor "persons bent on mischief or assault on the public." A Mark di Suvero sculpture for Grand Rapids ran into trouble and delays when the sculptor altered his design without informing a General Services Administration commissioner. Donald W. Thalacker, the director of the G.S.A.'s Art-in-Architecture program, who chronicled these and other flaps with refreshing candor in his book "The Place of Art in the World of Architecture" (1980), makes it clear that in each case the complaints did not originate with the public; in fact, the controversies actually seemed to bring the public in on the side of the artist, who eventually got to do exactly what he wanted. The public, it appears, is willing to accept rhomboids and bent tubes in its plazas, just as it was willing in the dear dead days beyond recall to accept statues of generals and statesmen. The statues were often mediocre, from an aesthetic viewpoint, and a good deal of the new plaza art is mediocre, too, but the public does not complain for that reason that its tax dollars are being misspent. It has been widely believed for a long time in this country that art is good for us—almost any sort of art, as long as it comes certified by expert opinion. That acceptance has grown immeasurably in recent years, to such a point that many legislators now seek to win votes by being "for" the arts and by favoring expenditures—minuscule in terms of, say, military appropriations but impressive in relation to the lack of such expenditures up to 1970—for works of art in public places.

The public-art problem, at any rate, does not stem from a hostile public. Quite the opposite. The problem is that in the present climate of somewhat woozy acceptance there is so little incentive for an artist to consider what public art really is—how it differs from art whose preferred destination is a private home, or even a museum, where those who look at it will at least be expecting some form of aesthetic experience. What are the requirements for art in a non-art context? What is the public artist's responsibility, if any, to the urban taxpayer who thinks art may be good for him but doesn't much want to look at it? Major artists provide their own incentives, of course, and in this respect St. Louis has been extremely lucky. The decision to commission Richard Serra to design a work for the city's proposed but endlessly delayed Gateway Mall was made in 1973, by a six-member panel whose key members were Emily Rauh Pulitzer, a former curator of the St. Louis Art Museum, and Robert H. Orchard, a local businessman who is chairman of the St. Louis Ambassadors' Arts and Fountains Foundation. Serra took the commission (his first for a public work in the United States) very seriously indeed, and spent months on the preliminary design. What emerged, in drawings and a scale model, was a plan for



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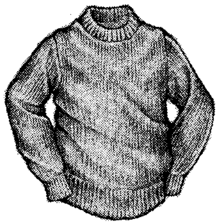

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The problems and delays that plagued the project stemmed mainly from bureaucratic inertia of a familiar sort—incoming mayor appoints new head of city planning, who orders new study, which presents three alternative Gateway Mall plans. (The city still has not come up with an over-all plan for the Gateway Mall.) A local citizens' group had confused the issue from the outset by agitating for a nine-foot bronze statue of Thomas A. Dooley, the St. Louis doctor who ministered to Southeast Asian children. Robert Orchard had denounced this project in lofty terms, saying it would be not art but "trash, like the Stan Musial statue," at the entrance to Busch Memorial Stadium, and the resulting dispute had been quite acrimonious. In the end, the Dooley project was abandoned for lack of funds. Serra, meanwhile, had nearly lost hope for his commission.

Serra is not one of our more docile artists. His work has been characterized by power and aggressiveness, from the "prop" pieces of the late sixties, in which several tons of steel plates maintained a precarious natural balance, to the two huge Cor-Ten steel "arcs" that he installed recently in Manhattan, one at the exit from the Holland Tunnel, the other on Federal Plaza near Foley Square. Serra angrily

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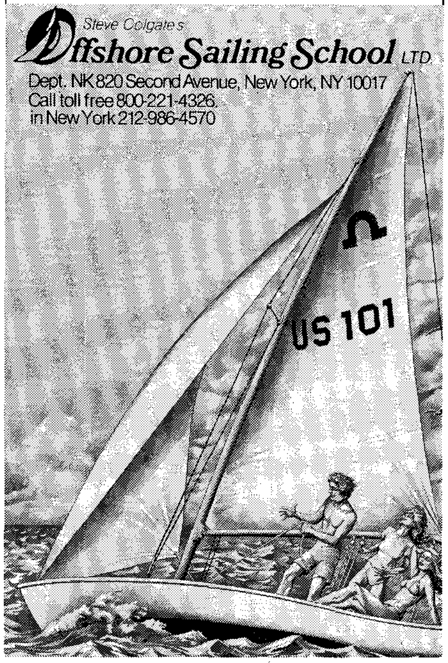

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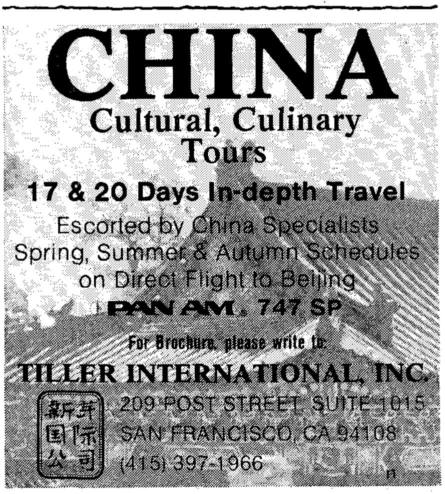

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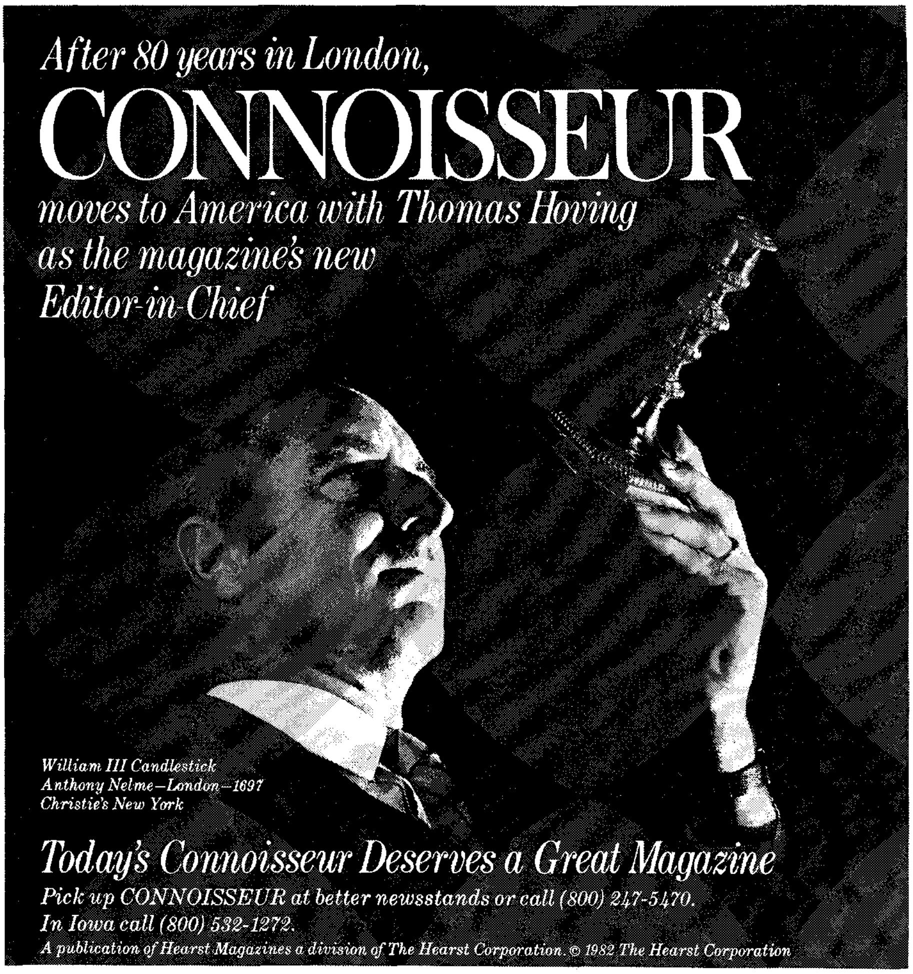
withdrew, in 1978, from what would have been the most important public commission of his or any other contemporary artist's career. He had been invited to design a major sculpture for the Pennsylvania Avenue Development Corporation, in Washington, D.C., but, after a few months of work, he charged that he had come under pressure to design what Robert Venturi, one of the architects of the project, had already decided on in the matter of sculpture, and he refused to collaborate further. Serra's intransigence has clearly influenced his thinking about art in public places. He makes no secret of his disdain for most of the public sculpture done in recent years. "Sculptures by Noguchi and Calder . . . have nothing to do with the contexts in which they're placed," he said in an interview in 1980. "At best, they are studio-made and site-adjusted. They are displaced, homeless, overblown objects that say, 'We represent modern art.' " Naturally, this attitude has not endeared him to certain of his fellow-artists. Serra's "T.W.U.," a steel-plate sculpture erected temporarily in 1980 on a traffic island south of Canal Street in an area inhabited by many artists, was consistently defaced by graffiti of an uncommonly aggressive kind. ("Kill Serra" was one of the inscriptions.) Serra understands why artists might want to take it out on his work. There are a great many of them in town, all trying to make it, as he has done, and it must gall them to find a Serra piece erected in their own back yard. At the same time, his main interest now lies in building sculptures in urban, public spaces that have a density of human traffic. Serra was one of the three people who built Robert Smithson's "Amarillo Ramp" earth sculpture, in Texas—the sculpture that Smithson was working on when he died, in a plane crash, in 1973. (The others were Tony Shafrazi and Nancy Holt, Smithson's widow.) But the idea of working in the desert or in a remote rural area, as his friend Smithson did, has never appealed to him. "I'm really interested in the urban capacity," Serra told me last month. "My pieces need people to fill them out."

While his two "arc" pieces in Manhattan have remained relatively untouched by graffiti, Serra is aware that many office workers in the Federal Building have said they hate the one on their plaza. At least one prominent art critic has expressed a similar view, and has argued, in effect, that a work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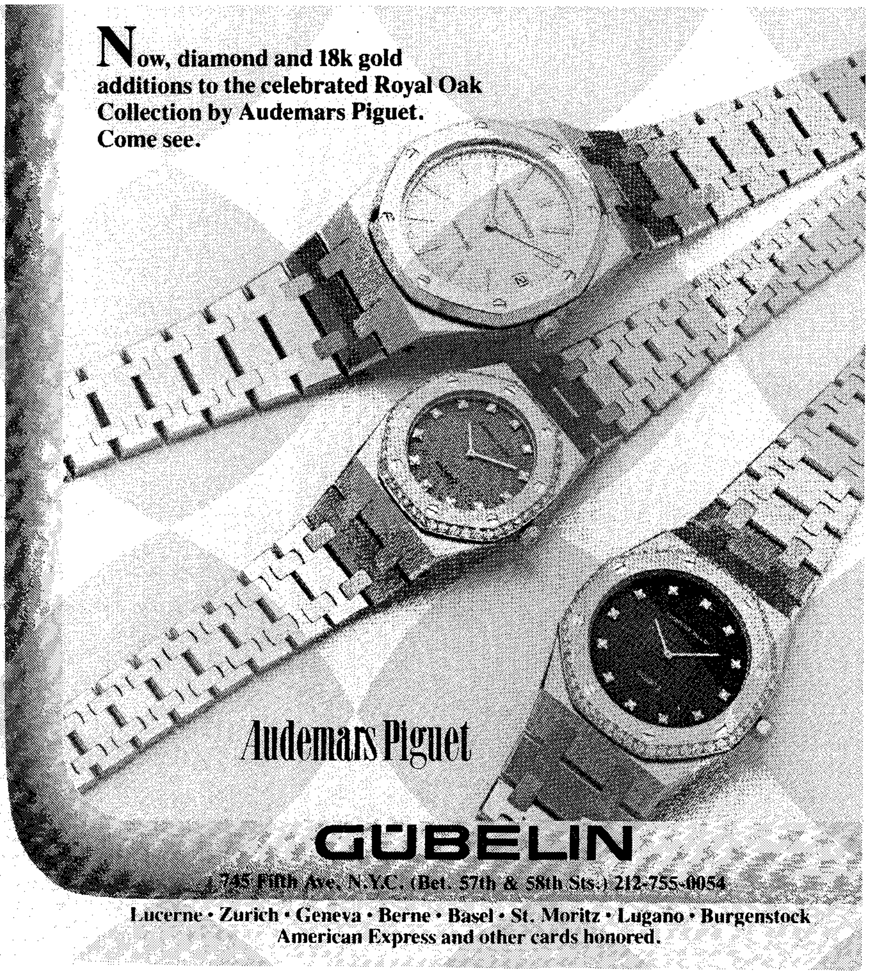
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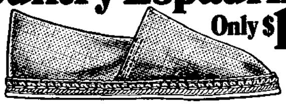

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of public art that elicits such feelings is a failed work. Serra rejects this argument. "It's not the business of art to deal with human needs," he told me. In Serra's view, the artist is responsible primarily to his own work, not to the public in any form. "There is a very small audience for sculpture today," he said. "Much smaller than the audience for painting. Most people don't like my work at first. But I think that if you continue to build your work, it gradually becomes understandable on its own terms."

What are Serra's terms for work in public places? His basic impulse, it seems to me, is to make the viewer participate in an experience that is neither symbolic nor architectural but purely sculptural. In the case of the Federal Plaza arc, he has done this brutally, cutting the plaza in two with a twelve-foot-high slightly tilted steel wall that savages the banality of the architecture. (The Federal Building and its plaza are as inert and boring as most new governmental structures.) In St. Louis, the viewer's sense of participation should be a good deal more voluntary, although it might take a while to develop. Emily Pulitzer expects much unfavorable comment when the work is finally dedicated, on May 1st. Television interviews with local citizens have frequently been negative on the subject; several people have objected to the use of Cor-Ten steel, which takes a slightly rusted patina—they consider it "ugly" or "dirty-looking." Some of the St. Louis business leaders who helped to finance the project—it has cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, fifty thousand of which has come from the National Endowment for the Arts—have told Mrs. Pulitzer that they don't understand the work and don't like it; they are going along because they trust the art experts who testified that it would be a great thing for St. Louis. (One business contributor who does like it is Emily Pulitzer's husband, Joseph Pulitzer, the owner and publisher of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, which is editorially in favor of the sculpture.) Serra himself thinks that the first people to understand the work will be children, coming to it without preconceptions about public art.

ANOTHER approach to the public-art problem is being explored by Philadelphia's Fairmont Park Art Association, in connection with that city's 1982 tricentennial celebration.

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Several artists were asked to design works that responded to specific human needs in that city—just what Serra thinks art should not do. Richard Koshalek, whose idea this was and who helped to choose the artists, sees it as a program that could continue long after 1982—a means of getting artists to think about solutions to urban problems. The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts recently opened a show of photographs, drawings, and models relating to the artists' proposals, some of which are being carried out this spring. The proposals include a lecture room at the Fleisher Art Memorial, by Siah Armajani; a fishing pier in Wissahickon Creek, by Jody Pinto; fluorescent lighting for the Falls Bridge, by Dan Flavin; and a four-sided, stepped platform with a large tree planted on top, by Robert Irwin, to be situated somewhere in the center of the city as a place for people to gather and talk (its title is "Philadelphia Stoop").

Contemporary public art, in any case, is not likely to assume a single, dominant form. Functionalism may turn out to be a fruitful future direction, but that will not invalidate the rigorous sculptural ambitions of Richard Serra, on the one hand, or the playful, impermanent, and highly socialized spectacles of Christo, on the other. (Christo, who is eager to work in cities these days, and who finances his vast projects himself, without recourse to public funds, has by no means given up on his plan to place several thousand steel-and-fabric "Gates" in Central Park, in spite of the Park Commissioner's definitive ruling against it last year.) Whatever form it takes, however, public art, in order to be successful, seems to require the active participation of the public. All art requires this to one degree or another, of course, but in the case of public art the public ought to be able to participate on various levels, and without special knowledge; i.e., without having to think of it as "art." Whether or not the public chooses to do so is another question—one that is not entirely in the hands of the artist. In this area, certainly, we get the art we deserve.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

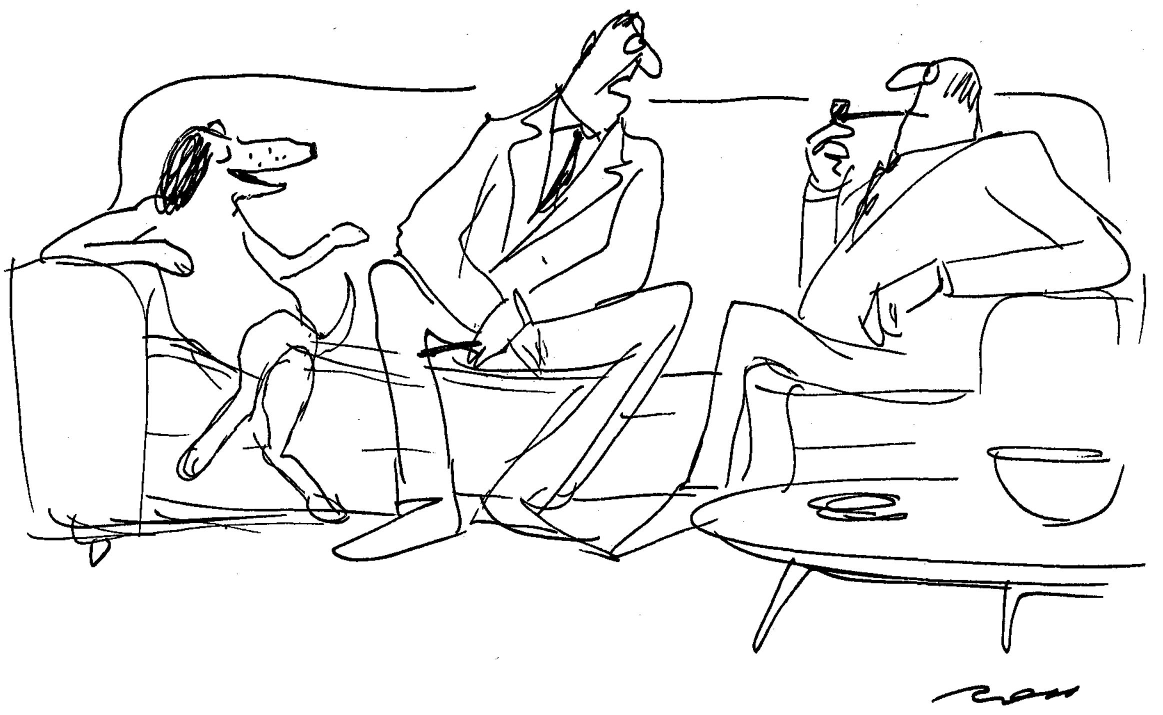
Down in the Valley

IN the 1961 supplement to the fifth edition of Grove, Carlisle Floyd, his reputation made by the success of "Susannah," rated an entry of more than a column. But the New Grove dispatches him—twenty years and five operas later—in a brief paragraph from whose grudging sentences no reader could guess at his importance on the American operatic scene. If there is a national repertory to be discerned here, it is—at any rate, on the far shores of the Hudson—founded largely on Floyd's work. His latest opera, "Willie Stark," had its première in Houston a year ago. I missed it then but caught up with it on television last September and thought it a dexterous and accomplished piece. Those epithets, while more favorable than most of those I read at the time of the première, are hardly enthusiastic. There is something about Floyd's operas that pleases the public but often inhibits simple, unreserved praise from critics. Defining what it is is not easy. Perhaps a starting point can be found in some thoughts about lyric drama he included in an autobiographical note written in 1956, soon after "Susannah;" they still seem to represent his views fairly.

First of all, librettos (Floyd writes his own) should be qualified "to meet all the stipulations of competent playwriting—for instance, careful, logical structure, thorough motivation both in plot and in character development, a reasonable balance between characters and situations . . . as well as a sustained emotional atmosphere and a well-defined conflict and at least partial resolution." Next, "the presence of a 'theme' which is never tiresomely didactic" is desirable, for it is "time that opera took it upon itself to make some comment on contemporary life and timeless human problems." About music he then says little except that music and drama, "if necessary, should be capable of existing autonomously," and that "the fusion of the two should enhance and make each more significant." Finally, he states his commitment to American subject matter:

> When composers of operas in this country have managed to create works as unequivocally American in spirit and locale but as universal in theme and application as we find, say, in "The Scarlet Letter," I believe we can feel that we have developed a type of lyric theatre that may stand without apology yet in graceful acknowledgment of its predecessors in Europe.

Of Floyd's nine operas, all but two—"Wuthering Heights" and the one-act "Markheim," after the Robert Louis Stevenson story—have American settings. (The count is eleven if one includes "Fugitives," which he has withdrawn, and the monodrama "The Flower and the Hawk.") The four full-length operas of his I have heard—"Susannah," "Of Mice and Men," "Bilby's Doll" (after Esther Forbes' "A Mirror for Witches") and "Willie Stark" (after Robert Penn Warren's "All the King's Men")—fulfill his requirements for dramatic structure, balance of character and situation, an inner "theme" that comments on contemporary affairs, and American subject matter. With a commitment that rivals Smetana's in Bohemia or Britten's in Britain, he has striven to create a national repertory. He has studied the best international models and learned the international language of successful opera in order to speak it in his own accents and to enrich it with the musical and vernacular idioms of his own country "Willie Stark" is a political opera tha picks up some threads from Marc Blitzstein's political operas, some of its dramaturgy (I think) from "Evita," and some of its musical manners from Broadway ballads. It is a bold and adventurous work. Over the air, on the screen, the Houston production which was directed by Hal Prince and was conducted by John DeMain seemed to me brilliant. Eugene Lee's classical set combined the architecture of government and a sense of Greek tragedy. (Simply to stand in the portico of Cass Gilbert's courthouse on Foley Square is a dramatic adventure.) Timothy Nolen in the Huey Long title role presented a living man who could be larger than life. Jan Curtis's Sadie was incisive. In the theatre, Julia Conwell's poor diction as Anne may have dimmed the role, but a television listener could glance at a libretto in his lap. Alan Kays Jack was a shade pallid, but perhaps the fault is Floyd's: Jack is the narrator of the novel, and turning an ever-present "I" into another member of a cast is never easy. The opera probably benefitted—as the Met's "Bohème" did—from the closeups that television favors. Big-theatre (or "real") opera and television opera are different things. (Someone who knows Maria Callas in



"Can't you get him to play dead or something?"

:tion only from filmed performances n have little idea of the way her act-g carried in a large house.) But Willie Stark" on television was a ccess.

AST month in New York, there were two performances of Floyd's ost successful opera, "Susannah," to heard within three days—the first a NYC broadcast and the second a vival at the City Opera. The success "Susannah" can be measured by the ct that in this country alone it has ad at least two hundred different pro-uctions since its première, in Talla-assee, Florida, in 1955. The City pera has staged four of them, while ver the years eight directors have ounted the piece there. The latest of em is Lou Galterio, who has revived in the sets that Ming Cho Lee de-gned in 1971 for Robert Lewis's aging. Bruce Ferden conducted. The roadcast was a recording of the Cin-nnati Opera's 1979 production, con-ucted by Christopher Keene.

When I first saw "Susannah"—it as done by the Kentish Opera Group 1961, and in London seven years ter—it seemed to me to have an thos as exotic and a plot as improba-le as anything in "Ernani" or "La orza del Destino." The time was the present," and the scene a Ten-essee valley. Was it possible that "in his day and age," even in Tennessee, our grown, married men could be orally shocked by the sight of a retty girl taking a dip in a secluded pot on her own property, and seek to ound her out of the valley? I have ince learned that it is possible. I oked forward to an American pro-uction in which the atmosphere of igotry and hypocrisy would be au-hentically and powerfully re-created, or the motivations of "Susannah" eed careful handling. A community's ounding on a member who does not onform is a good operatic subject, but he reasons for the malice must be nade clear. "Susannah" (which was omposed against the background of McCarthy witch-hunting) crosses a heme of "Peter Grimes" with the ronical peccant-preacher theme also andled in "Thaïs" and "The Scarlet etter." But Susannah's offense, un-ike Grimes' or Hester Prynne's, is so light that the community's behavior will seem stagy, insufficiently moti-ated, a conventional donnée, unless he reasons for it are vividly shown: he women's resentment of her youth nd beauty, the men's lust for her in

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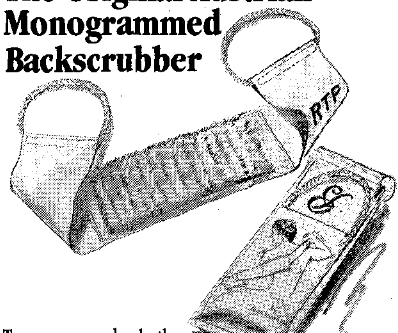

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conflict with their piety, the anger of the chief elder and his wife that their son should be in love with her.

To show these vividly is the director's task. A great opera composer can make us believe anything. The music of "Peter Grimes" sufficiently covers the awkwardnesses revealed by a cool analysis of the libretto, for music—as in the final scene of "The Ring"—can "say" the things that the librettist has not been able to find words for. But Floyd's music is not of this kind. His score, like his libretto, is a construction: facts and emotions are stated, not brought to life by the very way the notes move and sound. It is well-written music, fluent, honest, and effective. The amalgam of square-dance tunes, hymn tunes and folk tunes new written in hymn harmonies and folk modes, and Puccinian (or now lingua-franca) orchestral emotionalism is skillful and individual. And the word setting is natural: Floyd's ability to match vernacular modern speech and operatic melody is a considerable and uncommon gift. But most of the time the music is an accompaniment to the drama, not really dramatic in itself. To justify that charge, I'd point (as I did when writing about "Bilby's Doll") to the reluctance of the harmonies to move, to impel and not merely follow the drama; and also to the way that Floyd, when he gets hold of a good idea, works it out thoroughly, doggedly, without the flights of imaginative fancy that suggest the music has taken on a life of its own. Floyd has said that when he composed "Susannah" he was still "virtually illiterate where opera was concerned," and that his careful study of "Peter Grimes"—the twentieth-century opera he admires most—preceded the composition of "Of Mice and Men" (first performed in 1970). But "Grimes" was surely the inspiration for much of "Susannah": the onstage dance; the witch-hunt chorus heard both advancing from the distance and onstage in full cry; the treatment of the tenor, Sam, as an "uncomprehended poet," violent when "the one thing of beauty left in his life is attacked." Perhaps it is just coincidence that the Reverend Olin Blitch's entrance music echoes the big rising ninth (dominant to submediant) followed by a stepwise descent of Peter Grimes' principal motif. But if one of Floyd's aims was to write "an American 'Grimes' " (rather as "Grimes" itself is in some ways "an English 'Wozzeck' ") it was an ambi-

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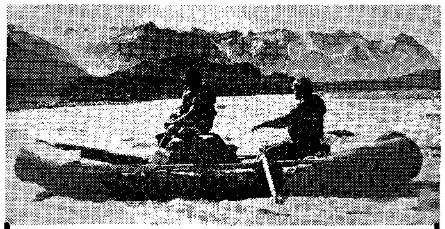

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ous and honorable aim, and success ertainly attended it.

The City Opera production was isappointing. Mr. Lee's scenery was either realistic nor evocative of a real lace where people lived; it seemed to e the décor for some Oriental fairy le. Set down in it were not real eople dancing, gossiping, singing but group of choristers and soloists keepng a wary eye on their conductor hile they went through prescribed blocking." Although "Susannah" is ften performed by students, its vocal emands are not light: the three prinipal roles call for, in effect, a Buttery voice in the frame of an eighteen-ear-old, a powerful bass-baritone carpia, and a young Pinkerton. The ocal requirements were met in the incinnati performance by what the omposer in an intermission talk decribed as "the most ideal cast over ll" his opera had had. Patricia Craig as Susannah, James Morris was litch, Jon Garrison was Sam, and ames Hoback was keen in the small ole of Little Bat. But Miss Craig, nstead of letting "The trees on the ountains" flow like a folk song, ade a meal of it, *molto espressivo*. So id Faith Esham in the City Opera erformance. Miss Esham, hardly a irico-spinto yet, seemed miscast, and n the louder passages the voice was orced, pressured, not limpid. Samuel amey, as Blitch, sang bravely, and ohn Stewart, as Sam, sang agreeably. ut none of the three moved easily, aturally, or convincingly. They stood r sat about in studied, mannered posures. The opera depends a lot on its cting. In elaborate rubrics, Floyd pells out what his music alone does ot convey. For example:

> Blitch fixes his gaze upon Susannah. lowly into his eyes and face comes an xpression of intense desire bordering on ust. His voice also reflects what is happenng inside him. . . . Susannah moves slowly nto the aisle and trance-like walks toward litch, a confusion of fear, bewilderment nd protest on her face. The only sign of ife about her is the periodic shaking of her ead from side to side in weak disent. . . . A smile of triumph comes over litch's face as Susannah comes abreast of im and the change of expression in an nstant shatters the spell for Susannah. She mmediately comes to life and looks round her as if trapped.

Now, unless that or something like it appens—and it didn't at the City Opera—the action seems stagily abrupt. Similarly in the very tricky cene of Susannah's seduction by Blitch, where her "I'm so tired"—a ommon excuse for rejecting an im-

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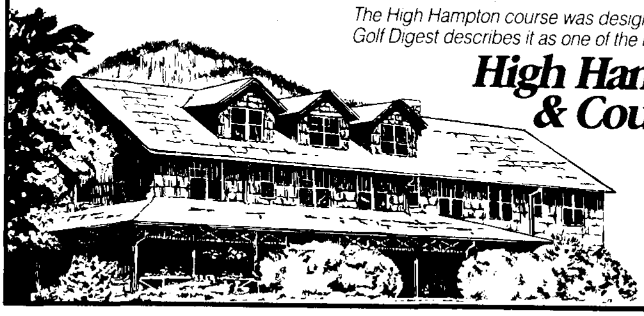

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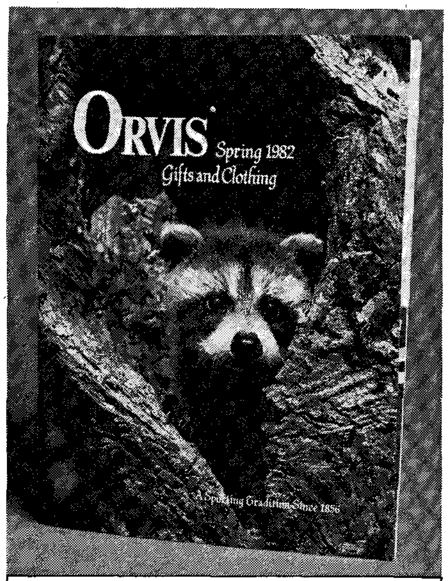

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portunate but unwanted lover—must be accepted as the reason for her submission. The smaller parts were played either from stock or amateurishly; the company that gave so accurately detailed an account of Kurt Weill's "Street Scene" was barely recognizable. Mr. Ferden's accompaniment was carelessly balanced—even Mr. Ramey was drowned at times—and his pacing of the score was less eloquent than Mr. Keene's in Cincinnati. The strings sounded thin.

WHEN "Susannah" first came to the City Opera, in 1956, Winthrop Sargeant greeted it in these columns as "a very important artistic experience," and continued, "To my mind, 'Susannah' is probably the most moving and impressive opera to have been written in America—or anywhere else, so far as I am aware—since Gershwin's 'Porgy and Bess,' and in many ways it is a more genuine opera than that justly celebrated but slightly uneven work." True, it had faults, which he mentioned ("lest you think my unaccustomed enthusiasm is running away with me"), but they were insignificant in view of "Susannah" 's dramatic sweep and the heartening sincerity of its musical style. This style owes a great deal to the homely idioms of rural American religious and folk music, but Mr. Floyd's work is by no means the dreary essay in musical ethnology that American "folk operas" have usually turned out to be. The language he employs in telling a story that moves forward with enthralling intensity is clearly his own, and he uses it with the intellectual control and the theatrical flair that bespeak both the serious composer and the born musical dramatist.

There are operas both American and European written between 1935 and 1956 that I find more moving and impressive than "Susannah," but otherwise I would echo those sentences.

The "Susannah" broadcast, incidentally, was one of National Public Radio's "World of Opera" series, which WNYC broadcasts on Friday evenings. It provides valuable chances for hearing and rehearsing, and for enabling listeners to travel the country without leaving their armchairs. Alva Henderson's "The Last of the Mohicans" (from Lake George), Ned Rorem's "Miss Julie" (in New York), Conrad Susa's "Black River" (from Minneapolis), and the first production of Menotti's "La Loca" (from San Diego) have been other recent offerings. But the WNYC Program Guide listings are summary and sometimes strange. The star of the San Diego

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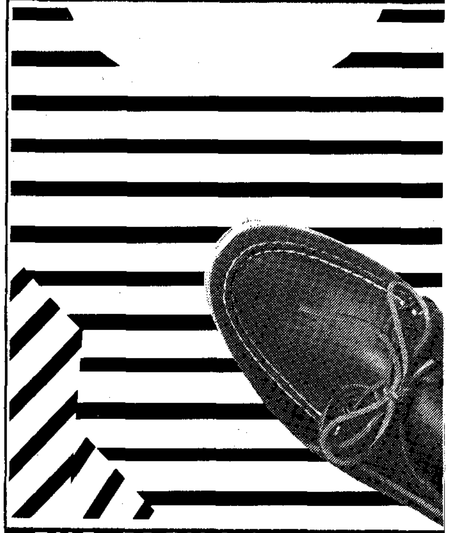

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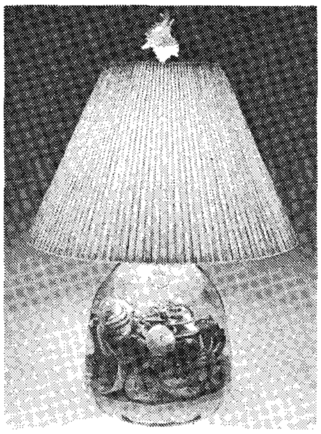

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"Hamlet," it seems (listing of March 26th), is Robert Hale in the role of Claudius. Mr. Hale was certainly a good Claudius, but it is not a big part. Noting that Sherrill Milnes sings the title role and Ashley Putnam sings Ophelia might have made this broadcast of Ambroise Thomas's opera more attractive to potential listeners. Another complaint, which applies equally to most television broadcasts that are not "live": to present long operas without intermissions between the acts is an unartistic thing to do, and to have short intermissions filled with related matter claiming a listener's attention is almost as bad. Composers meant us to have a break between the acts, not give them our unfaltering attention for anything up to three hours. —Andrew Porter

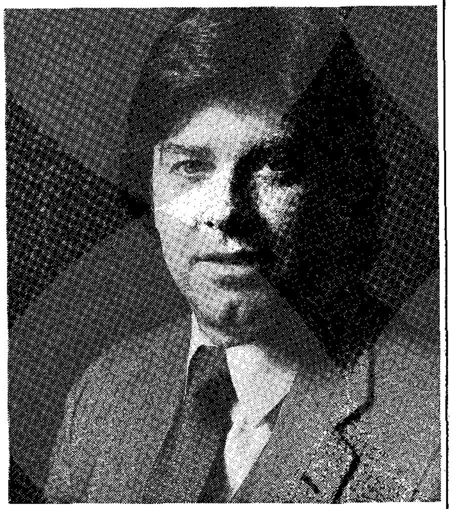
FURTHER EVENTS

Volcanoes and Storms

"Les Indes Galantes," Rameau's second opera, was first performed in 1735; "Abaris, ou Les Boréades," his last, was planned and rehearsed for performance but abandoned at his death in 1764. They are very different works—"Les Indes Galantes" is an *opéra-ballet*, in which each act, or *entrée*, has a different plot; "Les Boréades" is a *tragédie lyrique*, in the old style associated with Lully—but they have in common some of Rameau's most gloriously inventive and diverse dance music, some of his most brilliant orchestral effects, and some of his most eloquent vocal writing. Parts of both works were heard in the city during one weekend last month. It was presumably chance that brought Concert Royal's account of "Les Indes Galantes" and Opera Rediviva's American première of "Les Boréades" here so close together. The two performances had little in common save that each presented only a portion of Rameau's complete score. Concert Royal, in staged performances with the New York Baroque Dance Company, wisely chose two self-contained sections from "Les Indes Galantes": the Prologue and the finest *entrée*, "Les Incas." These were given intact, and made a comfortably short evening. Opera Rediviva, in a two-hour concert at Town Hall, could do no more than present a sequence of highlights from "Les Boréades."

The Concert Royal performances took place in the Schimmel Center for the Arts, at Pace University. This curious theatre has no pit, and the stage is raised only a couple of feet

"...expectations..."
Larry Granville



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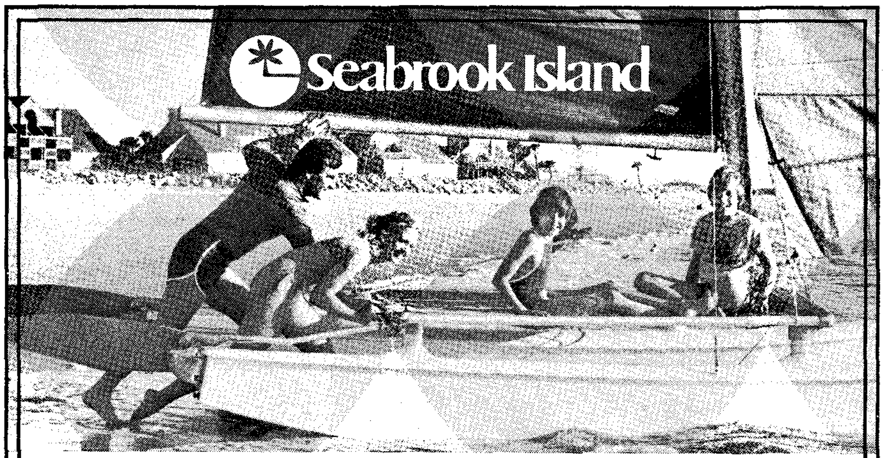

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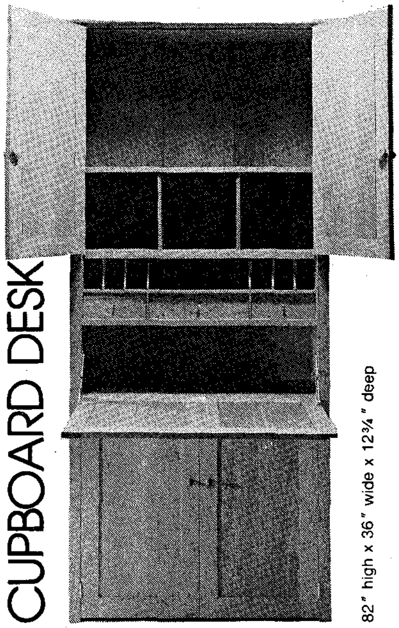
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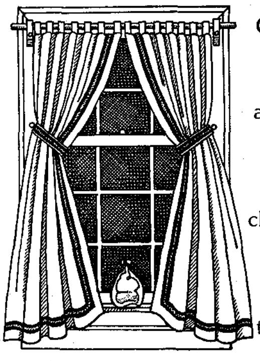
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from the floor. Nevertheless, its plan is not unlike that of the Opéra Royale at Versailles, where the heads of the instrumentalists are above the level of the stage, and can be clearly seen. Here, though, it had been decided that the orchestra would obstruct the audience's view of the dancers, so the players were clustered together at one side of the proscenium. Coördination was achieved, but with difficulty, and the effect was lopsided. The stage sets were very simple, the costumes were rather primary-colored, and the result could have been amateurish. Yet the dancers realized the inflections of the music with such a winning combination of sensitivity and panache that the show came to life. In the Prologue, four nations were depicted with much flag-waving; in "Les Incas," the sun was worshipped in a dance interrupted by an earthquake. The movements, like the music, were graceful but firm, restrained but demonstrative. The singing was beautiful. The soprano of Ann Monoyios as Hébé in the Prologue and the Princess Phani in "Les Incas" was gentle, well phrased, and supple. Joyce Andrews was a bright, penetrating Amour in the Prologue, and Andrew Schultze a rather warm-hearted Bellone and Huascar. The orchestra, of period instruments, conducted by James Richman, played with lean textures, an excellent command of the intricate ornamentation and rhythmic subtlety of the idiom, and a generally sprightly gait. But the Prelude for the adoration of the sun did not quite glow, nor did the earthquake quite tremble, with the plangent intensity that the best old-instrument bands bring to this music. The impression of the performance was that Rameau's style was understood, was being worked toward, but had not quite been touched. The volcano's somewhat tentative eruption onstage caused a laugh that spoiled one of Rameau's finest moments.

Still, this selection from "Les Indes Galantes" was stylishness itself compared with Opera Rediviva's attempt at "Les Boréades." Here an orchestra, singers, and a conductor presumably more accustomed to opera in general than to Rameau in particular hacked their way through an important and powerful score with scant understanding. For every praiseworthy contribution—by the flutists, by the harpsichordist, by Ruth Welting as the heroine—there were several that contradicted both the feeling and the notation of the music. Ornamentation

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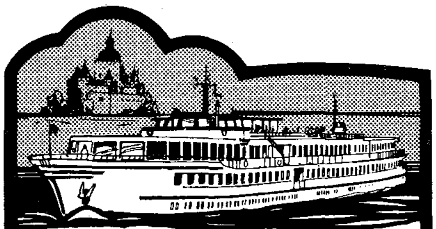
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was mismatched and ill coördinated, and there were a couple of near-breakdowns caused by confusion over repeats. One of the marvels of "Les Boréades" is its continuity and forward movement: whole scenes are linked; the overture spills over into the first act; and the third and fourth acts are bound together by an entr'acte. Opera Rediviva, presenting extracts, was forced to destroy that continuity, and took its one intermission just as the thrilling storm scene that ends Act III should have erupted into Act IV. An excellent edition was used, prepared by Mary Térey-Smith in this country some years before the edition used for the opera's world première, in England in 1975. Many of the score's best moments were heard: the delicious "Gavotte pour les Heures et les Zéphirs," with its ticking clock; other dances, featuring energetic solo bassoons; the magnificent *ariette* for the heroine "Un orison serein;" and sturdy choruses. But the program book provided only a brief synopsis of the complete opera (including one character, Polimnie, who had been cut from this account altogether), and no guide to the extracts or their texts, so the audience could treat the occasion only as a sequence of attractively unintelligible noises. Richard Kapp conducted.

Both "Les Indes Galantes" and "Les Boréades" have been presented, in concert form, complete and uncut in London. (Each contains under three hours of music.) They work. And they do more than that—they captivate and entrance the listener. It is high time that some performing ensemble in this country accepted the challenge of presenting a complete Rameau opera with the voices, the instruments, and the dance that the composer intended. The stage machinery may have to wait.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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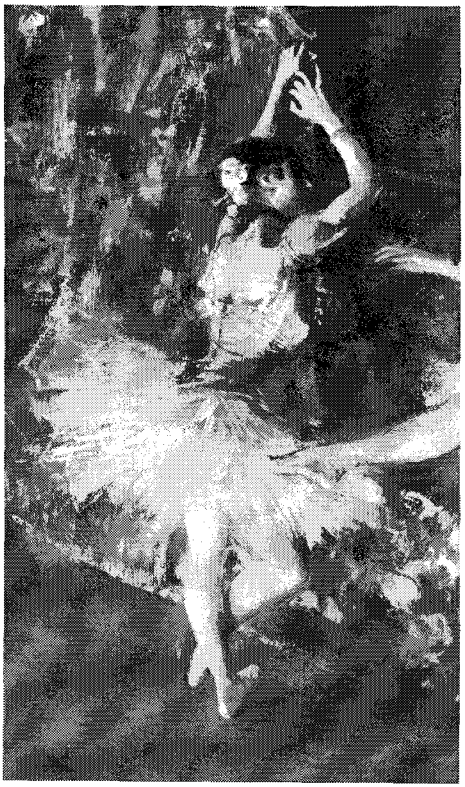

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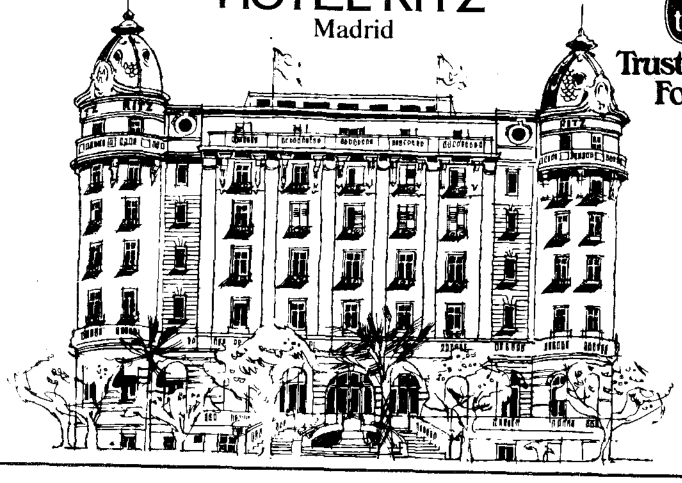

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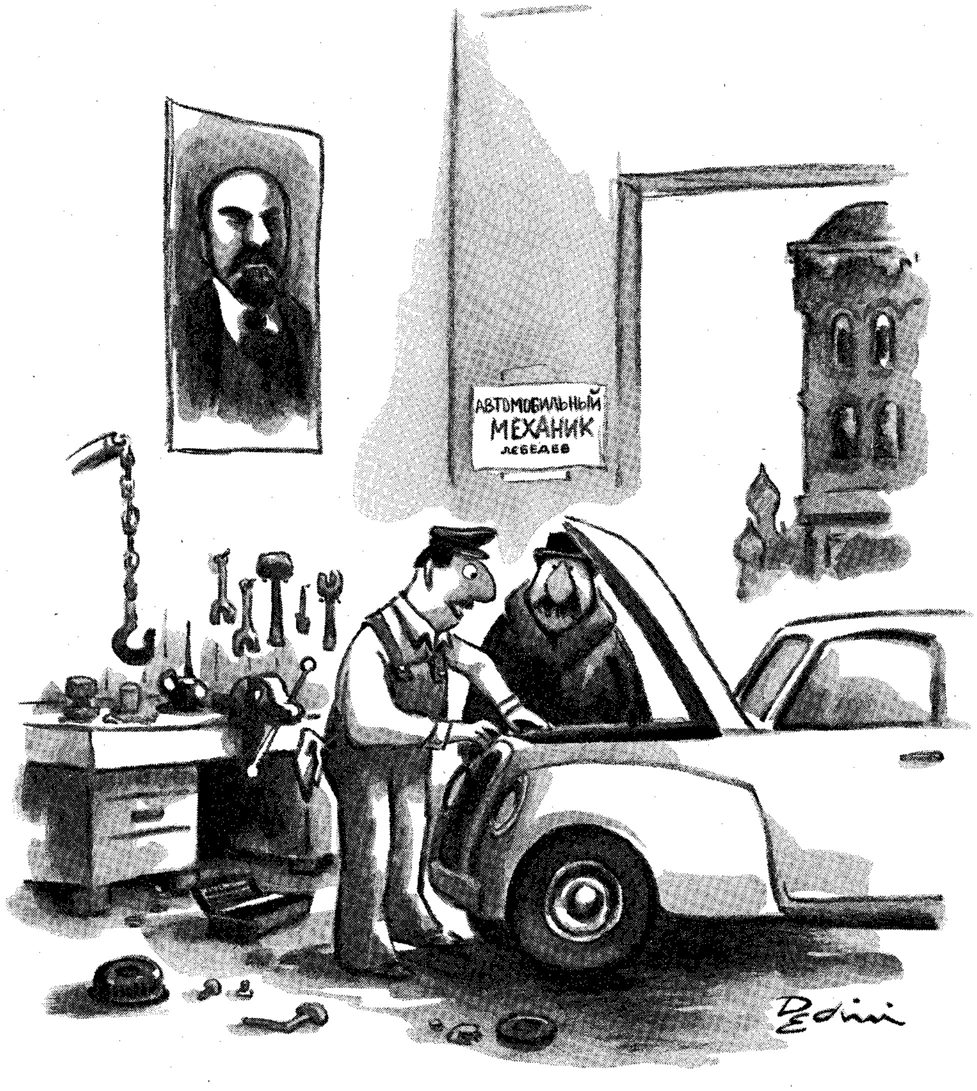
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Comedians

"DINER," written and directed by Barry Levinson, is a wonderful movie. Set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959, it's like a comic American version of "I Vitelloni." A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early twenties hang out together. They've known each other since high school, and though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the Falls Point Diner. Shrevie (Daniel Stern), who has nothing to say to his young wife, ducks out on her, and the others take their dates home, and then they all make a quick dash back to the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. They're so relaxed together that they can sound worldly and sharp; they may never sound this quick-witted again. Levinson, who is making his début as a director, has a great ear; he's as sure on the nuances of dialogue and as funny as Paul Mazursky was in "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village." And when Levinson hits the contrasting notes—such as Shrevie's outburst at his affable young wife, Beth (Ellen Barkin), that leaves her emotionally annihilated—there are times when the lyrical intensity of the lines lifts you right out of the situation, transcends it. Conversations may roll on all night at the diner—it's kidding, reassuring patter—but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. They can't be the same people with women that they are with each other.

"Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. If any men (or women) think they regret the changes, this is tl movie they ought to see. Although tl trappings have changed, the dynami are still much the same—except amon people who make a real effort not fall back on them. Set when it is, th film can show those painful dynami at the last period in our histo when people could laugh (albeit ur easily) at the gulf between men an women. It takes place just before th gulf became an issue of sexual politi —before it began to be discussed as *problem.* (Perhaps that's the re change: the earnest psychiatric lar guage took over.) The most innoce of the group is smiling, coddled Edd (Steve Guttenberg, in a performan with such perfectly inflected Pa Newman-like grins that it atones for lot, even his appearances in "Th Boys from Brazil" and "Can't Sto the Music"). Eddie lives for footbal and the Baltimore Colts, who a about to play the New York Giant are his passion. He's scheduled to g married on New Year's Eve, but onl if his bride-to-be passes a "monster football-trivia test that he has sched uled for her; she's cramming for i His rationale is that he wants to b sure they'll be able to communicat after they're married. There's a beau tiful, bone-chilling moment when th simple, warm kid asks Shrevie wh marriage is really like, and Shrevi who has just said that he can't hold five-minute conversation with hi wife, thinks it over for a few second before telling him, "It's O.K."

The sleaziest and most charismati figure of the group is Boogie, playe by Mickey Rourke, who was th young professional arsonist in "Bod Heat." With luck, Rourke could be come a major actor: he has an edg and magnetism, and a sweet, pur smile that surprises you. He seems t be acting to you, and to no one els There's nothing standard abou Rourke—he has an off-kilter look like Louis Hayward, but with depth Here, with his hair swept back, he' Boogie the flashy, experienced chaser the gambler who's in bad trouble wit his bookie, the guy who thinks o crooked ploys but can't really carr them out. Boogie works in a beaut parlor in the daytime, goes to la school at night, sits up till all hours a the diner, and still finds time to chas girls. Though completely unsettle and sweaty from exhaustion, he' ready for anything. He's also the mos tender in his dealings with women and the most gallant. Boogie court



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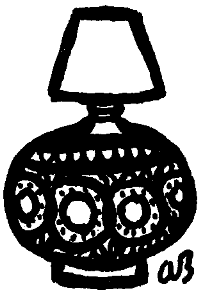
omen; he likes them. And you can e what makes him appealing to omen; he's charming. But he has no al connection with them except sex.

Fenwick (Kevin Bacon), a smart, lf-destructive dropout, is half drunk, alf flipped out all through the film. e plays reckless practical jokes that et him and three of the others arsted; he's withdrawn, in a bitter nk. It's not until you see him alone, atching the "College Bowl" TV iz show and gleefully beating the ntestants to the answers, that you alize how consciously he's throwing mself away, and when you see him ith his mealymouthed brother and scover that his father is the only rent who won't bail his kid out, you et a sense of why he's so screwed up. enwick is so infantile that the only rl he goes with is a highly developed eventh grader. Kevin Bacon, with s pointed chin, and the look of a mad [ick, keeps Fenwick morose and yet monic. You can see why the others y to take care of him and shield him. enwick will do more for his friends an he'd do for himself; he'll do anying he can think of to help Boogie ith his debt—which means trying, iling, getting more drunk.

These are amazing performances—l four of them. You don't need to llow these characters' lives for years get a sense of what will happen to em. And as Shrevie's young wife, eth, Ellen Barkin, with her tough istfulness, does things I've never en before. Beth is crass and almost wdly ordinary, yet her uised, beat-out expressions ay with you. Barkin has a oad face, and at moments er Beth suggests the punchy rando of "On the Wateront," with his slow reacon time. When Shrevie, ho works in a store selling V sets and refrigerators, lls her not to play any of e records in his collection, because e gets them mixed up, you feel that enjoys putting her down. He's a tishist about his records. They have en his own private world—what he red about most—and it's slipping vay from him; singing along with e music in his car, he looks utterly st. (When the gang disintegrates, 'll be the worst off.) Sports, chasing rls, conversation, the early rock mu- are all linked together for the oup at the diner. The movie isn't out sex but the quest for sex, the session with making out, which, for Shrevie, at least, has ended in the nothingness of marriage.



Levinson is less successful with the more proper Waspy characters. Timothy Daly, as a graduate student in another city, who has returned to be the best man at Eddie's wedding, is saddled with a beautiful, bland television-producer girlfriend (Kathryn Dowling). Their scenes aren't as well written as the others; they don't have the back-and-forth movement. But there are fully rounded marginal characters—Modell (Paul Reiser), a moocher who's often part of the group, is so funny when he tries to coax Eddie out of half his roast-beef sandwich or tries to bum a ride from him that the two of them seem to have had this bickering relationship since childhood.

Levinson never allows us to think that we know everything there is to know about these characters. They have sides—all of them—that are hidden from us and from each other. Levinson doesn't violate his characters by summing them up—he understands that we never fully understand anybody. Near the beginning, when several members of the group have gone to the Christmas dance at their old high school Boogie discovers that Fenwick has sold his date (whom he really likes) for five dollars; Boogie goes looking for him and finds him in the basement of the building smashing windows. Boogie asks him why he's doing it, and Fenwick says, "Just for a smile." Yes, he's a crazy masochist, but he is also really looking for a smile; he's trying to amuse himself. And Modell the reticent moocher, a dark, persistently self-righteous fellow, with small, suspicious eyes, turns out, at the wedding, to be a hilarious speechmaker. Nobody is merely what he seems. This movie is so beautifully detailed that the parents are as many-sided as their kids. The bride's football exam, with her father there judging the fairness of the scoring, is a perfect piece of loony Americana. So is the wedding, with the Baltimore Colts marching song and the bridesmaids' dresses in the Colts' colors (blue and white), and Beth trying to teach her record-aficionado husband to dance, and just about all the characters we have met gathered together listening to Modell making his toast.

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Lil Green, Elvis Presley, Bobby Darin, Fats Domino, Sinatra, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Chuck Berry—but I was so caught up in the characters that I barely registered what was playing when. That may be an indication of the kind of talent Levinson has. He isn't thrillingly visual, and there are a few sequences (such as the intermingling of a TV soap opera with a messy real-life situation) in which his idea is a few jumps ahead of his ability to carry it out. But he's a storyteller with fresh stories to tell, and they're all bound together. You have the impression that he lets things take their own shape. His background is as a writer and performer; he wrote for "The Carol Burnett Show" and for Mel Brooks on a couple of movies, and he and a partner, Valerie Curtin, wrote ". . . And Justice for All." "Diner" is that rare autobiographical movie that is made by someone who knows how to get the texture right. Levinson likes actors, the way Mazursky does. Boogie, being roughed up and trying to push his assailant away, the kid who wanders around quoting from "Sweet Smell of Success"—these are scenes that are just about perfectly rendered. Levinson has a great feel for *promise*. At the diner, the boys are all storytellers, and they take off from each other; their conversations are almost all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. The diner is like a comedy club where the performers and the customers feed each other lines—they're all stars and all part of the audience. The diner is where they go to give their nightly performances, and the actors all get a chance to be comedians.

WHEN Chaplin began to talk onscreen, he used a cultivated voice and high-flown words, and became a deeply unfunny man; if he had found the street language to match his low-life, tramp movements, he might have been something like Richard Pryor, who's all of a piece—a master of lyrical obscenity. Pryor is the only great poet satirist among our comics. His lyricism seems to come out of his thin-skinned nature; he's so empathic he's all wired up. His 1979 film "Richard Pryor Live in Concert" was a consummation of his years as an entertainer, and then some. He had a lifetime of material at his fingertips, and he seemed to go beyond himself. He personified objects, animals, people, the warring parts of his own body, even thoughts in the heads of men and

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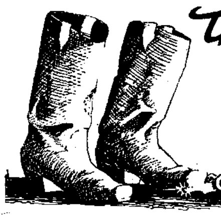

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omen—black, white, Oriental—and
: seemed to be possessed by the spirits
: pulled out of himself. To those of
; who thought it was one of the great-
t performances we'd ever seen or
er would see, his new one-man show
Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset
rip" may be disappointing yet emo-
onally stirring. His new routines
en't as fully worked out; Pryor
asn't been doing the stage appear-
aces that he used to do—hasn't, in
ct, given any one-man shows since
e 1979 film was shot—so these rou-
aes haven't been polished and sharp-
aed, and they're not as varied. The
aterial—specially prepared for this
m, which was shot at two perfor-
ances at the Hollywood Palladium—
rather skimpy, and a lot of it is pat-
rned on routines from the first. Pryor
oesn't seem as prickly now—he
oesn't have the hunted look, or the
d sneaky, guilty gleam in his eyes.
e says he isn't angry anymore, and
: seems to have been strength-
aed—he's more open. This probably
as something to do with the vast pub-
: outpouring of affection for him
ter his near-fatal accident in June,
980, when (as he acknowledges here)
e dope he was freebasing exploded
ad set him on fire.

Pryor must have realized that mil-
ons and millions of people really
ished him well, felt grateful for the
easure he'd given them, and wanted
m to live. How does an ornery, sus-
cious man who brought the language
ad grievances of the black underclass
ato the stage deal with acceptance?
This is not a problem that Lenny
ruce, who brought the backstage lan-
age of the tawdriest levels of show
asiness onto the stage, ever had to
ce.) Pryor doesn't appear sweetened,
actly. Even in the films in which he
as played Mr. Nice Guy to children
whites, the stickiness hasn't clung
him; he's shed it. And he's always
ome clean with the audience. Pryor's
st jokes aren't jokes in the usual
nse—they're observations that are
anny because of how he acts them
at and because of his inflections. He
onstantly surprises us and makes us
ugh in recognition. He tells us what
e *almost* knew but shoved down, so
hen we laugh at him we feel a spe-
al, giddy freedom. That hasn't
anged—he isn't soft in "Sunset
rip." He tries on some benign racial
titudes and then drops them very
st—that's how you know he's still
ive and kicking. He's different,
ough. You may sense that there has

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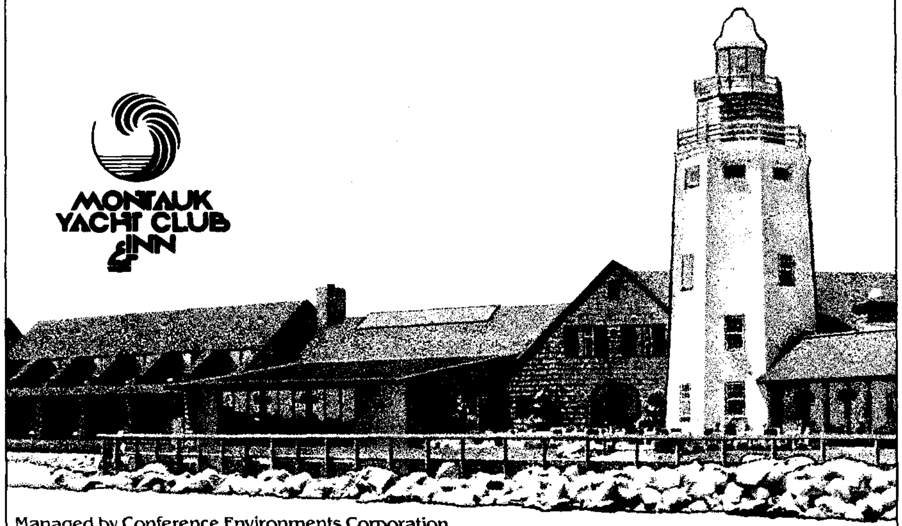

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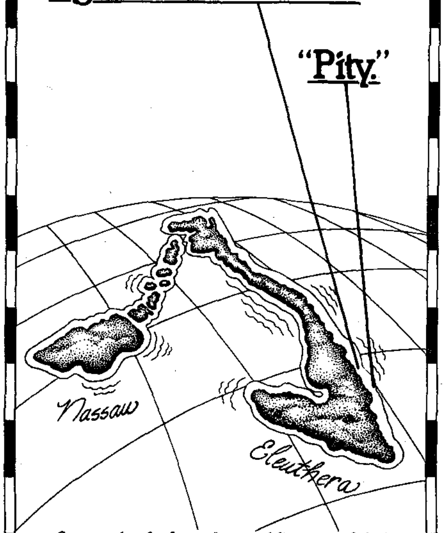

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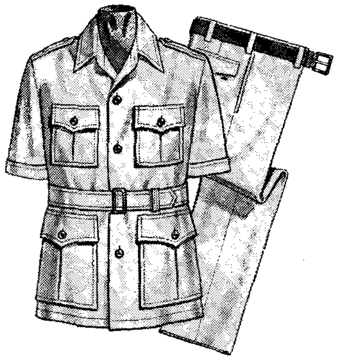

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been a deepening of feeling, that there's something richer inside him, something more secure.

At the same time, he's adrift as a performer, because he isn't sure that he's got his act together. And he hasn't. The pressure of a one-man show before a huge crowd and on camera must be just about heart-stopping if you haven't been working in front of big live audiences. And that first film made him a legend; he has the pressure here of an audience expecting history to be made. This film doesn't build the performance rhythm that the 1979 film did; it's very smoothly put together, but in a meaningless way—you don't feel that you're experiencing *Pryor's* rhythms. Is the editing bad, or were the editors trying to stretch the material to this eighty-eight-minute length? (Why *are* there so many cutaways—at just the wrong time—to laughing, dressed-up people in the front rows? You half expect to see a star or two among them. It makes the movie feel canned.) Haskell Wexler headed the camera crew, and the color looks true and clear, and Pryor, in his scarlet suit, black bow tie and shirt, gold shoes, and a snazzy designer belt with a piece hanging straight down, is vividly close to us. But he has trouble getting going. He has hunches—he touches on things and you wait to see what he'll do with them. And most of the time he doesn't do anything with them; they don't develop into routines—he just drops them. Midway, he starts getting into his swing, in a section about his experiences during the filming of parts of "Stir Crazy" in the Arizona State Prison. He goes on to talk about a trip he took to Africa, and it's a scene—he can live it. He turns himself into a rabbit, a bear, a lion, a couple of cheetahs, and a fearful gazelle. You feel his relief when he does the animals; a lot of the time he has been looking for his place on this stage, and now he has something physical to do. But then there's a sudden break. Voices, ostensibly from the audience, can be heard. One of them calls, "Do the Mudbone routine," and, rather wearily, saying that it will be for the last time, Pryor sits on a stool and does the ancient storyteller Mudbone, who in the seventies was considered one of his great creations. And the movie goes thud. This section feels like an interpolation—it doesn't have the crackle of a performer interacting with an audience. It's almost as dead as what happens when Johnny

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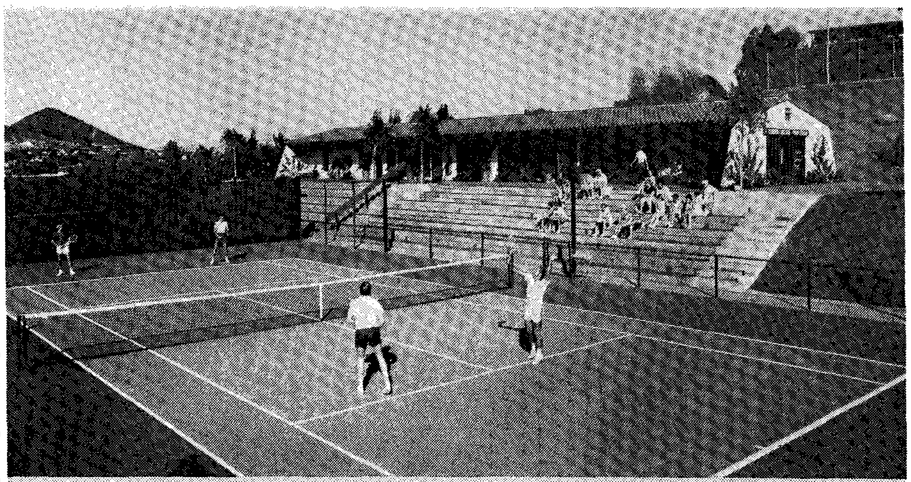
ırson asks an aging celebrity to tell
e joke he used to tell that always
oke Johnny up. Pryor looks defeated,
ot down. The sudden dullness is
mpounded by his sitting: we're used
seeing him prowling—accompa-
ed, when the spots hit the curtain
hind him, by wriggling shadows.

When he picks up his act again, he
ks about freebasing, and the feelings
had about his pipe—it talks to him,
d he becomes the pipe. We feel as if
were actually listening to his habit
king to him. And he builds up a
utine about his wife and his friend
n Brown telling him what cocaine
ıs doing to him. But "the pipe say,
'on't listen.'" And then he tells
out the hospital and about Jim
'own's visiting him every day. He's a
eat actor and a great combination of
mic and mime; he's perhaps never
ore inspired than when he assumes
e personality of a rebellious organ of
s body or of an inanimate object,
ch as that pipe—or Jim Brown.
his is the high point of the film.
'hen he becomes something or some-
e, it isn't an imitation; he incarnates
e object's soul and guts. But he
esn't have enough material to work
the rhythmic charge he reached
fore Mudbone. What he has in
'unset Strip" is the material for a
rty-minute classic.

The picture is full of wonderful
s, such as his demonstration of how
loses his voice when he's angry at
s wife, and to those unfamiliar with
'yor's infectiousness and truthfulness
d his unfettered use of obscenity,
d to all those who missed his 1979
m, it may be a revelation. But the
eatness of "Richard Pryor Live in
oncert" was in the impetus of his
rformance rhythm—the way he kept
ing, with all those characters and
ices bursting out of him. When he
ld us about his heart attack, he was,
almost the same instant, the helpless
dy being double-crossed by its heart,
e heart itself, a telephone operator,
d Pryor the aloof, dissociated ob-
rver. We registered what a mysteri-
sly original physical comedian he is,
d we saw the performance sweat
aking his collarless red silk shirt.
There's no visible sweat this time.)

If he fulfilled his comic genius in
Live in Concert," here he's sampling
e good will the public feels toward
m. Audiences want him, they love
m, even in bum movies, and he ap-
ars to be experiencing a personal
lfillment. But he hasn't yet renewed
mself as an artist: it may seem cruel



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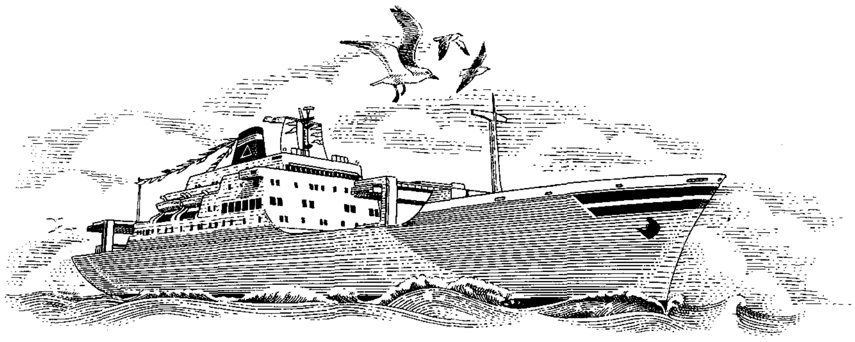

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to say so, but even the routine on his self-immolation is a pale copy of his heart attack. In the first film, there was a sense of danger; when he used the word "nigger," it was alive and raw. When he uses it here, it just seems strange. He's up against something very powerful: the audience may have come expecting to see history made, but history now is also just seeing Richard Pryor. He knows that he doesn't have to do anything. All he has to do is stand there and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it.

"DEATHTRAP" felt like one to me. Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit, which is in its fifth year on Broadway, is a pastiche of murder-mystery tricks. It's the sort of cumbersomely ingenious entertainment that's meant to be played by slick, easy actors; it has to be done frivolously and artificially to compensate for the fact that it's just a machine for making money, cranking its way across the stage. But the director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen (she's also the executive producer), have decided to make the movie version as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a very broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life. When the central character (Michael Caine), a playwright who had a series of hit thrillers but, more recently, has been having one flop after another, is in his luxurious East Hampton home (a large converted-windmill structure), he talks on the telephone to a former student (Christopher Reeve) whose flawless play "Deathtrap" he means to steal, and, to create movement, Lumet has the camera go with him as he keeps walking in a circle with the phone, while in the background his rich wife (Dyan Cannon) dutifully registers reactions to her husband's wickedness. It has already been planted that she has a bad heart, so we wait for her to keel over. The basic plot twist is out of "Diabolique," and Ira Levin provides the playwright with a vast collection of medieval murder weapons and instruments of torture and such later devices as Harry Houdini's handcuffs. (This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there mu
be at least one or two of them.)
another scene, Caine, on the porch
the manse, talks with poor Canno
who must busy herself among the ou
door plants—misting them, or som
thing, with a tiny spray bottle. T
movie clanks and klunks. Irene Wor
comes running in, as a Dutch psych
who's living in the house next do
(which, from the look of this o
must be quite a distance away). An
bewilderingly, though the master be
room is in the tower and the creaki
windmill makes quite a ruckus, it h
no plot function at all. There's also
bizarre early sequence, before the a
tion settles down in the house: Cai
returning from Manhattan by trai
sleeps past the East Hampton statio
gets off at Montauk, and takes a ta
home. Maybe Lumet and Mrs. All
thought we needed an excursion?

This movie grows worse and wors
with each twist and reversal destro
ing whatever involvement we h
before, and at the end the staging a
editing are so fast and muddled th
you can't be sure what's happenin
Except for the shouting, which h
become *de rigueur* in a Lumet film, t
actors don't disgrace themselve
Caine is a virtuoso at letting us kno
what his character is thinking. Ree
seems less beefy these days and c
look craggy and sinister, though
times his pecs compete with Dy
Cannon's. She's cruelly treated by t
camera and doesn't do anything s
hasn't done before and better, such
her startled shriek from "Heaven C
Wait;" still, she's in there trying a
gets a couple of laughs. And initial
Irene Worth is certainly more we
come than she was in "Eyewitness
But what we should never see in
movie of this type is actors worki
hard; yet that's all we see, and the
acting gave me no pleasure. It's not
kick when the characters who a
meant to be homosexual are mincing
vicious and effete. And it's not a kic
at the very start, before Caine gets
the commuter train home, when he
in the theatre where his latest play
collapsing, and the producer (J
Silver) turns to him and, in ful
screen, large-nosed profile, yell
"Putz!" That's the Lumet touch.

—PAULINE KA

• •

GRETZKY DAZZLES FANS, PEERS EVERYWHERE HE GOES
—*Ithaca* (*N.Y.*) *Journal.*

Diogenes would have loved it.

BOOKS

On Such a Beautiful Green Little Planet

WATER as well as light has figured in John Cheever's work as an essence palpable, a manifestation of the natural good at bubbles and pours and glints ound us. The first short story that saw fit to include in his collected tories," of 1978, "Goodbye, My other," dissolves its murderous fra- nal tensions in the beatific vision of o women walking naked out of the idescent and dark" sea, and one of last tells of Artemis, the Honest ell Digger: water is "his liveli- od as well as his passion." Artemis re- cts, "Man was largely water. Water is man. Water was love." In be- een, the famous Swimmer tra- rses eight miles of swimming pools ile his life ebbs away, and poor rissa Peranger is turned *into* a imming pool, and many a man and man lie awake with the seductive und of rain in their ears. Cheever s called his latest book, "Oh What a radise It Seems" (Knopf; $10), an cological romance;" the main action aces the rapid (and at in Cheever's fic- n is not rapid?) al- ation of a body of ater called Beasley's nd, "shaped like a nt arm," from a lendid skating spot d piece of untroubled ture into a landfill ne—"a heap of rub- sh, topped by a dead g"—and, thanks to me swift and obscure litical and technologi- l heroics, back again its former paradisi- al condition. "Air de- ered by blowers at 4.4 m 30 psi continuously ix and turn over up- ard of three hundred illion gallons of ater. We have two xiliary blower units case of mechanical ouble. Fish kill has en cut by two-thirds d last month we ran sts at four water lev- s. These showed ater temperatures of ghty-four degrees and issolved oxygen of ven to nine mgl at all levels. A year ago the water was poison. Now it is quite potable."

The enunciator of these marvels of aquatic rebirth, and the hero of "Oh What a Paradise It Seems," is Lemuel Sears, an "old man but not yet infirm," with a smooth skater's stroke and a young man's erotic susceptibility, whose battle on behalf of Beasley's Pond runs parallel with the ups and downs of his romance with one Renée Herndon, a younger if not girlish woman encountered in a line at a bank teller's window. When she, wanton nymph that she is, halts the gush of her favors, Sears turns for consolation, so fluid is his own sexual nature, to a homosexual fling with her elevator operator. These events take place in New York City and the not far-off but old-fashioned hamlet of Janice. In Janice, there is some delicious suburban comedy involving the Salazzos and the Logans, neighbors on Hitching Post Lane with differing opinions upon not only land use but wind chimes and proper deportment in supermarket checkout lines. In addition to these characters, vivid and lovable as mayflies as they spin for their moment in the sunshine, there is an unusually strong narrator's voice that promises us at the outset "a story to be read in bed in an old house on a rainy night" and presents us throughout with delightful *discursi* on matters as unexpected as Balkan villages, the archeology of fortresses and marketplaces, the paleontology of the ice skate, the democratization of Freudian parlance, the antiquity and ubiquity of fried food, the possibility of a world wherein even the tenderest intentions will be communicated by means of signal lights on automobiles, and the decline of queues and caste sense—all of which, briskly interposed, enhance without hindering the flow of this tumbling, purling little narrative, which chance or ingenious design has caused to be printed upon exactly one hundred pages.

The book is too darting, too gaudy in its deployment of artifice and aside, too disarmingly personal in its voice, to be saddled with the label of novel or novella; it is a parable and a tall tale —both sub-genres squarely within the Judeo-Christian tradition, North American branch. Cheever has lately taken the mantle of that tradition ever more comfortably upon his shoulders, and now unabashedly assumes the accents of a seer. Sears, his hero, meets a seeress, in one of the most tangential episodes of this brief but wide-ranging narrative. It happened years ago, in Eastern Europe. The prophetess occupied a cave beneath an extinct volcano. Sears' official interpreter was terrified of encountering this fabled person, but Sears was "either too tired or too drunk or too solaced by the beauty of the farmland" to feel anxious. And, when they did meet, the seeress, who was prosaically middle-aged and

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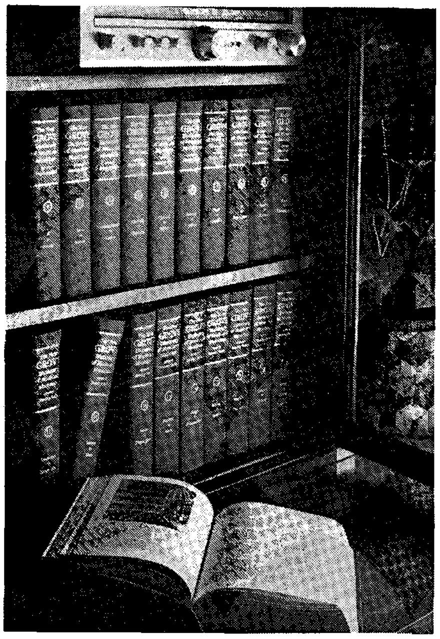

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wore nothing more esoteric than a clean cotton dress, felt his wallet (she was blind) and began to smile, began to laugh, and announced, "*La grande poésie de la vie*." Then Sears laughed, and they embraced, and parted still laughing. Ever more boldly the celebrant of the grand poetry of life, Cheever, once a taut and mordant chronicler of urban and suburban disappointments, now speaks in the cranky, granular, impulsive, confessional style of our native wise men and exhorters since Emerson. The pitch of his final page is positively Transcendental:

> The thought of stars contributed to the power of his feeling. What moved him was a sense of those worlds around us, our knowledge however imperfect of their nature, our sense of their possessing some grain of our past and of our lives to come. It was that most powerful sense of how singular, in the vastness of creation, is the richness of our opportunity. The sense of that hour was of an exquisite privilege, the great benefice of living here and renewing ourselves with love. What a paradise it seemed!

If such root affirmations ring, in this late age of median strips and polluted ponds, with a certain deliberate and wry gallantry, that, too, is accommodated in the tale—in the burlesque of its consumerism, the ogreish farce of its politics, the chemical pranks of its natural resurrection. The smooth phraseology of praise and idyll are suddenly roughened by a heartfelt qualification: Sears, remembering the "utter delight of loving" his lost Nereid, Renée, then admits that this utter delight "seemed, in his case, to involve some clumsiness, as if he carried a heavy trunk up a staircase with a turning." Cheever's instinctive belief in the purity and glory of Creation brings with it an inevitable sensitivity to corruption; like Hawthorne, he is a poet of the poisoned. His American landscape is dotted with tiny atrocities—back-yard charcoal braziers and "stand-up" swimming pools and domestic architecture that "was all happy ending" and in whose sad living rooms people pass one another "a box of crackers that the label promised would stimulate conversation." The tinge of snobbishness in his dismay is redeemed by the generosity with which Cheever feels, like an American of a century and a half ago, the wonder of this land of promises.

He loves nature—light, water, human love. Again and again, the elements are remembered by his paltry suburbanites. "You think I can turn off the wind?" Maria Salazzo asks

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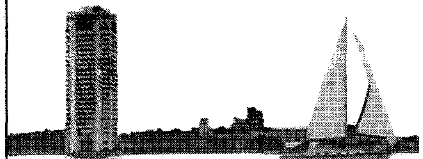

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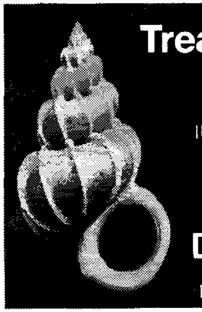

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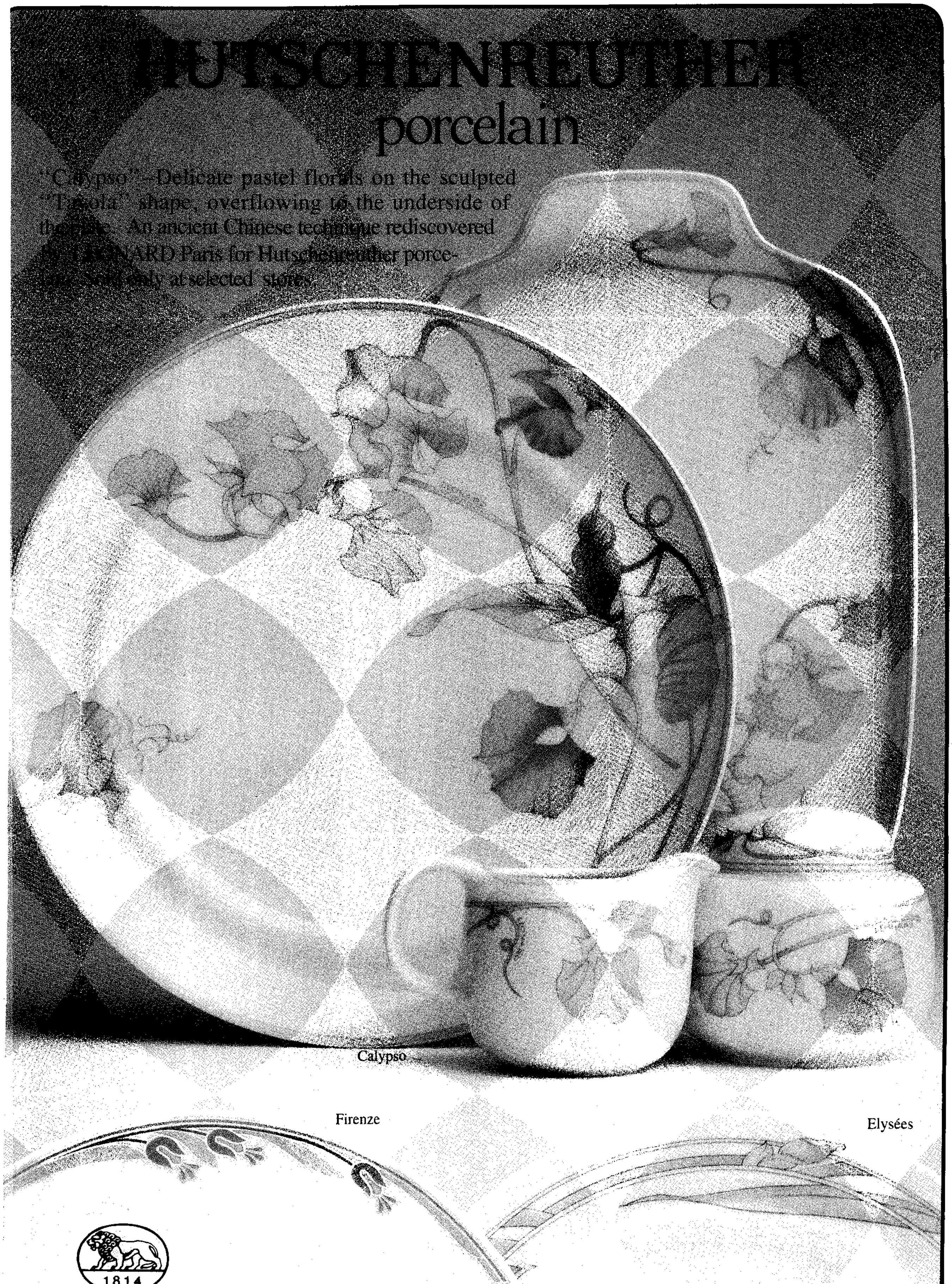

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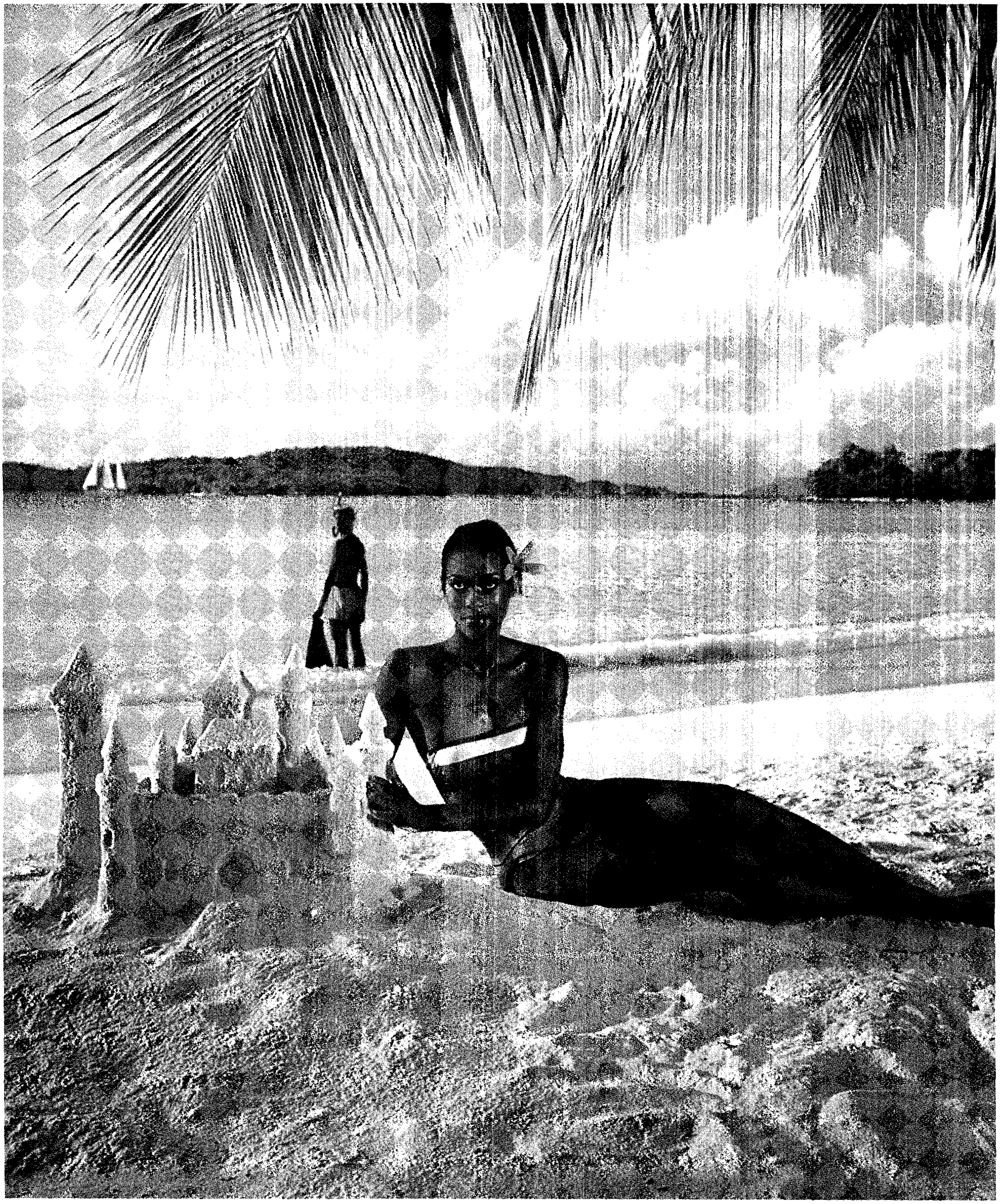

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hen a neighbor complains about the ight noise of her wind chimes. A angster who daily picks up the loot rom the landfill deal is described as one of those small, old Italians who lways wear their hats tipped forward ver their brows as if they were, even n the rain, enduring the glare of an quinoctial sun. These same old men alk with their knees quite high in the ir as if they were forever climbing hose hills on the summits of which so uch of Italy stands." Nature stamps an at every moment, and litters our ves with clues to the supernatural:

> When [Sears] was young, brooks had emed to speak to him in the tongues of en and angels. Now that he was an old an who spoke five or six languages—all f them poorly—the sound of water emed to be the language of his nativity, me tongue he had spoken before his irth. Soft and loud, high and low, the und of water reminded him of eavesdroping in some other room than where the arty was.

he party, for now, is here, in this hadow of paradise. Were Cheever, osmopolitan as he has become, less a ew Englander than he is, with the reath of Thoreau and Emily Dickinon in his own lovely quick light hrasing, he might fail to convince us hat a real glory shines through his ransparent inventions. The gap in Falconer" between the circumstanial prison and the spiritual adventure hat it allegorized certainly took a eader's indulgence to bridge. But in Oh What a Paradise It Seems" there re no more gaps than between the lades of a spinning pinwheel. All is abulous from the start; all is fancy, raise, and rue, seamlessly. Janice, hat oddly named village, receives ostcards from all the territories that heever's imagination has been happy n—Italy, Eastern Europe, the St. Boolph's of the Wapshot chronicles, and he Shady Hill and Bullet Park where merica's dream of space and plenty nd domestic bliss has come to so fragmentary a realization. The paradisical elixir has a chalky taste but in this estament survives its contaminants nd is served up sparkling.

ANNE TYLER, too, has sought brightness in the ordinary, and er art has needed only the darkenng that would give her beautifully ketched shapes solidity. So evenly has er imagination moved across the deails of the mundane that the novels, ach admirable, sink in the mind without leaving an impression of essential, ompulsive subject matter—the agora-

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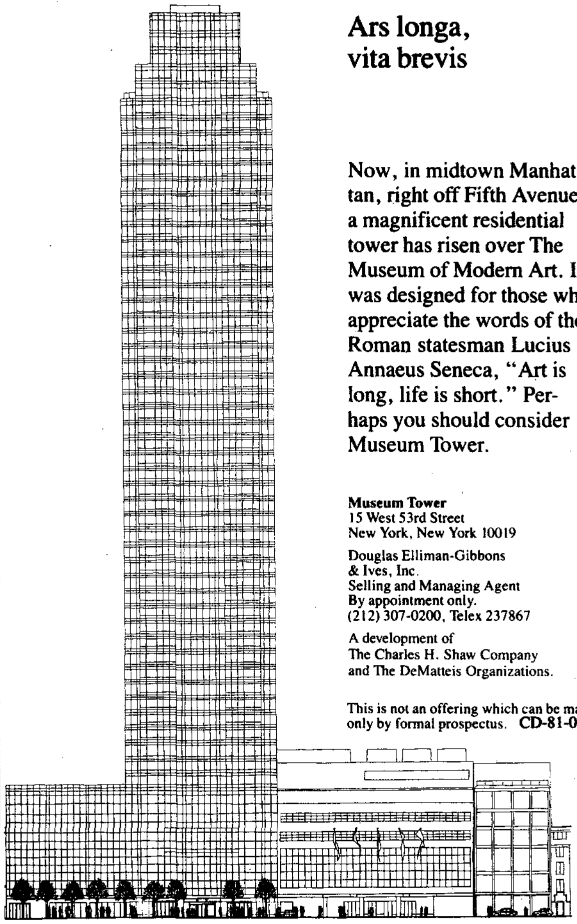

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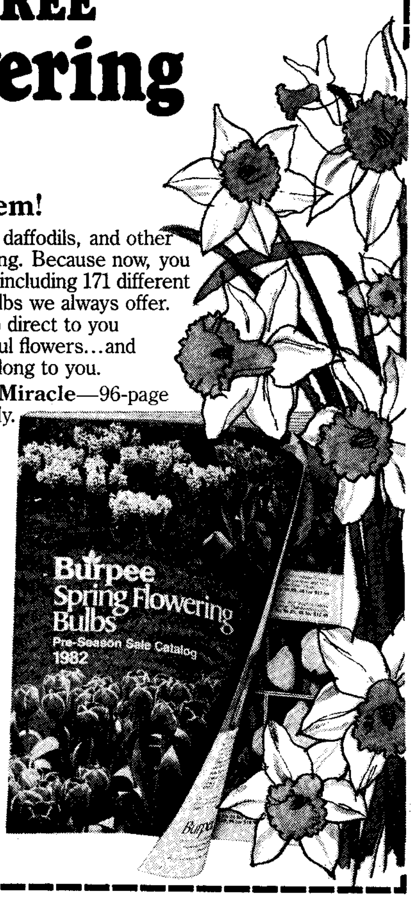

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phobia portrayed in "Celestial Navigation" being something of an exception, and perhaps the southward tug felt in "Searching for Caleb" and "Earthly Possessions." Now, in her ninth novel, "Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant" (Knopf; $13.50), she has arrived, I think, at a new level of power, and gives us a lucid and delightful yet complex and sombre improvisation on her favorite theme, family life. "Searching for Caleb" is the earlier book it most resembles, in its large cast and historical reach, and even in the perky monosyllabic name assigned the central family: Peck in the first case, Tull in this. Both novels play with the topic (a mighty one, and not often approached in fiction) of heredity—the patterns of eye color and temperamental tic as they speckle the generations. But genetic comedy, in "Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant," deepens into the tragedy of closeness, of familial limitations that work upon us like Greek fates and condemn us to lives of surrender and secret fury.

The novel opens in the mind of Pearl Tull, dying at the age of eighty-five, in 1979. The principal facts of her life emerge in the course of her circling reverie. Born in Raleigh of good family, small and intelligent and fair, she was still unmarried at the age of thirty when Beck Tull, a tall blue-eyed man of just twenty-four, with wavy dark hair and a salesman's job with a farm-and-gardening-equipment concern called the Tanner Corporation, courted and wed her. For six years, on the move as he was repeatedly transferred, they had no children; in 1930 they had a son, Cody, and then, after an attack of croup nearly carried this only offspring away, two more children, Ezra and Jenny. In 1944, while they were living in Baltimore, Beck abruptly announced that he was leaving Pearl and his family; at first believing that he would return, and indeed never explicitly announcing to the children that their father had left, she took a job as cashier in a local grocery store, and there, in that job and in that Baltimore house, she stayed, raising her children, and eventually seeing two of the three through college. By 1979—to anticipate the later chapters—Cody is married, with one son, Luke, and works as a successful but, like his father, peripatetic efficiency consultant to various industries. Jenny has been twice divorced, has one child, Becky, and lives with a man, Joe, who was

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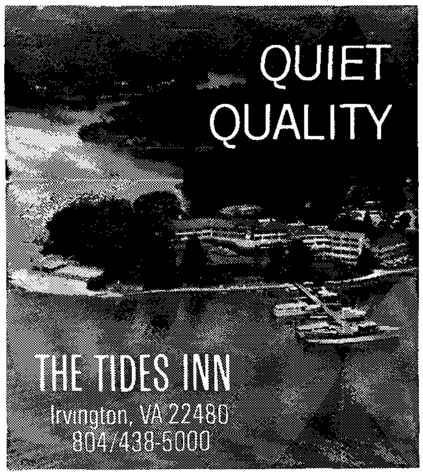

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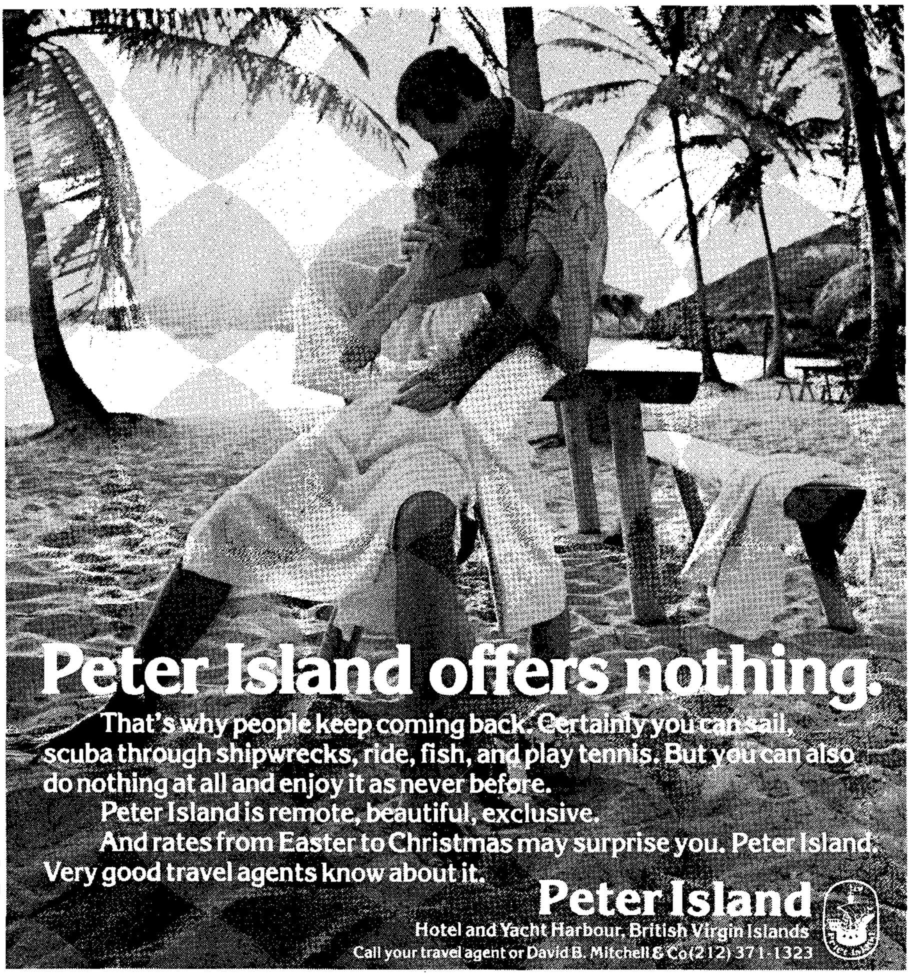
recently abandoned by his wife and was left with their six children; Jenny, after being left by her second husband (she left the first one), finished her degree at medical school and enjoys a busy practice as a pediatrician. Ezra Tull did not go to college or marry; he lives with his now aged mother and owns and runs a local restaurant, which he has called the Homesick Restaurant. The Tulls, in short, present a not untypical American family history, marred by abandonment and scattering but redeemed by a certain persisting loyalty and, after early privation, respectable success. And the telling of the Tull saga is soaked through, you may be sure, with all the deft geographical, topical, professional, and cultural specifics required to make it stick, from 1903 to 1979, to the landscape of the upper South and to the curve of national life as glimpsed in its wars and fads and fashions. This type of authenticity Anne Tyler has provided consistently; what she has not shown before, so searchingly and grimly, are the violences, ironies, and estrangements within a household, as the easy wounds given dependent flesh refuse to heal and instead grow into lifelong purposes. A bitter *narrowness* of life is disclosed through all the richness of detail as the decades accumulate, to claustrophobic and sad effect.

The novel leaves Pearl Tull's mind, and chapter by chapter gives us Cody's, Jenny's, Ezra's, and even young Luke's view of the branching consequences of the primal event—Beck Tull's abandonment, as abrupt and mysterious as his courtship, of his wife. In her own mind a doting and heroic mother, Pearl is seen by Cody as a "witch," a terrible-tempered mother who "slammed us against the wall and called us scum and vipers, said she wished us dead, shook us till our teeth rattled, screamed in our faces." Cody's own violences to his placid and beloved younger brother follow, shockingly. Jenny, too, has seen how her mother's "pale hair could crackle electrically from its bun and her eyes could get small as hatpins," has felt her stinging slaps, has dreamed that her mother is raising her to eat her. Even on her deathbed, Pearl calls her children "duckers and dodgers." A perfectionist, a fanatic laundress and housekeeper, she strives to keep her bare clean house free of contamination. She disapproves of her children's friends and has few friends herself; the isolation of this embattled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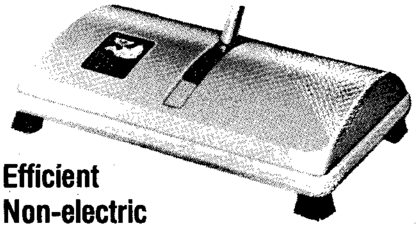

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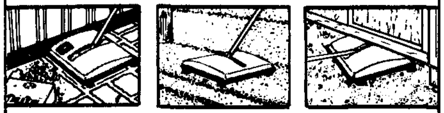

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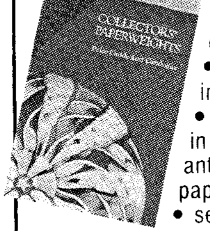

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family, in its Baltimore row house, is dreadfully well felt. Of course, all children are somewhat embarrassed by their parents and their homes; Pearl is a witch but also our authentic heroine, and the novel ends with Cody's adolescent vision of her beauty, "his mother's upright form along the grasses, her hair lit gold, her small hands smoothing her bouquet." The paradoxes of the family, "Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant" suggests, include love that must for survival flee its object, and daily communication that masks silence—that deep resentful silence of those who live together. Ezra, the most loving of Pearl's children, yet turns coldhearted when she falls sick, because, it is explained, "he had trusted his mother to be everything for him. When she cut a finger with a paring knife, he had felt defeated by her incompetence. How could he depend on such a person?" When Luke runs away from home, he is given rides by three persons who all have a horror story of family life uppermost in their minds—infants who die, daughters who are ingrates, wives who leave. The family, that institution meant to shelter our frailty, in fact serves as a theatre for intimate cruelties, and brims with the cruellest of invisible presences, time. As Pearl's memories accumulate in the course of the novel, we become dizzied by the downward perspective into a well of time wherein hereditary traits reverberate and snapshots and frozen memories gleam amid a blackness of loss. Pearl, blind in her last years, directs Ezra to describe old photos and read aloud her girlhood diaries. At last, near the bottom of the well, she finds what she has been looking for, the diary entry:

> Early this morning I went out behind the house to weed. Was kneeling in the dirt by the stable with my pinafore a mess and the perspiration rolling down my back, wiped my face on my sleeve, reached for the trowel, and all at once thought, Why I believe that at just this moment I am absolutely happy. The Bedloe girl's piano scales were floating out her window, and a bottle fly was buzzing in the grass, and I saw that I was kneeling on such a beautiful green little planet. I don't care what else might come about, I have had this moment. It belongs to me.

The plot brings a number of such epiphanies and moves its extensive cast agilely along, with flashback and side glance, through ten chapters that are each rounded like a short story. Miss Tyler, whose humane and populous domestic novels have attracted (if my antennae are tuned right) less approval

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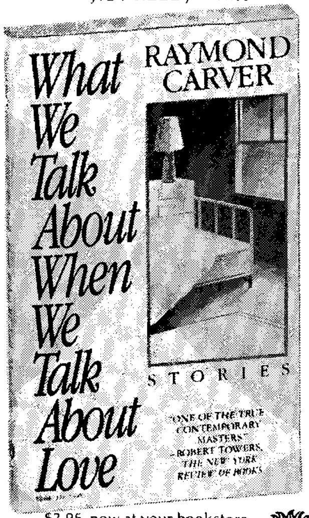

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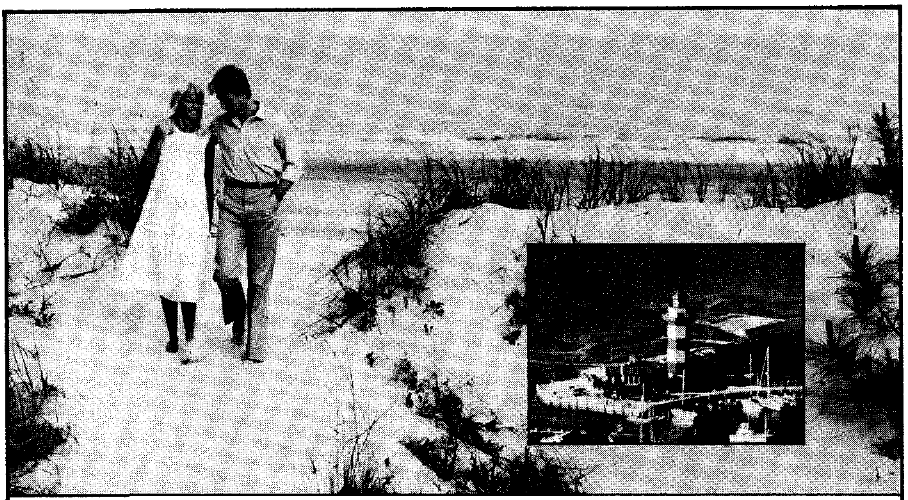
the literary ether than the sparer ferings of Ann Beattie and Joan idion, is sometimes charged with at basic literary sin of implausibility. 'o me, her characters seem persuasive itgrowths of landscapes and states of ind that are familiar and American. 'he principal characters in "Dinner the Homesick Restaurant" have ieir tics but also real psychologies, hich make their next moves excitigly unpredictable. It is true, no riter would undertake to fill a canvas broad without some confidence that ie can invent her way across any iace, and some of Miss Tyler's voops, and the delayed illuminations iat prick out her tableaux, have not iite the savor of reality's cautious rind. But any reader who picks up a ork of fiction enters into a contract hereby he purchases with credulity itisfactions of adventure and resoluon that his lived life denies him. Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant" oes not abuse the terms of that conact; its entertainments become our cognitions.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MAGINARY CRIMES, by Sheila Ballantyne (Viking; $13.95). A novel in the form of an autobiographical memoir which has the intensity, the inevitability, the inconceivable peculiarity of truth. It is for the most part an account of growing up wrong in Seattle in the years just before and just after the Second World War. The memorialist is Sonya (named for Sonja Henie) Weiler, daughter of a pathetic, can't-cope, mystery-reading, cigarette-smoking mother and of a breezy, touchy, alcoholic, largely unsuccessful con-man father. Throughout her childhood, home is a squalid, shades-drawn basement apartment. She is plain and pimpled and a poor student (at a fashionable private school), but she is also interestingly perceptive, interestingly different. Her story—awful food, awful clothes, awful rows far into the night—is in many ways a terrible one, but it is made bearable, absorbing, shattering by a kind of continuo of wry humor and intuitional understanding. Miss Ballantyne's talent is immense. Her suggestion of the imprisoned spirit beneath the mother's apathy is almost incomparably fine, and so are her depictions of the father's occasional surges of



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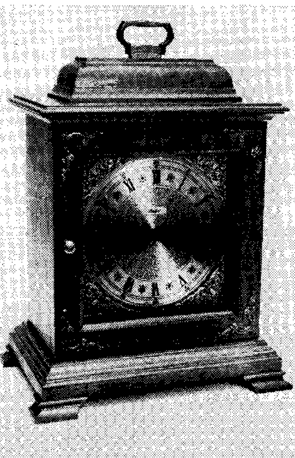

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love and empathy for his daughter, his lies and rages and bigotries and everlasting innocence, the dreadful attempts of the family to be a "family." It must regrettably be said that "Imaginary Crimes" is not without its imperfections. The brilliance of Sonya's recollection of her early years, which constitutes two-thirds of the book, tends to dull as she recalls her subsequent break from home and her college years and her eventual marriage. In this later part, there is a sense of hurry, a skimping on the insights that so enriched Sonya's contemplation of her early years—an attempt, a little fuzzy and portentous, to climb into a suitable psychopathological costume. The grown Sonya has lost the engaging "difference" of her younger self.

NOTE: "Quotations from Other Lives," a collection of stories by Penelope Gilliatt, most of which first appeared in these pages, has been published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan ($12.95).

GENERAL

THE BRANDEIS/FRANKFURTER CONNECTION: THE SECRET POLITICAL ACTIVITIES OF TWO SUPREME COURT JUSTICES, by Bruce Allen Murphy (Oxford; $18.95). The author has discovered hitherto unavailable documents showing that after Louis D. Brandeis joined the Supreme Court, in 1916, he continued his political activities, serving as an adviser to President Wilson during the First World War. The return of the Republicans in 1920 signalled the end of an era of reform, and Brandeis (probably the most intelligent Jeffersonian since Jefferson) persuaded a young professor at the Harvard Law School, Felix Frankfurter, to continue to work for the Brandeis/Wilson reforms by undertaking an array of intellectual-political errands—such as drafting statutes and writing law-review articles—that Brandeis felt his own position precluded. This intimate arrangement continued into the Franklin Roosevelt Administration, in which Frankfurter played a counsellor's role akin to Brandeis's under Wilson; it ended in 1937, when Brandeis opposed F.D.R.'s court-packing plan and Frankfurter chose loyalty to his President, who appointed him to the court in 1939. Mr. Murphy has put together a continuously absorbing

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account of the two men's political interventions. Although neither of them sought profit, and both worked for causes Americans generally accept—unemployment insurance, say—their insistence upon clandestinity is unpalatable. Mr. Murphy argues that standards of judicial propriety have varied over the years, but he thinks that today we need explicit canons to limit off-the-bench involvements of Supreme Court justices.

HUNGER OF MEMORY: THE EDUCATION OF RICHARD RODRIGUEZ, by Richard Rodriguez (Godine; $13.95). Mr. Rodriguez is a dark-skinned writer and scholar (Columbia and Berkeley) who was born in Sacramento thirty-odd years ago, the son of unquestioningly Catholic, working-class, immigrant Mexican parents, and this "act of self-revelation" is a meditation on the several matters that have shaped his life—the giant step (by way of the English language and a succession of good schools) into the mainstream of American life, his early anxieties about his dark complexion, his native Catholicism, his bittersweet realization that he left home long before he left his parents' house for college, his experience as a pet of those Americans who saw in him a comfortable representative of a "minority" group. A writer of unusual grace and clarity, he is eloquent in all his reflections, but he is perhaps most forceful when he talks of race and minorities and the sentimentality in this regard of the standard middle-class liberal. The true social reality, he tells us, is not race but (as Marx knew) class. "I do not think that all blacks are equally 'black,' " he says, "and all Mexican-Americans certainly are not equally Mexican-American." The difference, he makes clear, is education; it is education that determines class. And, he importantly adds, the education he has in mind is real education—not an education of accommodation, not "black studies" or "black English" or "barrio English" or Hispanic-American folk art. He speaks with authority, in a voice of true sanity, and it is impossible to doubt him.

PRIDE AND NEGLIGENCE: THE HISTORY OF THE BOSWELL PAPERS, by Frederick A. Pottle (McGraw-Hill; $21). Professor Pottle, of Yale, began work on the Boswell papers in 1929 and remained with them for fifty years, until his retirement, in

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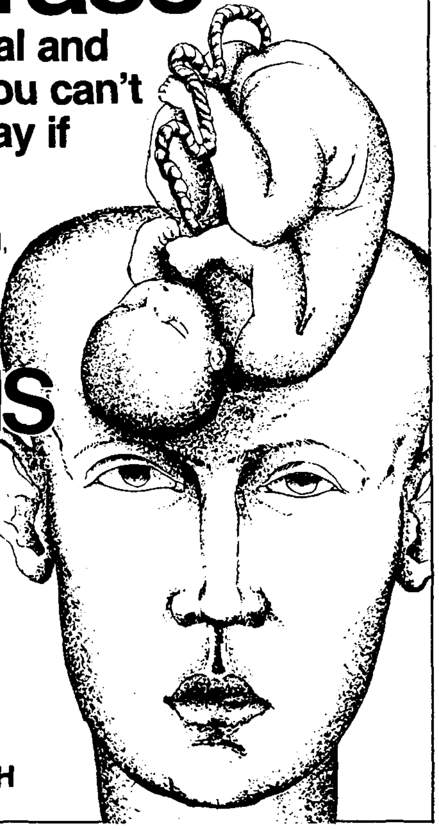

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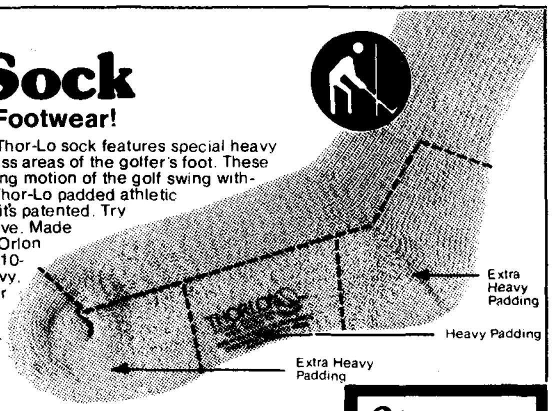

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1979. He begins the saga with Boswell's will, and describes how, according to Scots and English law, over the centuries the documents passed into and out of the hands of a long train of rich and well born eccentrics. Boswell's daughter-in-law was ashamed of him because he had demeaned himself and the family by associating with a plebeian lexicographer; the next generations of heirs, Victorians and Edwardians, were ashamed of Boswell's eighteenth-century mores (or his candor about them). By the nineteen-twenties, thanks to D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and others, the private Boswell was beginning to be publishable, and the then heirs—the Talbots of Malahide, in Ireland—began to sell off the documents. Pottle's narrative now becomes more complicated, in part because of a new element—greed. The pace of litigation over one set of papers, from 1931 to 1948, recalls Jarndyce v. Jarndyce; the case was wound up only because one of the beneficiaries, a hospital, was about to be nationalized. It all seems very apt that the story is as complex, quirky, and entertaining as the man himself.

NOTE: Jeremy Bernstein's "Science Observed: Essays Out of My Mind" has been published by Basic Books ($16.95). Some of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . A number of James Dickey's poems, previously published in various volumes, have been consolidated and reissued by Wesleyan as "The Early Motion: 'Drowning with Others' and 'Helmets' " ($15 cloth, $7.95 paper) and " 'Falling,' 'May Day Sermon,' and Other Poems" ($10 cloth, $6.95 paper). Some of the poems in each book originally appeared in these pages.

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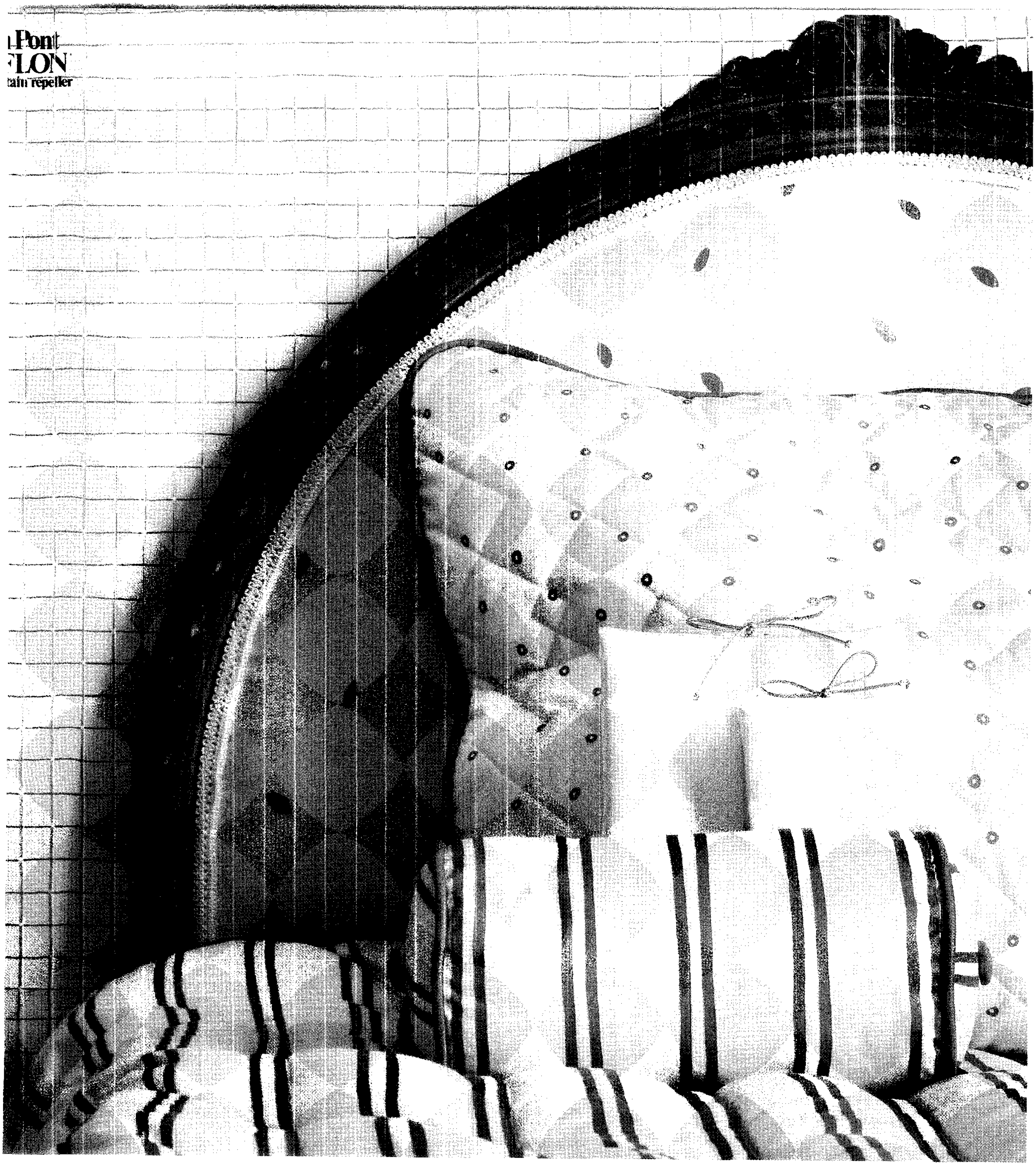

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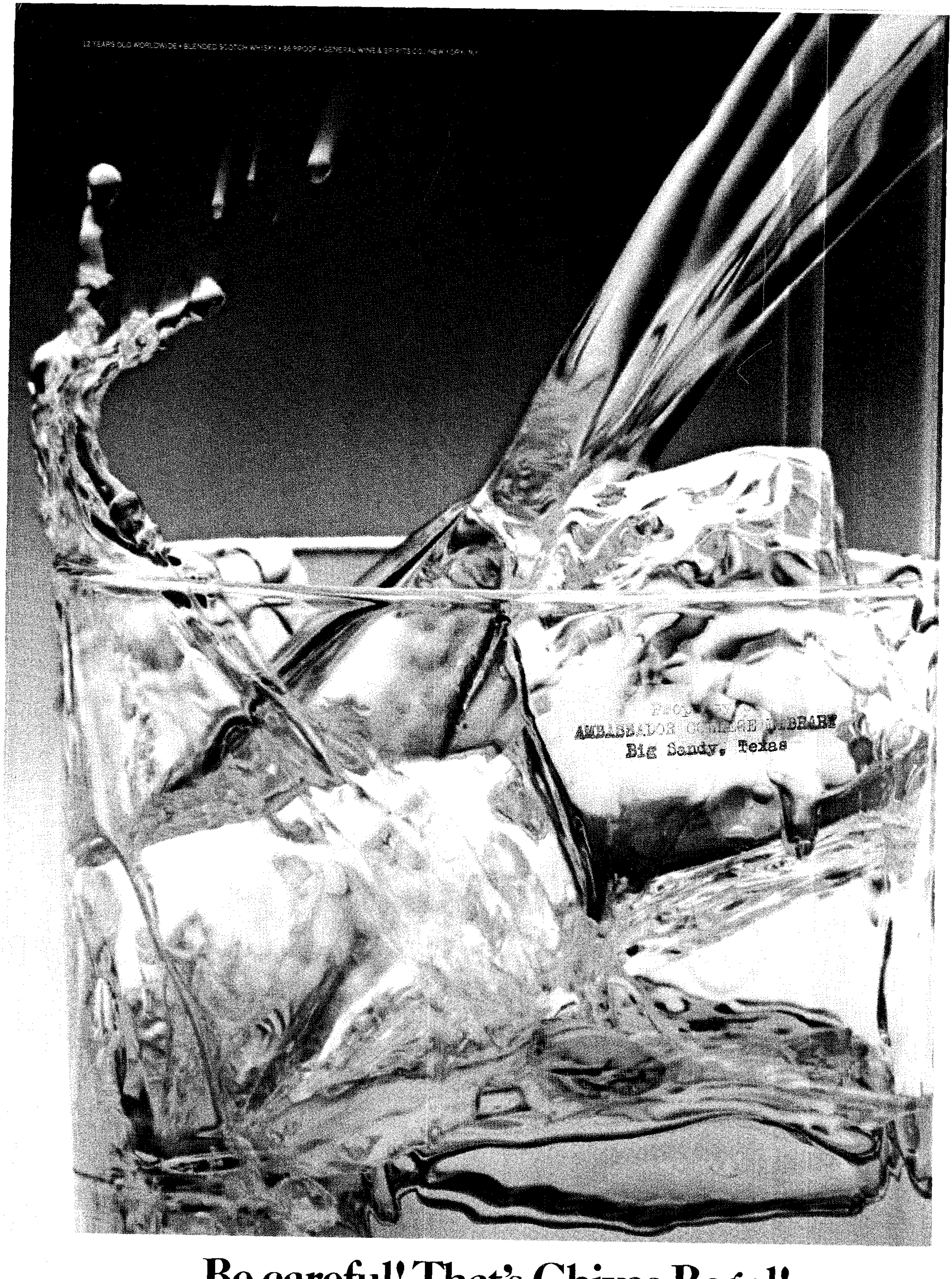
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